POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST FEBRUARY 8 · 1964 20c

INSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE:
AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT OF
OUR NEW FIRST LADY

TV RATINGS-ARE THEY TRUE?

Lady Bird Johnson

Jack Ruby's lawyer / A crazy way to fly / [illegible] Hara

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3&3 GROVAGOP100DEC 65
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIB
363 GROVE ST
PASADENA CALIF

MODEL J-796

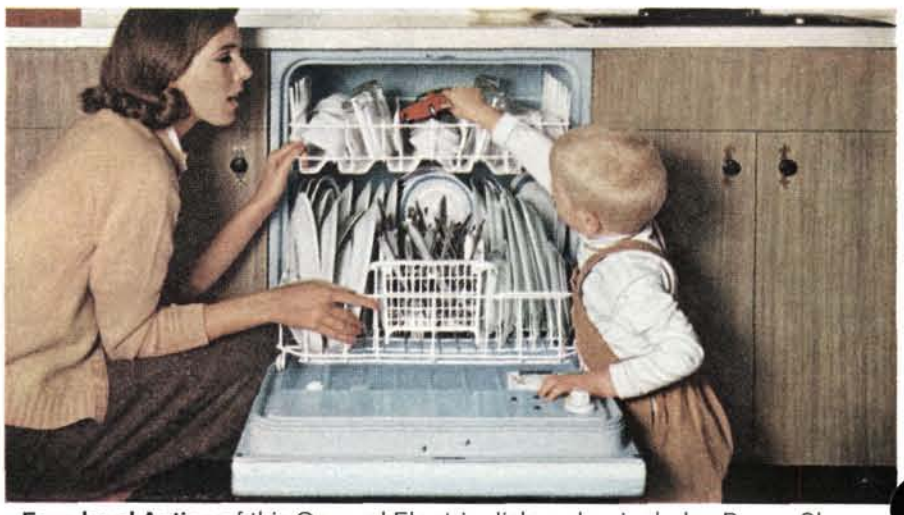
Don't touch this dirty oven... just set dials, latch the door... it cleans itself electrically.

Yes, a P-7 master oven, the oven that cleans itself electrically, is yours with this beautiful new Americana® range. All you do is set 2 dials and the timer, then latch the oven door. No liquids, no pastes, no fumes. Electricity gets the oven new-clean, even in the ridges and between the coils.

And this wonderful range gives you many other extras, all in a space only 30 inches wide. It has a built-in, 2-level exhaust system, a second full oven at eye level, with rotisserie and General Electric's Sensi-Temp* cooktop unit, which holds the temperature you select—automatically.

See this new Americana with P-7 master oven at your General Electric dealer's soon. It's also available without built-in exhaust (Model J-786).

This large-capacity washer has exclusive MINI-BASKET. It is a washer for all your washables—giant 12-pound capacity for large family-size loads, and exclusive MINI-BASKET* for delicate "handwashables", nuisance loads, last-minute loads. Filter-Flo® System works for both. Model shown: WA-1250Y.

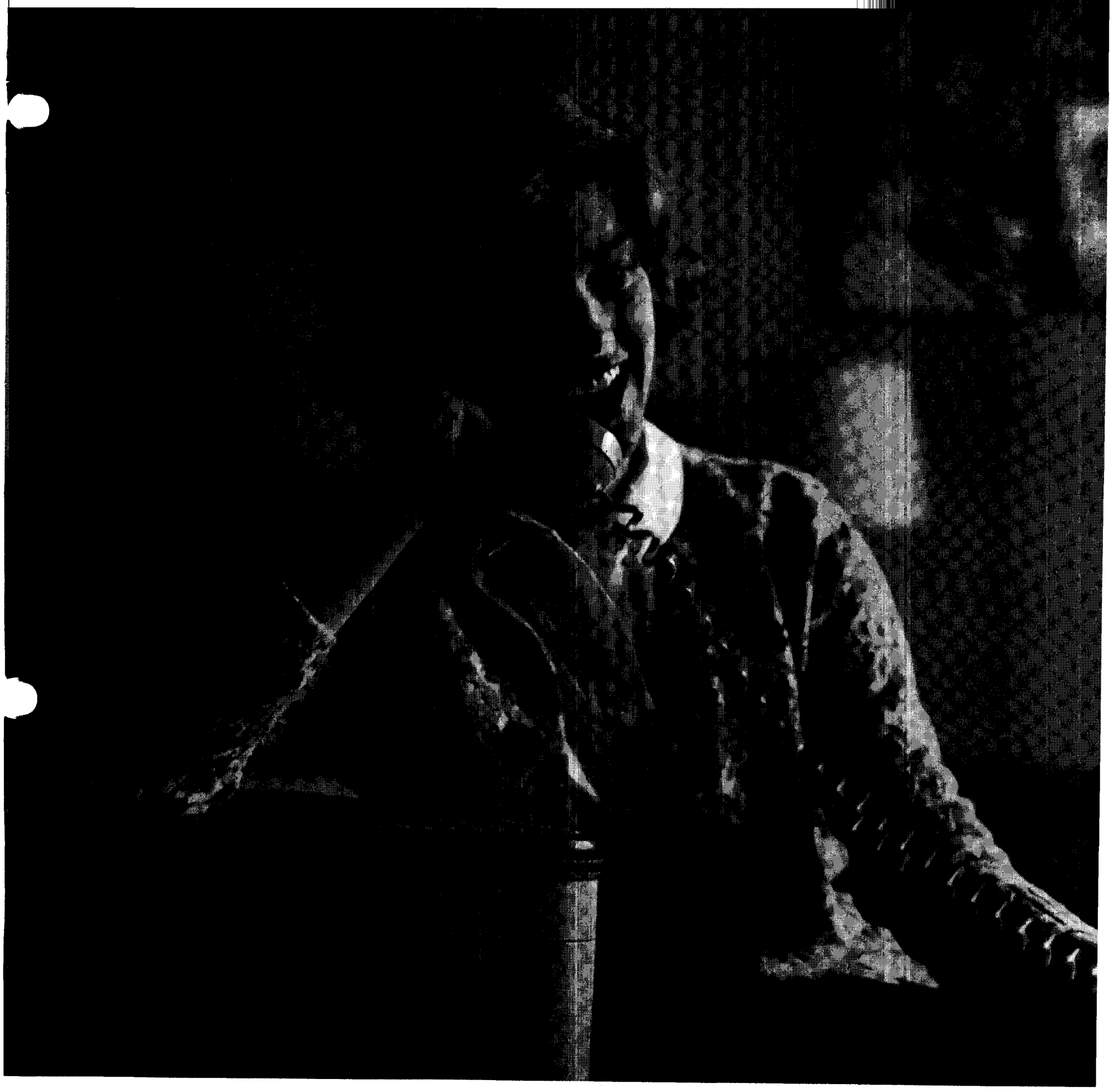


Four-level Action of this General Electric dishwasher includes Power Shower. Washes down, up, all around. Flushaway Drain liquefies soft food particles, eliminates hand-rinsing and scraping. No screens to clean, either. Washes and dries 15 table-settings (NEMA standards). Model SD 400Y.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

*TRADEMARK OF THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, MAJOR APPLIANCE DIV., LOUISVILLE, KY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Exams are over. I'm starting home!"

Get ready... get set... call Long Distance before you go. Let the folks know when to expect you so they can prepare a royal welcome home.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM
Keep in touch by Long Distance

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This incomparable LONGINES ADMIRAL ...the world's most advanced automatic...now in a bold new shape!

This Longines **Grand Prize Admiral Automatic** never needs winding, is astonishingly accurate, incredibly reliable. And now you can enjoy the bold beauty of modern design with the incomparable performance of the world's most advanced self-powered wrist watch movement . . . one example from hundreds of Longines for dress, sports, science and timing. Every Longines, regardless of price or purpose, is made to be the finest of its type—built to the self-imposed standards of excellence which have won for Longines *10 World's Fair Grand Prizes, 28 Gold Medals—more* honors, awards and citations than any other timepiece in the world. Most recently, Longines shattered the accuracy barrier at Neuchatel Government Observatory . . . and Longines alone will time the U. S. Olympic Trials at the New York World's Fair. Continuing proof of outstanding excellence. Visit your Longines-Wittnauer Franchised Jeweler soon to see **The World's Most Honored Watch.**

LONGINES *The World's Most Honored Watch*

10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES • 28 GOLD MEDALS
HIGHEST OBSERVATORY HONORS FOR ACCURACY

The Longines Grand Prize Admiral: Never needs winding, All-Proof®, astonishingly accurate, handsome. Several models to choose from, including calendars. Priced from $105.

LONGINES-WITTNAUER WATCH COMPANY

Maker of watches of the highest character for almost a century

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

MATTHEW J. CULLIGAN, *Chairman and President*
CLAY BLAIR JR., *Editor-in-Chief*
JOHN J. VERONIS, *Director, Magazine Division*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

CLAY BLAIR JR. *Editor*

DON A. SCHANCHE *Managing Editor*
WILLIAM A. EMERSON JR. *Executive Editor*

Assistant Managing Editors:
OTTO FRIEDRICH *(Articles)*
HANK WALKER *(Photography)*

ASGER JERRILD *Art Director*
FRANK KILKER *Associate Art Director*

ROBERT SHERROD *Editor-at-Large*
STEWART ALSOP *Washington Editor*

ARTICLES

Senior Editors: SANDFORD BROWN *(Business)*; THOMAS B. CONGDON JR. *(Speaking Out)*; WILLIAM EWALD *(Entertainment)*; WILLIAM K. GOOLRICK *(National Affairs)*; ROBERT L. JOHNSON JR. *(National Affairs)*; ROGER KAHN *(Sports)*; DON McKINNEY *(General)*; JEANETTE SARKISIAN *(Women)*; STEVEN M. SPENCER *(Science)*.
Associate Editors: FREDRIC C. APPEL, HILLEL BLACK, SALLY A. REUKAUF.
Assistants: GLADYS ANN MÜLLER, KENNETH B. PLATNICK, RICHARD A. RAND, JANE DENIS SMITH.

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS

TREVOR ARMBRISTER, RICHARD ARMSTRONG, ALFRED G. ARONOWITZ, JAMES ATWATER, BEN H. BAGDIKIAN, EDWARD BEHR, JOHN BIRD, BROCK BROWER, ANNE CHAMBERLIN, BILL DAVIDSON, ROBERT P. GOLDMAN, FRANK GRAHAM JR., C. ROBERT JENNINGS, STANLEY KARNOW, JOHN KOBLER, LEWIS H. LAPHAM, BARD LINDEMAN, EDWARD LINN, PETER MAAS, HAROLD H. MARTIN, ROBERT K. MASSIE, GILBERT MILLSTEIN, DON OBERDORFER, JAMES PHELAN, JERRY A. ROSE, ROBERT RUARK, WILLIAM SAROYAN, JOHN SKOW, BEVERLY SMITH JR., WILLIAM TROMBLEY, ROUL TUNLEY.

FICTION and BOOKS

L. RUST HILLS, *Chief*
Senior Editors: JOHN APPLETON, H.E.F. DONOHUE, MacLENNAN FARRELL, DAVID McDOWELL.
Associate Editor: SUSAN STANWOOD.
Assistant: LOUISE DUDLEY.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Senior Editor: MARSHALL LUMSDEN.
Associate Editors: ANDRÉE L. ABECASSIS, ROBERT MOORE, ROGER VAUGHAN.
Assistants: JUDY GUROVITZ, DAVID MOLLER, HELEN NATHAN.
Contributing Photographers: JOHN BRYSON, BURT GLINN, JOHN LAUNOIS, LAWRENCE J. SCHILLER, JOHN ZIMMERMAN.
Photo Lab: JOHN HARM, *Chief*

COPY

JOHN HUNT, *Chief*
Senior Copy Editors: LESLIE R. FORESTER, RICHARD L. LEHMAN, DAVID A. LYLE.
Associate Editors: JACK HARING, HAROLD P. HOSTETLER.
Assistants: LINDA GRANT, DOROTHY HUMANITZKI, RENEE PROWITT.

LAYOUT

ZEN YONKOVIG, *Chief*
Assistants: JOHN DAXLAND, ROBERT McELRATH

EDITORIAL PRODUCTION

THOMAS R. MARVEL, *Chief*
Associate: FERD D'ESPOSITO. *Assistant:* DAVID BASCH.

RESEARCH

LIA SMITS, *Chief*
JODY O'ROURKE, BARBARA J. POSEN, JEAN A. TAYLOR.

CURTIS EDITORIAL BOARD

Managing Editorial Directors:
HUBBARD H. COBB, WILLIAM A. EMERSON JR., OTTO FRIEDRICH, FREDERICK J. MOFFITT, TED PATRICK, DON A. SCHANCHE, CASKIE STINNETT, DAVIS THOMAS.

ASGER JERRILD *Managing Director, Art*
HANK WALKER *Managing Director, Photography*
L. RUST HILLS *Managing Director, Fiction and Books*
NORMAN RITTER *Managing Director, Curtis Syndicate*
WILLIAM E. BUCKLEY *Vice President, Administration*

C. L. MacNELLY *Publisher*

POST

FEBRUARY 8, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 5

Articles

Berlin: Let's stop courting disaster (Speaking Out) . . . *by Sen. Claiborne Pell* 8
Affairs of state . . . . . *by Stewart Alsop* 10

Television ratings on trial . . . . . *by Bard Lindeman and Alan Patureau* 13

Every day 1,100 Nielsen families across the nation take part in what is probably the most closely watched numbers game ever played. They are cogs in the broadcasting ratings systems, which report the country's TV viewing habits. Post contributor Bard Lindeman and *Newsday* TV writer Alan Patureau examine the inside workings of the TV and radio surveys which have been challenged by congressional investigators. The authors tell why the congressmen made their charges; what some members of the TV samples are really like, and how the broadcasters still use the ratings to decide what programs you will see.

Have pawn, will travel . . . . . *by Lewis H. Lapham* 18
Our new First Lady . . . . . *by Nan Robertson* 20
A flashy lawyer for Oswald's killer . . . . . *by Richard Warren Lewis* 28
Basketball's Irish czar . . . . . *by Terry Smith* 54
Art from nobody knows where . . . . . *by William Jerome Gill* 56
A tale of fish and chips . . . . . *by John Skow* 60
A crazy way to fly . . . . . *by Pete Hamill* 62
Paula Prentiss: actress with an appetite . . . . . *by Gene Grove* 68
The quandary of Henry Cabot Lodge . . . . . *by Stanley Karnow* 70

Fiction

The whole cherry pie . . . . . *by John O'Hara* 32
A good day for Miss Tillie . . . . . *by William Murray* 34
Sidney on skis . . . . . *by Jeff Brown* 44

Departments

Letters 4
Post Scripts 52
Hazel 67
Editorial 74

The authors. **Lewis H. Lapham,** a contributing writer who enjoys a challenging game of chess, insists that playing with champion Bobby Fischer is "about the same as sparring with Sonny Liston, except that at least with Liston you can keep your ego intact". . . . A member of *The New York Times* Washington bureau, **Nan Robertson** found Lady Bird Johnson so interested in people she meets that the interviewing situation was almost reversed. . . . Reporter **Richard Warren Lewis** profiles the controversial career of Melvin Belli, the flamboyant lawyer chosen to defend Jack Ruby. . . . Contributing writer **John Skow** feels that his own disastrous experience qualifies him to write about poker; "I've been losing," he says, "since I was nine, and nine was a long time ago." . . . Former newspaperman **William Jerome Gill** spent two weeks in Mexico with the people who supply the world market with contraband pre-Columbian art. He returned to the U.S. with a smuggler who was hustling a load of the illicit goods across the border. . . . **Terry Smith,** a New York *Herald Tribune* staffer, is the son of sports columnist Red Smith; Terry worked for the Stamford (Conn.) *Advocate* when Walter Kennedy was mayor of the city. . . . **Pete Hamill,** who describes man's continuing efforts to fly like a bird, is a free-lance writer whose only flying experience has been in four-motor planes. . . . **Gene Grove,** who tells of the Hollywood successes of angry young comedienne Paula Prentiss, is a New York *Post* reporter.

The cover portrait of Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson was taken in the yellow Oval Room of the White House by free-lance photographer Mark Kauffman.

© 1964 The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105. All rights reserved. Title reg. U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published weekly except alternate weeks during July and August and at year-end; forty-five issues per year. Second-Class postage paid at Phila., Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada. **Subscription prices:** U.S. and Possessions, 1 Yr., $5.95; longer terms $5.00 each additional year. Canada add $1.00 per year. Pan American Countries, 1 Yr., $8.45. All other countries, 1 Yr., $10.95. **Unconditional Guaranty.** We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed. **The Curtis Publishing Company.** Matthew J. Culligan, Chairman and President; J.M.Clifford, Executive Vice Pres.; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Clay Blair Jr., Sr. Vice Pres.; L. Philip Ewald, Sr. Vice Pres.; Marvin D. Kantor, Sr. Vice Pres.; Leon J. Marks, Sr. Vice Pres.; John Miles, Sr. Vice Pres.; John J. Veronis, Sr. Vice Pres.; G. B. McCombs, Vice Pres.; Calvin A. Nichols, Treasurer; Gloria L. Swett, Secretary; Roger J. Lederer, Vice Pres., Advertising Director, The Saturday Evening Post. The company also publishes *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Jack and Jill*, *Holiday* and *The American Home*. **The Saturday Evening Post** editorial offices are located at 666 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019.

Changing your address?

Don't forget your Post

The Post Office will not forward copies unless you pay extra postage, and we cannot replace lost copies. SO PLEASE . . . at least six weeks before the first issue to go to the new address, send us your new address, including postal zone, your old address and a label from a back copy. With SERVICE ADJUSTMENT requests send us latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies.

POST Subscription Service, Phila., Pa. 19105.

Postmaster:
Send form 3579 to Subscription Service Division, The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Trench-coat diplomacy

I was extremely pleased to read Sen. Eugene McCarthy's article on the CIA [THE CIA IS GETTING OUT OF HAND, Jan 4–11] and interested to note that, among the CIA's various shady activities, he mentioned the fall of the government of Iran's Premier Mohammed Mossadegh in 1953. Programs such as the Peace Corps and the billions spent on foreign aid will do little good as long as the CIA is allowed to undermine the image of the United States as a proponent of self-determination and democracy.

MRS. JANICE SHADMAN
Champaign, Ill.

• Thank goodness someone had the courage to challenge the all-powerful-all-knowing Central Intelligence Agency.

CATHERINE R. BEAR
Pensacola, Fla.

• A runaway national agency has galloped off with the function of policy-making. It has sabotaged a high-level peace conference, planned and directed the invasion of a neighboring country, and involved our sons and tax dollars in dubious cloak-and-dagger activities around the world. Senator McCarthy is to be commended for his courage in "Speaking Out."

BEATRICE HENSHAW
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Five more

Your quint stories [THE FISCHER QUINTUPLETS, Nov. 16, 1963; THE OTHER BABIES WHO BROKE THE ODDS, Jan. 18] are undermining my birth-control advocacy! In the meantime, however, the Fischer and Prieto children could well do for inter-American friendship what it seems beyond the power of statesmen to achieve.

EDNA H. BEARD
St. Augustine, Fla.

• How beautifully this story was written—and in the best possible taste!

MRS. HENRY GILOTH
Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

Big labor

My hat is off to Tom Coffey [MY PRIVATE WAR WITH HOFFA, Jan. 4–11] not only for his gallant fight to save his trucking business but also for the spirit which makes business possible—free enterprise.

EUGENE R. ASHFORD
Seattle, Wash.

• This is but another chapter in the sordid story of monopoly unionism which, multiplied by success and impunity, has fastened its grip on our nation like an octopus. No section of our economy escapes its influence.

WM. B. TAYLOR
Fort Worth, Tex.

Faster, faster!

Thanks for your article on drag racing [SEDANS, RAILS AND GASSERS, Jan. 4–11]. I hope it makes skeptics realize that the majority of participants in drag racing aren't just noisy, boastful school dropouts. As you said, they are simply dedicated to a fast quarter-mile.

RALPH SMITH
Lancaster, Ohio

• Through your fine magazine people may finally become aware that drag racing is a sport as organized and well-governed as any other.

GEORGE HARRIS, JR.
Wilmington, Del.

Mad reply

It has come to my attention that Harvey Kurtzman has sent a letter to the editor regarding the part he played in the formation of *Mad* Magazine. Your article, of course, reported very clearly that Mr. Kurtzman was its first editor, and I went over this carefully with Reporter John Skow in our conversation [MAD: WILD ORACLE OF THE TEENAGE UNDERGROUND, Dec. 21–28]. For your further information, though, the idea for the magazine was developed at a series of conferences between Mr. Kurtzman and myself. As a result of these meetings I assigned Mr. Kurtzman the task of producing *Mad*. He remained as its editor for the first 28 issues, under my direction.

WILLIAM M. GAINES
Publisher, Mad Magazine
New York, N.Y.

Krebiozen

No one can possibly read the Krebiozen article [THE FANTASTIC KREBIOZEN STORY by Robert P. Goldman, Jan. 4–11] without the chilling realization that his own life may be at stake in the controversy concerning it. Let us neither condemn nor reward the drug or its opponents or proponents until it has had a fair, impartial and international trial.

JAMES HEAVENER
Lakewood, Calif.

• Krebiozen's value as a cancer treatment may be secondary if medical history proves that personal conflicts take precedence over the welfare of humanity. Let's put scientific debate back in the lab.

IRVIN LIBERMAN
Akron, Ohio

The right to vote

I read with great interest your editorial on THE DISFRANCHISED AMERICANS [Jan. 4–11] of whom my husband and I were part in 1960. States compete as never before for businesses to relocate in their vicinities. Then they strip the personnel of these new businesses of their privilege of the polls.

MRS. THOS. E. GINNEY
Macon, Ga.

• The situation is, as you state, absurd . . . and then some! Have you ever heard of a two-year residence requirement when it comes to being taxed?

DEWEY G. DRESSER
Syracuse, N.Y.

Ugly words

I disagree with your editorial, HATRED KNOWS NO LOGIC [Jan. 4–11]. For several years I have sat and listened in shocked silence at the senseless rantings of hatred while logic and a thing called my conscience protested. Then came the afternoon of November 22, 1963. I, too, wanted to believe that the public had "about as much responsibility for the assassination . . . as a Fiji Islander." But we are all to blame. Every ugly, hating word may now come back to us multiplied.

MRS. RUSSELL ROOD
Wichita Falls, Tex.

• It is hard for me to understand why the *Post* would deliberately antagonize the huge array of Texans who prefer Sen. John Tower's economic views and his antipathy toward the New Deal and New Frontier notions. I refer to the statement on your editorial page that you don't agree with Tower's political views.

L. P. TEAS
Houston, Tex.

Greenbacker

In THE DOLLAR CRISIS [Jan. 18] the *Post* and Martin Mayer perform a distinct public service. That our nation, the wealthiest and most powerful on the globe, possesses a dollar characterized by an appalling lack of confidence abroad seems inexcusable.

FELIX EDGAR WORMSER
Greenwich, Conn.

COMING SOON...in The Post

Agonizing transition

The intimate, never-before-told story of L.B.J.'s first and toughest weeks in office

"First I am a woman"

Sophia Loren talks on life, love, marriage

A new sea adventure by

Nicholas Monsarrat

author of THE CRUEL SEA

EXCLUSIVE: THE PHILBY CASE

Incredible saga of a British official who betrayed the free world

A famous novelist defends hunting

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

8–Wide World. • 10–Ollie Atkins. • 13–Larry Fried; Arthur Shay. • 14, 15–A. Y. Owen. • 16–Wide World. • 17–Larry Fried. • 18, 19–I. C. Rapoport. • 20, 21–Ollie Atkins. • 22–Ollie Atkins; Bill Bridges. • 23–Ollie Atkins. • 24–Vytas Valaitis. • 25–Ollie Atkins. • 28–Jack Fields. • 29–Andy Hanson (Dallas Times Herald). • 30–Jack Fields. • 54, 55–Jim Drake. • 56, 58–John Bryson. • 62–London Daily Express (Pictorial Parade). • 63–Camera Press (Pix); Fox Photos. 68, 69–Leo Fuchs (Vista). • 70–Wide World. • 71, 73–Harry Redl.

No censorship

The members of Agence France-Presse's board of directors and I were deeply shocked to read in the *Post*'s Nov. 23 issue an article in which the author writes that "government censors control the news agency, Agence France-Presse" [DE GAULLE BUILDS A NEW FRANCE by Don Cook].

I wish to stress that I entirely and flatly deny this statement. No government censors control the agency nor are even anywhere near it. The agency's independence from all "ideological, political or economic control" is solemnly guaranteed by the AFP charter; and the very fact that the French agency successfully competes throughout the world against the other three world news agencies, American and British, by selling its services directly or indirectly to some 10,000 newspapers and radio and television stations obviously proves that our organization is both independent and reliable.

Quite certainly, those clients would not buy the service if they were not convinced of its integrity.

JEAN MARIN
President General Manager
Agence France-Presse
Paris, France

(*Mr. Cook and the* Post *did not mean to imply that government censors are blue-penciling copy of Agence France-Presse, but that the French government, through its financial interest in AFP and its membership on the board of directors, has a voice in the agency's operations—ED.*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Save $26.85

on this great treasury of America's past...in seven beautiful volumes

THE NEXT SIX ISSUES OF AMERICAN HERITAGE
retail price **$23.70**

"A TREASURY OF AMERICAN HERITAGE"
retail price **$15.00**

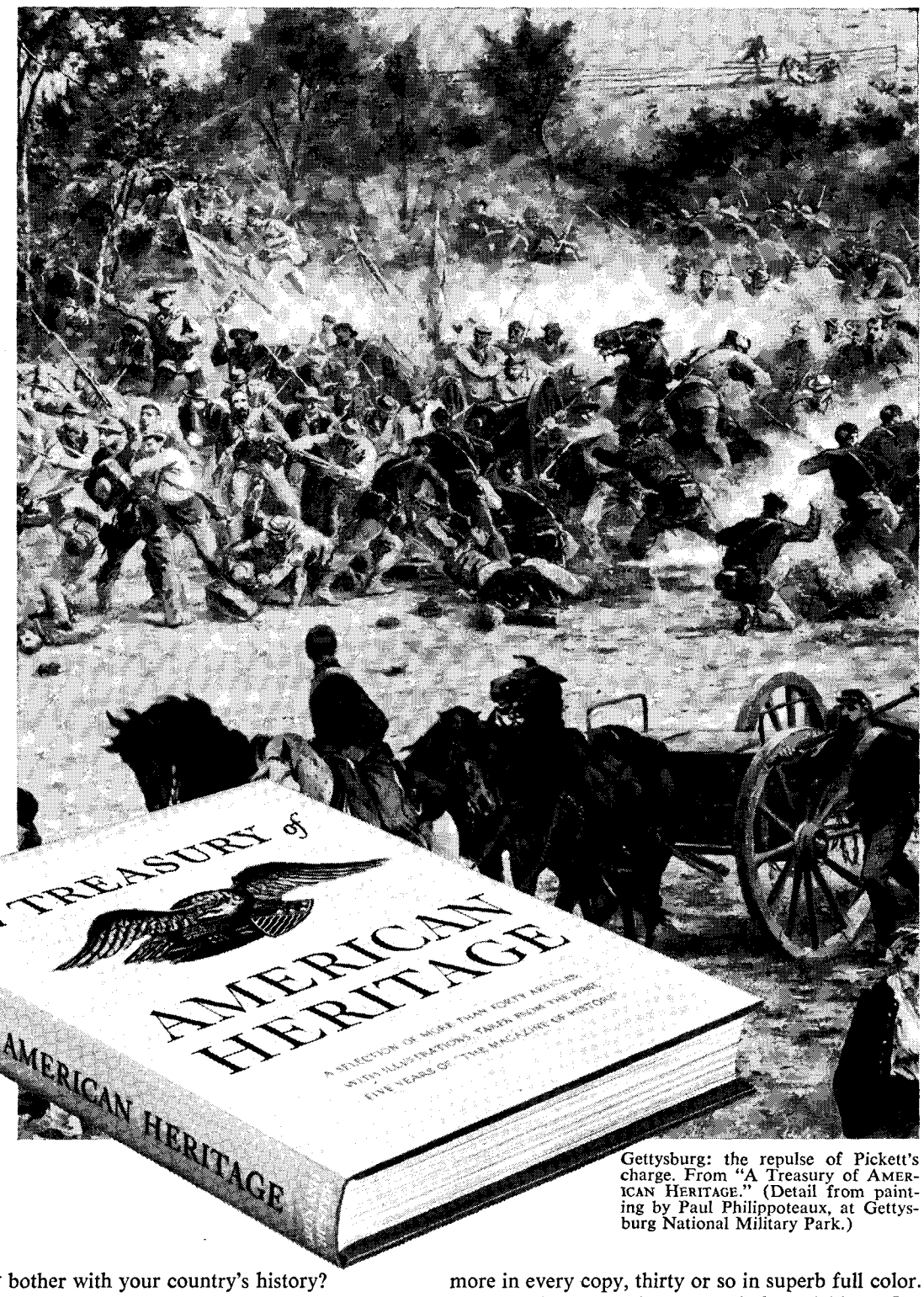
TOTAL VALUE OF ALL SEVEN VOLUMES $38.70

ALL FOR $11.85

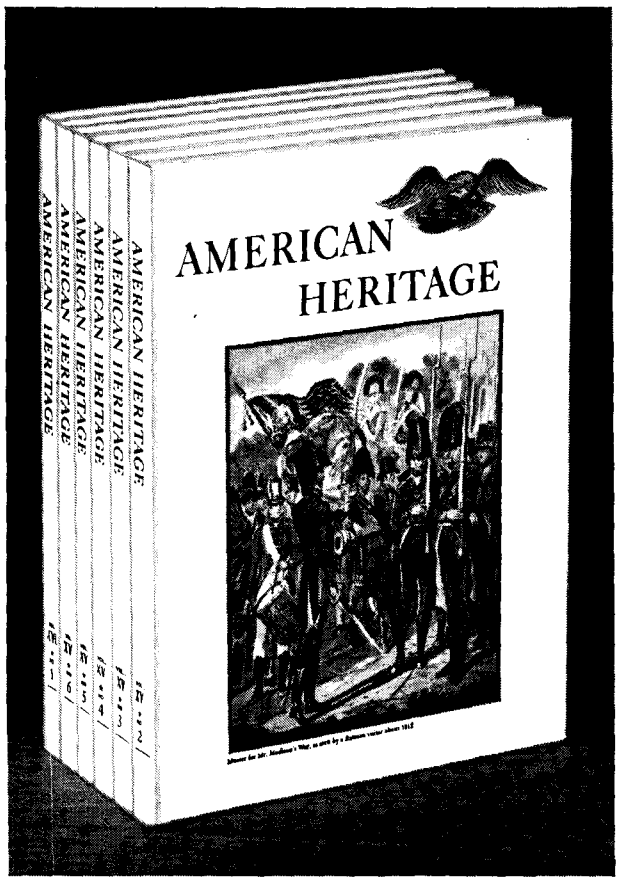
—half the price you'd pay for six single issues of

AMERICAN HERITAGE

"A Treasury of AMERICAN HERITAGE" contains selections from 30 great issues of The Magazine of History. Here, in book form, is a panorama of the American past, from Plymouth Rock to Belleau Wood: a fascinating and fast-moving junket through history that includes a medical profile of Washington ("unfit for military duty"); the mysterious illness of Grover Cleveland; the Gibson girl; Gettysburg; the last stand of the Nez Percés Indians; the Stanleys and their Steamer; that "great American art form," the dime novel; the New York Dutch; and 32 *more* articles and picture portfolios.



Gettysburg: the repulse of Pickett's charge. From "A Treasury of AMERICAN HERITAGE." (Detail from painting by Paul Philippoteaux, at Gettysburg National Military Park.)



WHY bother with your country's history?

You know the answer. A "sense of history" is more than a basic cultural asset. Its rewards start early and grow through a lifetime. Know your history well, and you'll know a lot more about yourself — and what it means to be an American.

That's what AMERICAN HERITAGE is all about. And to show you how colorful and exciting our country's story can be, let us send you a $15 copy of "A Treasury of AMERICAN HERITAGE" — **free** — with your new subscription to The Magazine of History. The postpaid form stapled over this page brings "Treasury" to your family; and, what's more, it is your half-price ticket for a remarkable excursion into the American past.

What makes you an American? We all remember, dimly, our textbooks' names and dates, causes and results.

But there's much more: loud explosions and quiet discoveries, battles and disasters, orators and artists, inventors and soldiers—not to mention fine glass and fast horses, low resorts and high adventures. These too are a part of your history — a fascinating kaleidoscope whose sum is America's past, whose product is *your* present.

AMERICAN HERITAGE is a magazine, published six times a year. There are a dozen or more lively articles in every issue, plus a sizeable extract from some new and important book. It's big—8¾ x 11¼ inches, 112 pages. It's handsome — a hundred pictures or more in every copy, thirty or so in superb full color.

Every AMERICAN HERITAGE is bound like a fine book in white, **hard covers.** There is **no advertising** at all. You read it, then keep each issue on your library shelf as a handsome and valuable reference work, as authoritative as it is enjoyable.

The pictures, beautifully printed on two kinds of paper, add up to a visual history of America that simply cannot be seen in any other place.

Six Issues at Half Price — plus a Free "Treasury of AMERICAN HERITAGE"

AMERICAN HERITAGE, we find, is hard to believe until you've tried it. So this special offer plus an expensive premium book make sense all around. Mail the order form attached; we'll send you the current issue. Nothing to pay until your copy arrives. Then send us only $3.95, and the rest will be stretched over the next two months, in equal installments.

The total, $11.85, is just half the cost of six copies if bought separately. (AMERICAN HERITAGE is regularly $3.95 a single copy, $15 a year for six — and a lot for the money either way.) You pay *nothing* for the $15 "Treasury."

It's an unusual offer. But the invitation closes when we run out of the brand-new issue of AMERICAN HERITAGE, illustrated here. Good idea to mail the order form soon. If the form is gone, send the lower portion of this page, with your name and address, to AMERICAN HERITAGE Subscription Office, 383 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPEAKING OUT*

Claiborne Pell, the first Foreign Service officer to become a senator, has made five trips to Berlin. His state, Rhode Island, elected him by the largest plurality in its history.

BERLIN: LET'S STOP COURTING DISASTER

By Sen. Claiborne Pell

We've caught ourselves in a dangerous trap, says this senator, because we cling to old and unrealistic terms for reuniting Germany.

Both President Johnson and President Kennedy have personally and irrevocably identified us with the people of Berlin. Indeed, our identification and our commitments have become so charged with emotion, and so rooted in policies that no longer fit the facts, that we may be losing sight of our long-term national interests in Germany and in fact in all Central Europe.

Our lack of guaranteed land access to Berlin, coupled with our just and binding pledges to defend its freedom, make that city today the place where world peace is in greatest danger. And nowhere is the West at greater tactical disadvantage. The Soviets have shown that they can clamp down on us there whenever they choose. Not once but several times recently they have forced us almost to the edge of nuclear war by their arbitrary new demands on the traffic to the city.

The matters at issue may not seem large. As Secretary of State Dean Rusk has said, however, the point is not whether a particular truck's tailgate is lowered, nor whether American soldiers inside that truck dismount to be counted; the point is freedom of access to Berlin.

What lies beyond that point? Our presence in Berlin and our claim to access to Berlin are based on the theory that Berlin will some day be the capital of a reunited Germany. But our stated goal of reuniting Germany through free elections has no chance whatsoever under present circumstances of becoming a reality. We know that the Russians will not permit a free election to wash away the hated East German Communist regime of Walter Ulbricht, nor will the Russians permit the loss of East Germany's great industrial potential. Yet we persist in tying ourselves to the impossible. We view the crucial questions involving Germany more emotionally than realistically. As a result, we are hobbling our strategy-making, losing chances for winning important concessions from the Russians and actually putting off the day when German reunification can be achieved.

Our position in Berlin is extremely vulnerable. Our garrison, together with its French and British counterparts, numbers scarcely 11,000 men, and it is isolated more than 100 miles inside Communist East Germany. It is a token force, capable of holding off a major thrust for a day at best. If it were seriously attacked, we would be compelled to use nuclear weapons, for the Communists in Central Europe have a vast superiority in conventional arms. Yet the use of nuclear arms, almost certain to lead to a global holocaust, is hardly an ideal resort.

As the recent Soviet blockade of American convoys demonstrated, our land routes to Berlin are highly susceptible to Communist harassment. Few Americans realize that we have no agreed-upon, internationally guaranteed, specific routes of land access to Berlin. While four-power agreements dating back to World War II promise us a theoretical right of "general" access, this theoretical right doesn't stop the Communists from throwing up roadblocks and hampering our movements.

Our rights in the air corridors are relatively specific. We have guaranteed access along specific air corridors—as we showed when we took to the air to overcome the Berlin blockade of 1948. In the air, of course, we are not subject to restrictions and regulations, dismounting and counting. What we need now, above all, is a similar guarantee of our claim to unrestricted ground access to Berlin. We could negotiate such a guarantee, but it would require some hard bargaining that we are reluctant to face.

Since the late 1940's our policy on Germany has been frozen. We have insisted on early reunification through free elections. We have insisted that Communist East Germany does not exist. We have insisted that East Germany and East Berlin are the Soviet areas of a four-power military occupation, and that our rights are based on occupation agreements which are almost 20 years old. This policy simply does not fit the facts of today, and it prevents us from exploiting the changing situation in not only Germany but all of Central Europe.

We based our original support of a reunified Germany on the assumption that such a Germany would be neutral. We assumed that, because of the ravages of World War II, the Germans would have neither the industrial capacity nor the will to produce arms. At that time we ourselves had proceeded rapidly to disarm. But our hopes and beliefs in worldwide disarmament proved false. The Soviets did not cast away their weapons, and the Communists seized Czechoslovakia; thus we were compelled to rearm Europe under the mantle of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. And Europe became divided into two armed blocs—the free West, the Communist East. As a result of this split, both West and East Germany were rearmed, and the idea of a reunited but militarily harmless Germany went out the window. If Germany were somehow to be reunified today, the result would be a military colossus. The very idea worries our West European allies and sends shivers up the spines of the East Europeans, who remember centuries of harsh treatment at the hands of the Germans—war, partition, occupation, atrocities. These fears cannot be dismissed or ignored.

There is another problem about German reunification, and that is the geographical extent of the Germany to be reunified. At the Potsdam conference in 1945, the Allies agreed that, until a final peace treaty was signed, Poland should govern the land on Germany's eastern frontier, the area east of the Oder and Neisse rivers. These lands, from which thousands of Germans were expelled, are today Polish in population and outlook. When I traveled through the so-called "new territories" of Poland, I came across no sign of Germans or of German cultural impact, except those buildings that survived the war.

From the Polish viewpoint, this Oder-Neisse river frontier is a virtually sacred issue. The Poles genuinely fear that an armed and reunified Germany would seize the Oder-Neisse territories. This issue is important, in fact, to all Eastern Europeans. No safe solution for Germany will ever be reached unless the East Europeans feel safe from new German invasions.

Americans who act as though these obstacles to reunification do not exist, who fan German desire for the reunification of an armed and ambitious Germany, are being unrealistic. By our unwillingness to consider the Poles' claims to the Oder-Neisse area, we keep alive lingering dread of a German takeover, and force the Poles to look to Moscow for protection.

Our attitude toward East Germany is equally unrealistic. The Ulbricht regime is clearly a hated dictatorship. But it is just as clear that it now controls, with the backing of Soviet military power, the future of East Germany. The Germans themselves recognize this. The West Germans trade with East Germany to the amount of $440 million a year and even extend credit to the regime that supposedly does not exist. But by our refusal to recognize the East German government, we not only give the Russians an excuse to remain in Germany but also demand that they remain—in order that we may have an authority there whom we may recognize and with whom we may conduct business.

What is the result of this ostrichlike policy toward Germany? It is stalemate. The Kremlin dictates the crises, and we are forced to react defensively to each probe. And all this puts our American national interests in gravest jeopardy.

It is high time for us to face the impossibility of a peacefully unified and armed Germany in the near future. That impossibility is perceived by nearly all Europeans, Western and Eastern, by many Americans and by numbers of Germans. Yet these thoughts are rarely uttered in public. Why? Because, as so often happens in democracies, we become frozen into

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

positions that relate more to the past than present. Public opinion in the United States is still fiercely loyal to our German policy of 10 years ago. Any suggestion of a change sounds almost un-American.

We should remember what Lord Palmerston said: "We have no eternal allies, and we have no perpetual enemies. Our interests are eternal and perpetual, and those interests it is our duty to follow." This means that we must frame our policies according to our national interests and that our national interests can and do change. We should apply this excellent advice to our policy toward Germany. We must ask ourselves where our national interest lies and what we can do about the present dangerous impasse in which we find ourselves.

We must *act* and not always *re*act. We should initiate polices which will not only improve conditions for all of Berlin and Germany but lead to a relaxing of tensions in Central Europe. The hard truth is that only a lessening of tensions can provide the setting for an eventual peaceful reunification of Germany.

Remembering Lord Palmerston's maxim, we should determine our objectives and set them in order of priority. By all odds, the most important single concession we must gain is absolute freedom of access to Berlin. In this question of access lies the crux of the problem. We need an actual corridor open not only to our military forces and to West Germans but to all citizens of the West.

The highway from Berlin to Helmstedt in West Germany, on which we now have only general rights of passage, would be ideal. With 79 overpasses and 65 underpasses along its 110-mile length, the highway should interfere very little with East German economic life and would afford few chances for conflict with the East Germans. Guaranteed land access—including canal and rail passage and subsidiary feeder roads, and particularly the Berlin-Helmstedt highway—can enormously strengthen our position.

Officially, we claim we already have these rights. But, as the repeated crises on the highway show, they are constantly open to challenge. What I propose is that our rights of access be completely spelled out and that the main highway between West Germany and West Berlin be declared an international highway, an international territory, subject to no Communist controls of any kind.

What can we offer in exchange? I believe we should offer to accept the Oder-Neisse boundary; for another, I believe we should grant *de facto* recognition to the government of East Germany. Is this too much to offer in return for guarantees of a right we claim we already hold? I think not. Why? Because we would be changing a claim into reality. We would simply be recognizing the realities that presently exist—we do insist on our right of access to Berlin, East Germany does exist, and so does the Oder-Neisse frontier. And once the process of negotiation began, we could press forward with a great many more demands that the Communists would have difficulty in rejecting.

The first of these would naturally be to seek the razing, or at least the opening, of the Berlin wall.

I have stood beside this hideous barricade. It is more than a brutal reminder of the failure of the Communists to retain the loyalty of their subjects. It separates families. It disrupts a whole city's life. West Berlin officials are seeking ways to improve conditions for the Germans on the other side of that barrier. If we seize the initiative diplomatically, we can truly assist these efforts. Ultimately, of course, the wall must come down, but our immediate objective must be to make it porous. This means, above all, the easier flow of human beings back and forth. As a start, we can encourage temporary openings of the wall such as the one arranged this Christmas by the governments of East and West Berlin. Another step would be to urge that United Nations bodies be moved to Berlin, preferably East Berlin—for example, the UN's European headquarters and its Economic Commission for Europe, both now in Geneva, and UNESCO, now in Paris.

What could we expect from the agreement proposed here—our *de facto* acceptance of the East German government and the Oder-Neisse line in exchange for ironclad guarantees of clearly defined land access to West Berlin and of the freedom of West Berlin? There would be a new atmosphere; a new, realistic and enlightened approach—the first conditions for German unification. We would have gained what we do not have: specific land access to Berlin. And the Communists would not have gained control over a single person or a single piece of territory they do not now control.

I realize that there are those who will hold that such an agreement would prolong the division of Germany and thus violate self-determination. But we must recognize that the only reunified Germany that the rest of Europe, East and West, really wants and will accept is an unarmed Germany, and that such a Germany cannot emerge in today's divided world. At this juncture it is inconceivable that the NATO nations would permit demilitarization of West Germany, which contains the strongest land force in our European alliance. Nor would the Communist nations of the Warsaw Pact accede to the loss of East Germany. It is a powerful Communist force in military terms and, next to Poland, the strongest industrially. People lose sight of these hard facts when they talk of reuniting Germany.

There are faint signs that both Washington and Bonn want to take a fresh look at the German problem. One such sign emerged from President Johnson's meeting with West German Chancellor Erhard in Texas last December. After their talks they issued a statement which, while insisting there would be no concessions to the Soviets, did pledge that both governments would "explore all opportunities for the improvement of East-West relations." This may not be the bold action that the German situation requires, but, after all the years of blank intransigence, it is an encouraging departure.

A position of total inflexibility means weakness rather than strength. Inflexibility implies fear: a retreat from challenge, a wish to shun it entirely. Fear built the Berlin wall—Communist fear of competition with the free Western way of life. Fear indicates weakness.

Our system should stand in contrast to such a system of fear. With its guarantees of free thought and expression, it is devised to welcome all challenges. Here is the essential source of our power. Let us not be afraid to enter into the battle of ideas, to take initiatives, to strive for an honorable settlement in Berlin and to work to bring a greater measure of peace to the world. Success could well start us on the road to that relaxation of tensions that could lead, in turn, to the settlement of outstanding Central European problems and to the eventual reunification of Germany. THE END

A bold, blushing, outrageously funny new movie!
Dedicated to the proposition that every girl gets ...sooner or later!
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
PRESENTS
A Seven Arts Production
"Sunday in New York"
STARRING
CLIFF Robertson * JANE Fonda * ROD Taylor
CO-STARRING
ROBERT Culp * JO Morrow * JIM Backus
MUSIC BY PETER NERO
SCREENPLAY BY NORMAN KRASNA
PRODUCED BY EVERETT FREEMAN
DIRECTED BY PETER TEWKSBURY
IN METROCOLOR
SEE IT SOON AT YOUR FAVORITE MOTION PICTURE THEATRE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The X factor is race

Washington freedom marchers.

WASHINGTON: There is a widespread notion that somehow, in the months to come, President Johnson will be able to satisfy the Negroes without alienating the South. Perhaps it will work out that way, thanks to the President's southern birth and his famous political magic. But the race issue remains what it was before President Kennedy's murder—a sleeper, an X factor capable of transforming the whole political climate overnight.

Suppose the Senate kills the civil-rights bill, and the Negroes take to the streets. Suppose real violence between whites and Negroes erupts somewhere, perhaps in the North. That could happen.

Or suppose the President sends federal troops to Jackson, Miss., or Shreveport, La., next September to enforce court-ordered grade-school integration in those cities. That could happen too—it could very well happen.

Either widespread racial violence in the North or federal intervention in the South would sharply reduce President Johnson's otherwise excellent chance of being elected in his own right. Johnson may find a way to avoid both. But he has less room for maneuver than he had in 1957 and 1960, when he coaxed meaningful civil-rights legislation through the Senate by giving the southerners face-saving concessions.

Attorney General Robert Kennedy's decision to stay on in the Johnson Administration has an obvious condition—that the new President will fight with everything he has for the dead President's civil-rights bill. President Johnson simply cannot give way on the key public-accommodations section, which Robert Kennedy has called the heart of the bill.

It is just conceivable that Johnson will be able to work out a compromise with such old friends as Georgia's Senator Richard Russell, by sacrificing the federal fair-employment section of the bill. The President certainly has some such deal in mind. But the accommodations section is aimed squarely at the South, since almost every state outside the South already has laws against discrimination in hotels, restaurants and the like. "We just damn well won't take it," says one southerner. The accommodations section is also the sticking point for the Negroes, who will certainly regard as a betrayal any compromise on the issue.

Bar an unlikely deal with the southern leaders, it is by no means certain that the accommodations section can get past the Senate. The key man in the equation is Everett Dirksen, Senate minority leader. A southern filibuster can only be broken by a two-thirds vote for debate-ending cloture, and there are no more than 43 nonsouthern Democratic votes—if that—for cloture. To break the filibuster, around 25 of the 33 Republican senators will have to vote for cloture. Only Everett Dirksen can round up these Republican votes. He is not at all eager to do so, partly because passage of a strong civil-rights bill would be a major triumph for a Democratic President in a presidential-election year.

Suppose the civil-rights bill is killed entirely, or the accommodations section is sacrificed. Certain consequences are predictable. The Supreme Court is shortly expected to rule favorably on the legality of Negro sit-ins. If the court so rules, and the accommodations section is killed, a sort of legal limbo will result.

A Negro will have a legal right to sit in a restaurant, and to refuse to move when asked by the proprietor. The restaurant owner can't legally call the cops to have him thrown out. But the restaurant owner will be under no legal compulsion, where there are no state laws against discrimination, to sell him food or even acknowledge his existence.

If the court rules for the sit-ins, while the Senate kills the accommodations section, the Negro extremists will argue—with some show of reason—that "white-man's law" is a sham and a deceit. The extremists, who already preach the doctrine that whites are the enemy, will demand "direct action." The moderates, like Roy Wilkins, who think of themselves first as Americans and only second as Negroes, will go along with the extremists or find themselves bypassed and powerless. For such reasons, there could be in a few months much worse race trouble than we have yet seen.

But the story does not end with the civil-rights bill. The lower courts are expected to order integration in three grade schools in Mississippi, including one in Jackson, and in schools in Shreveport, La., and Gadsden, Ala., to take effect next September. Previously the local authorities would almost certainly have closed down the schools, following the example of Prince Edward County, Va. But the Supreme Court, in a forthcoming ruling on the Prince Edward case, is expected to slam shut this escape hatch.

Jackson and Shreveport are about the two most "hard-nosed" towns on the race issue in the whole South. As a result of the defeat of moderate de Lesseps Morrison in the Louisiana gubernatorial primary, both Mississippi and Louisiana will have rabidly segregationist governors, eager to exploit the issue. It will be something of a miracle, Justice Department officials acknowledge, if the court-ordered integration can be carried out next September without violence and federal intervention.

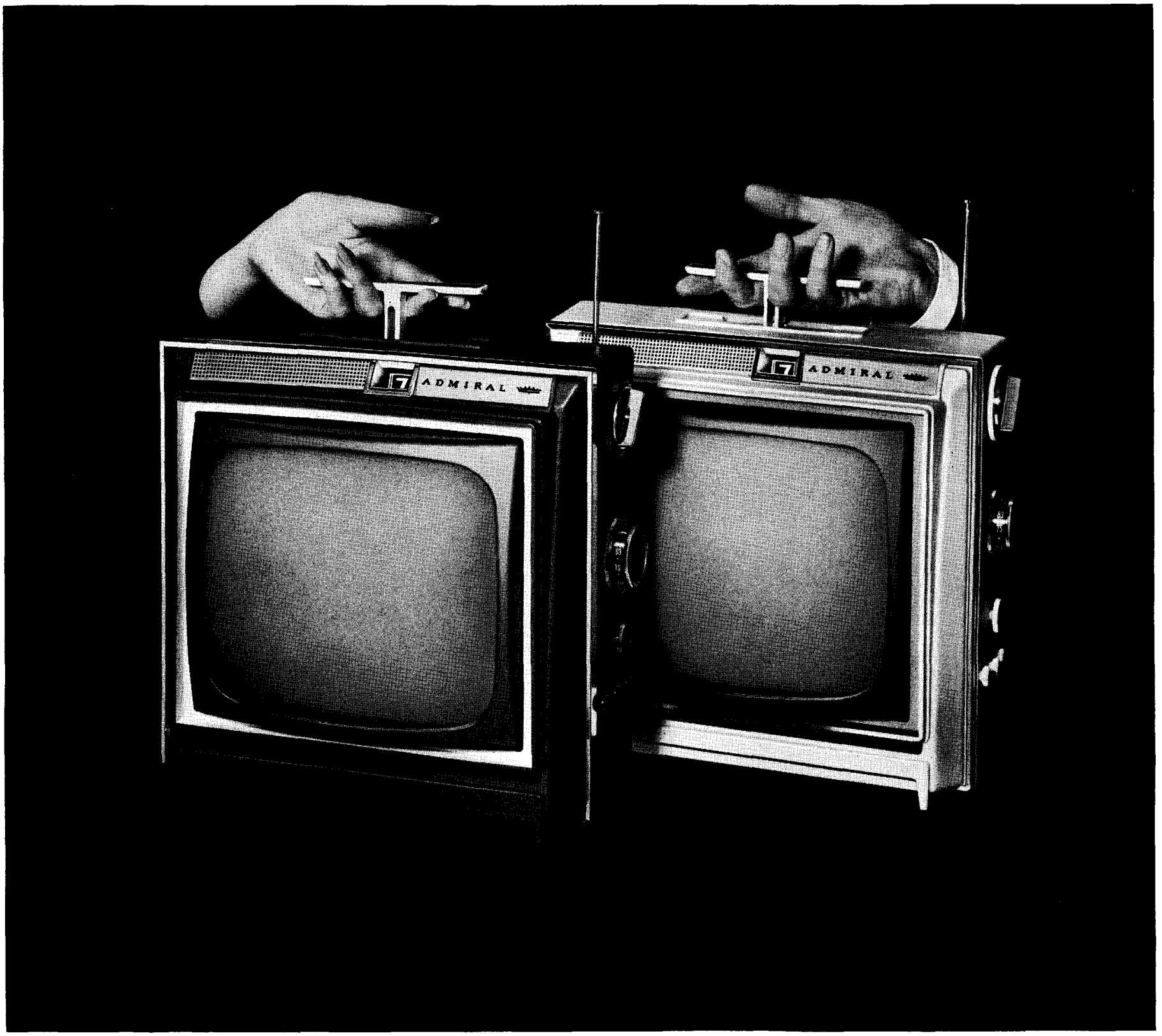
"Hell, anything could happen," says one Justice official with long experience of the race problem. "You could have Mississippi occupied by federal troops on Election Day."

The race issue thus remains what it has been for a decade—much the trickiest and most dangerous factor in the political equation. If anyone can handle the issue in such a way that both the Negroes and the southerners are held short of the explosion point, that man is Lyndon Johnson. The Johnsonian magic will certainly be turned up to full power, for Johnson's continued occupancy of the White House may be at stake.

But even more than the identity of the next President is at stake. "Within the next decade or so," says a Justice Department official who has lived with the problem for a long time now, "seven out of ten of our biggest cities will have Negro majorities. Unless the Negroes are given hope and some sense of citizenship and self-respect, this huge majority is dead sure to be led by people who hate the guts of every white man." This suggests what is really at stake in the old, ulcerous unresolved national dilemma which now challenges the peculiar genius of Lyndon Johnson.

Stewart Alsop

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



*New Admiral 11-inch† Playmate. Built to take it . . . anywhere! Rugged, lightweight. 5 stylish colors . . . from $99.95**

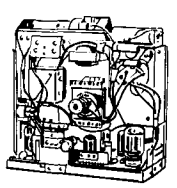
Take two, they're small!

Make a date with a Playmate . . . or two! They're new Admiral 11-inch portables. Just one foot tall. So light a child can carry them.

In the bedroom, kitchen, anywhere . . . enjoy the brightest, sharpest picture ever! And see it on all channels, every channel . . . with quality uhf-vhf 82-channel tuning.**

No other personal portable is so powerful . . . so precision-crafted for lasting quality. Features out-front sound, telescopic antenna, retractable handle and private pillow ear-phone.

Take one home soon . . . in red, black, white, sungold and beige . . . with golden accents. Better yet . . . take two, they're small. Prices start from $99.95.*



The one built like the big sets! 14,000 volts of picture power. More powerful than any other personal portable . . . and the only one with a precision-crafted, horizontal chassis framed in steel. Takes the jolts and jars a portable gets.

ADMIRAL

MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

*Mfr. suggested retail price. †Overall diagonal. **UHF, optional extra. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice. Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ontario.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Viceroy's got the taste that's right!

not too strong...not too light...
Viceroy's got the taste that's right!

SMOKE ALL 7

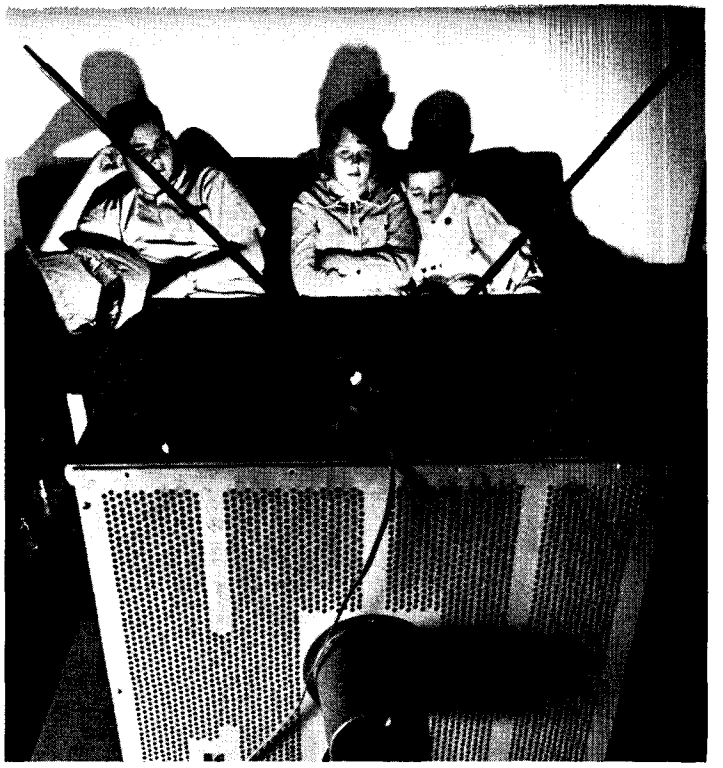
Smoke all 7 filter brands and you'll agree: some taste too strong... others taste too light. But Viceroy —with the Deep-Weave Filter— tastes the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste. That's right!

© 1964

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION B&W *The Mark of Quality in Tobacco Products*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Cyrus H. K. Curtis



Three children in Queens, N.Y., Nielsen family watch television while the Audimeter attached to the rear of the set records viewing patterns.

By Bard Lindeman and Alan Patureau

TELEVISION RATINGS ON TRIAL

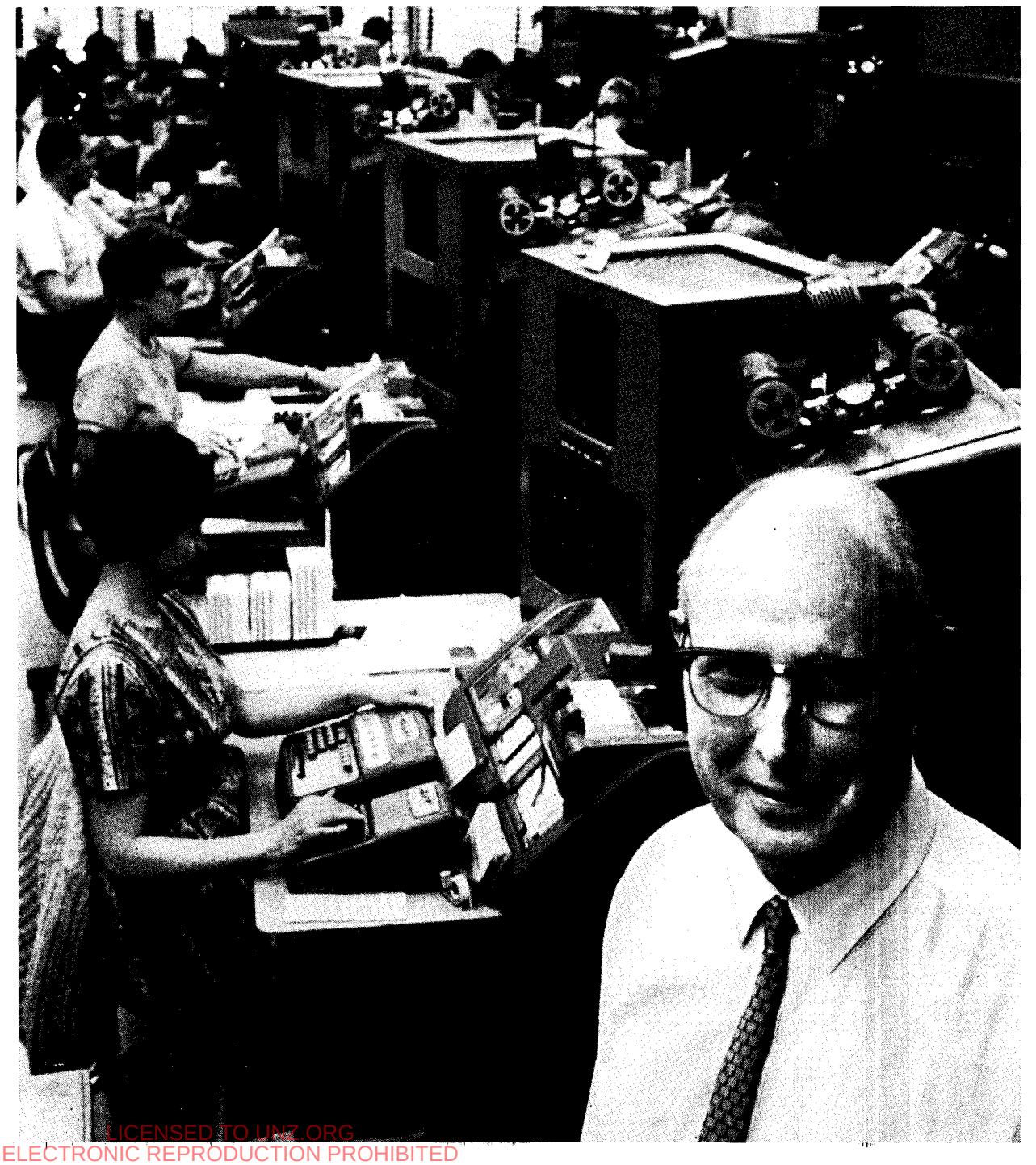
Both critics and congressmen question the use and accuracy of TV surveys. Yet, shows continue to live and die by the numbers.

I think," said Jerry Lewis, "if they put the start of the Third World War on television, and it didn't get a good rating, the networks and Madison Avenue would try to have it canceled." One week after Jerry made the comment, ABC announced his two-hour weekly variety program would be dropped. The main reason—Lewis had laid a statistical bomb.

Like Roman emperors, the network executives wait for the boos and cheers of the crowd. If the TV ratings show that the crowd is unenthusiastic about a program, it is consigned to oblivion. This season, in addition to Jerry Lewis, thumbs down has been the verdict for such programs as *Harry's Girls*, a show-business comedy; *Glynis*, a homespun chuckler; and *Redigo*, a contemporary Western. Others which have been mentioned for possible extinction are *The Judy Garland Show*, *Jaimie McPheeters*, *Temple Houston*, *Route 66*, *Channing* and *77 Sunset Strip*.

These programs are the victims of the TV numbers game. In the mass arena of television viewing, their audiences, though vast, have failed to approach the 49.5 million people who sit transfixed before the *Beverly Hillbillies*. And it is these TV ratings which, in the opinion of some observers, are at best approximate and at worst woefully inaccurate yardsticks of popularity that usually decide the quality and kind of programs the American people see and hear. Despite the criticism leveled against ratings, including testimony at a recent congressional investigation, their importance continues.

For the stars, writers and technicians, the ratings determine not only success and disaster but euphoria and depression. For a winner such as Imogene Coca, who portrays a maid in *Grindl*, a high rating means ecstasy. "When the man from the ad agency came on the set," she says, "and told me that we were among the seven 'new' shows in the Nielsen top forty,



In Chicago, A. C. Nielsen Sr. stands before line of company's Audimeter film decoders.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These were once sample Nielsen families.

In Chickasha, Okla., Mrs. LeRoy Bowles and daughter watch ball game. Bowleses are an ex-Nielsen family.

The Eggleston and Bowles houses in Chickasha. Until recently, each represented 52,000 TV homes.

Mrs. Babe Eggleston used to view TV programs for Nielsen Company.

I burst into tears and only stopped crying because my mascara started to run."

For the losers there is gloom. "It seems terribly sad and unfair," says Glyn Johns, star of a show which was interr by CBS after a 12-week run. "Nobod had a chance to learn to love us. If I was Number One on the ratings, I would still say the same thing. How true are they?"

This question was also asked by a House subcommittee, which held hearings in 1963. While the committee has held up its report pending industry reforms, some conclusions were offered by Chairman Oren Harris in a speech in Texas. "We were concerned," he declared, "and I am *still* concerned, particularly when I read of the anxiousness with which the industry has awaited the October Nielsen reports, about the abdication of sound judgment by broadcasters in favor of numbers purporting to show sheer audience size."

He added, "You don't have to be a statistician to understand that, in view of all the sources of bias and error disclosed during the hearings, the rating services have been claiming much greater precision for their figures than the facts can justify."

Those who defend the ratings system say that flaws cited by the investigators were the exceptions to the rule. They add that the sampling methods of the rating services are no different from that of a doctor who makes a blood count from a single drop of blood. But the critics of the ratings reply that the samples are not really scientific because a great percentage of those approached refuse to cooperate, while those who do cooperate are not a true cross section of the audience.

These skeptics also find it hard to be lieve that a sample of only 1,100 familie which happens to be that used by the most influential rating service, the A.C. Nielsen Co., can show what the entire country is viewing at a certain hour on a given night. One network statistician also points out that a sample of 1,100 has an average maximum error potential of two percent, and thus can only be called a rough estimate. Based on 51.3 million American TV homes, a rating with two percent margin of error could be high or low by 1,026,000 homes.

A.C. Nielsen Sr. does not agree that his 1,100-family sample is too small to produce reliable ratings, and he blasts anyone who criticizes this sample as "an ignoramus in the ABC's of statistical mathematics."

One of the members of the Nielsen sample is a Brooklyn, N.Y., housewife whom we shall call Mrs. X. When she expresses her views, she speaks for a block of 52,000 New York homes. Put another way, each of the 1,100 families in the Nielsen sample represents 52,000 families and, when combined, are supposed to reflect the nation's TV habits.

According to Mrs. X., who sometimes watches television 10 hours a day, there is nothing wrong with TV. "You tell that fellow who called it a wasteland he's crazy," she said not so long ago as th *Perry Mason* show blared from her s "Why, even three quarters of the com mercials are good."

Every Monday morning, as part of the Nielsen sample, Mrs. X. takes a film cartridge from a metal box beside

LICENSED TO MOT ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her gleaming $500 TV set, pocketing two quarters which pop from the box's innards. She then mails the cartridge to the Nielsen Company in Chicago. This act is repeated across the country in 1,099 other Nielsen homes. While the methods of rating services vary, Nielsen has built its survey around two procedures: an electronic Audimeter, which records on a film strip a whole week's televiewing, and a diary system. The latter is backstopped by a Recordimeter which double-checks the diary by adding total viewing time.

Although it is Nielsen policy not to disclose the identity of its families, it is known that the sample has included an auto mechanic in Waterbury, Conn.; a night watchman and a waitress in the Bronx, N.Y.; a detective, a drummer, a watchmaker, an insurance salesman, a house painter, a metal buffer, a railroad executive and the production manager of a greeting-card company. The recorded televiewing of this jury is fed into computers which decode and record the results. While the Nielsen machinery chugs, the billion-dollar broadcast industry holds its breath, for these scorecards determine, in large part, which shows will live or die.

As an Audimeter householder Mrs. X., the Brooklyn housewife, cheerfully explained how her life often revolves about her 21-inch set: "At nine in the morning I turn it on while I have coffee. Generally, some children's program is on. Then it stays on all day, except during dinner, because my husband, who runs a funeral parlor, doesn't like it. Now the exact names of all the shows I don't remember so good," she said, thumbing through a program guide. "But I'm a Western fan and I like all the stories. I'll look at the quiz shows to break loose once in a while and smarten myself. Sometimes when I watch to two or three in the morning my husband, who never watches it, hollers, 'How're you going to get up in the morning?'"

Congress stepped in

Mrs. X., 50, is uncertain of her precise role as a "Nielsen family" but says, "I figure it's got to be important."

Important it is. In fact, ever since June, 1958, when the Senate Commerce Committee held a one-day hearing into broadcast ratings, some congressmen have felt the ratings industry is so important it warranted closer scrutiny. In the summer of 1961, tired of waiting for federal regulatory agencies to act, Rep. Harris ordered an investigation. The results of this probe were put before the public in hearings which began last March in Washington. Disclosures of doctoring of the ratings shook the industry from Madison Avenue to Sunset Boulevard.

"You fellows haven't given a very good picture of yourself down here," Representative Harris said in summary. He said one of the services, The Pulse, Inc., reminded him of "a con game." Even a trade magazine, *Broadcasting*, said, "Ratings and rating services have been discredited to the point of uselessness."

The investigation itself was conducted by two men who had almost no investigative experience and whose combined salaries were under $25,000. Washington newsmen called their 18-month inquiry one of the most thorough ever on Capitol Hill. Even the president of one rating service praised their "tremendous knowledge" of the industry and their "fairness."

Committee investigators Rex Sparger, then 31, a former sports editor who never finished college, and Robert E. Lee Richardson, then 30, honor graduate (three degrees) and a Korean War combat officer, first met in the Oklahoma state legislature, where they both had served as representatives while still in their 20's. They began the probe by spending six weeks at ad agencies in New York.

They then turned to the rating services and worked 12 hours many days, six days most weeks, and traveled all over the country. "We were in backwoods towns as well as the cities," Sparger said. "In a town called Fouke, Arkansas, we discovered two lovely old ladies who lived in what might have been a sharecropper's shack. They were a 'Nielsen radio family' representing 52,000 farm homes. Only they didn't do any farming."

"And in little Chickasha, Oklahoma," Richardson said, "there were two homes next door to each other in a low-income area that were part of the Nielsen TV sample. They supposedly measured viewing for 104,000 homes in the fairly prosperous 10-county area."

Mr. Nielsen Sr.'s explanation for having used two Nielsen families living side by side: "If a scientifically selected sample did *not* include an occasional 'freak' condition, there would be *prima facie* evidence of fakery." Following the disclosure at the hearings of the existence of the Fouke and Chickasha families, Nielsen dropped them from its sample.

After the hearings finally got under way, it was brought out that in 1962 ABC, CBS, NBC and Mutual Broadcasting spent $1,583,008 for TV-radio ratings, and $1,363,402 of this went to Nielsen, the 40-year-old firm which is the largest of the eight companies investigated.

"Ratings are used by all advertising agencies with which we deal," said James T. Aubrey Jr., CBS-TV president, and lead-off witness for the networks, "and since our sole financial support comes from payments by advertisers, we cannot afford to ignore the tools they use in determining their purchases of time and programs."

Representing NBC, Mort Werner, vice president for programming, called ratings "broadcasting's form of market research that must be combined with creative judgment and experience in making program decisions."

Later Sparger, questioning another NBC witness, read a letter to an advertising agency from NBC recommending the shift of a program from 8:30 to nine o'clock on Saturday nights because the available audience—"sets in use"— was eight tenths of a point higher during the later time: 64.6 as opposed to 63.8. He followed up with an NBC "progress report" on the *Tennessee Ernie Ford Show*, explaining to an ad agency that on the basis of its Nielsen rating the show "delivers a thousand homes per commercial minute for $2.41."

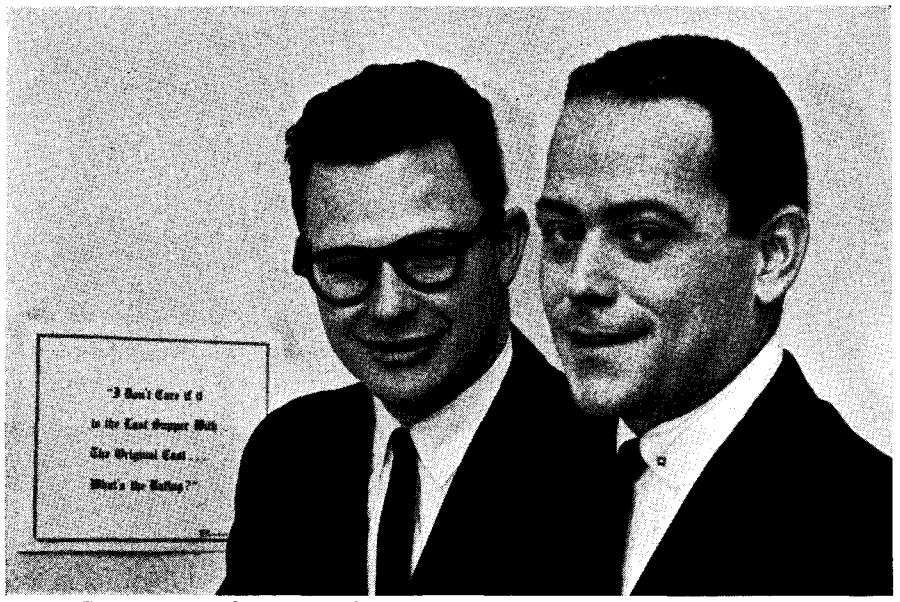
The investigators knew that the "cost per thousand" formula—that is, the amount of money it costs a sponsor to reach every 1,000 TV homes—was the sacred prescription by which the industry lived. "In this instance you are using ratings as an *exact* science, are you not?" queried Sparger. "You obtain a rating which you project to homes, approximately one rating point to 500,000 homes. Then you cut that up to the hundredth of a rating point in order to project a

This Fouke, Ark., dwelling once represented 52,000 radio farm families.

Nonfarmers Maggie Edwards, Birdie Vandenburge occupy Fouke house.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Ratings are like your own dog—he's a little ugly and beat, but he's all yours."



Robert Richardson, left, and Rex Sparger conducted investigation for House committee.

TV RATINGS

figure of homes per dollar per commercial minute." The NBC witness disagreed with the interpretation, but observers felt that Sparger had made his point.

To underline the TV industry's dependence on the quixotic numbers, Sparger kept a sign tacked next to his desk which read, "I don't care if it is the Last Supper with the original cast . . . what's the rating?" It was given to him by a station representative who had the signs printed because "it tells the whole story."

If there was any lingering doubt about the story of the real use of ratings, it was dispelled by Sylvester (Pat) Weaver Jr., former NBC president and currently executive officer of Subscription Television, Inc., a pay-TV firm. "Within the last ten years there has been an acceptance, particularly about Nielsen, of these ratings as a professional evaluation," he said. Then, comparing ratings with the art of divination, Weaver added, "You get into these incredible problems, like twelve Audimeters doubling the rating of NBC, which shows that you are in a never-never land, and it is just one step from the entrails of a chicken."

Radio broadcasters gave emotional testimony. Gordon McLendon of Dallas, owner of six stations, claimed the inaccuracy of some ratings services has cost radio "millions upon millions of dollars of damage." He described how his West Coast station was first in Oakland-San Francisco according to Hooper, but was unlisted in the Nielsen ratings. And in Louisville, he complained, his station had 42 percent audience share with Hooper, 29 with Pulse and 5 with Nielsen.

Another radio broadcaster told of a new show getting rated before it even appeared and of being rated on a night in which his station had been knocked off the air because of transmitter trouble.

In all, eight rating services were investigated: American Research Bureau; Robert S. Conlan Associates, Inc.; C.E. Hooper, Inc.; Nielsen; Pulse; Sindlinger and Company; Videodex, and Trendex, Inc. As the second week of the inquiry began, Conlan of Kansas City, one of the smallest, was called. A five-man operation, Conlan grossed $40,000 on 268 surveys in 1962. Company president Robert E. West admitted that the surveys, done by part-time help, cost him only $5,619. He testified that 100 of the surveys were sold on the strength of letters informing a station it was No. 1 according to Conlan—and wouldn't they like to buy this happy news? One such letter was sent to station KPBA of Pine Bluff, Ark. This may have been the worst business decision West ever made, for the KPBA owner is a constituent of Oren Harris, and some observers say this letter triggered the big ratings probe.

West testified that his interviewers were hired through employment agencies and were paid $22.50 in cash to make 1,800 phone calls ("What station are you listening to?") over a five-day period. It was brought out at the hearings that one woman interviewer was in traction in a Tucson hospital when Conlan records reported her making calls, and that a second alleged interviewer, on the books as a worker in St. Petersburg-Tampa, had moved away two years before.

Pulse, which sold its 1962 surveys to 659 radio stations and 150 advertising agencies, spent two uncomfortable days on the stand. For its survey of metropolitan Louisville, some Pulse door-to-door interviews were done 85 and 165 miles from the city limits. Interviews that should have been conducted in Clark and Floyd counties, Indiana, just outside Louisville, somehow took place in Clark and Floyd counties, Kentucky. Pulse president Dr. Sidney Roslow said, "This reflects laxness on our part and an opportunity for considerable error."

Against this background, the Nielsen company moved to center stage. It was shown that Nielsen gathers its national data from its Audimeter homes and makes local market surveys in cooperation with Audilog-Recordimeter families. The Recordimeter, attached to TV or radio, clocks the hours the set is on, but, unlike the more sophisticated Audimeter, does not record the station to which the family is tuned. Instead, it flashes a light or sounds a buzzer every half hour, reminding the viewer or listener to spring up and fill in his diary. Nielsen calls this paperbacked diary an "Audilog." For their troubles these Nielsen families receive one dollar per diary.

When Rep. John E. Moss of California heard this testimony, he asked incredulously, "Flashing lights and buzzers? What type of person is that representative of? You say these people are supposed to mirror you and me?"

Investigators Sparger and Richardson had gone through complete Nielsen surveys for Louisville and San Diego. They introduced at the hearings such TV and radio diary entries as: "My radio plays almost all day, as I like to wake up to it and hear it as I come in the door at night. And my dog enjoys it as much as a dog can." . . . "Turned TV on this morning so baby could watch it." . . . "Set left on; no one watching." . . . "Gone to see the wild flowers—no radio all day." . . . "A little s.o.b. dropped the radio and it stopped working." The first three of these were counted in the Nielsen report. The last two were not.

Nielsen witnesses admitted that TV ratings in Louisville were based on a sampling of only 123 homes—only 60 percent of the 205 homes Nielsen had said the survey represented. They also admitted that a Louisville radio survey was based on 87 homes instead of the 150 claimed. It was brought out that many of the diaries had been edited by Nielsen workers. Because of what Richardson described as "messing with the diaries," he said the radio station that should have finished third in the Louisville ratings was listed as No. 1, and vice versa.

"Is there any index in our society," asked Representative Moss, "subject to as many inaccuracies as these ratings?" And when he learned the Nielsen national sample was drawn on the 1940 census, and was being updated with 1960 census information but, even so, would not be completely converted until 1970, he said: "Your policy seems to be like peace—a goal you never expect to achieve."

Despite this, Nielsen officials remained composed, but their composure was shaken when Richardson introduced a confidential memo written by Warren Cordell, chief statistical officer of Nielsen.

Probes were nuisances

"The statistical-research services are inadequate today," it began. "We have made some progress but still do not have a planned program for selecting, training and developing good men for statistical-research operations. We still find it difficult to keep ambitious and able men long-term. We have a few good men in limited areas, but we are continually embarrassed by our lack of trained talent in important areas. . . ."

Cordell's memo, which eventually resulted in a $300,000 budget increase for his department, referred to governmental investigations and noted that these probes were nuisances, "because we preferred not to let these people learn and publish some of our vital weaknesses."

Nielsen officials were followed by three former Nielsen field men. They were Gene Davis, salary $5,460, 22 months with Nielsen; Robert Cawhern, $5,400, 23 months; Gerald Lafferty, $6,200, almost five years. The three field men told of being hired for a 40-hour week at $1.25 an hour with 20 overtime hours at time and a half guaranteed. Over a Martini in an expensive Atlanta restaurant, a Nielsen personnel man had once assured Cawhern, "Don't worry about the low starting pay; promotions come fast." But promotions were tied to field scores, and to get consistently good scores the men had to work long hours or cheat, Cawhern testified.

How did field men cheat? Cawherr said they rigged sets so the Audimeters recorded only one channel, thus eliminating any possibility of unidentified listening, which would mean an extra visit to the home to readjust the meter.

Even further, Nielsen would send field men to a specific address to sign up a specific family that typified the income or educational level of an area. But often, Davis testified, field men would leave the Audimeter with another family that was more cooperative. In cities, building superintendents were favored by field men. He told of searching for a Washington, D.C., bachelor for the Nielsen sample, but after 400 unsuccessful calls, settling for "three young ladies."

Davis testified he believed a great number of the families actually signed up because of the one to two dollars a week, plus half the cost of their TV-repair bills.

"Typically then," asked Representative Moss, "are they [the homes] spread in such a manner to reflect a cross section of the economic scale?"

"No, sir," said Davis, "they are not. It is in my judgment completely out of line."

So far the hearings have produced varied reactions among industry people. The National Association of Broadcasters, the networks and broadcast and advertising trade associations have joined to set up Broadcast Rating Council, Inc., an independent company which began operations Jan. 8. The rating services have indicated a willingness to permit an auditing of their data by the Council. In addition, the Council has established minimum rating standards. Whether there will be future congressional hearings depends on how effectively the industry polices the rating services.

Nielsen itself, led by Chairman A.C. Nielsen Sr., has no objection to a watchdog organization, although Nielsen Sr. said that he was "appalled" and "amazed" by the treatment his executives received in Washington. Furthermore, Nielsen has begun to substitute new families in its sample, and before the end of this decade, there should be an all-new national sample. However, no drastic changes in the sampling method are planned. "Our clients are satisfied," says Nielsen Sr.

He adds that studies in the past have proved that Nielsen homes are average both in "quantity and quality" of televiewing and that in 1962, 94 percent of its local area surveys met the company's standard for completeness and accuracy. The remaining six percent, says Nielsen, were the weak sisters that were picked upon by the congressional committee. "We're like baseball umpires," says Nielsen. "No one likes them, but they're essential to the game."

Some of those in broadcasting and advertising side with Nielsen. They are critical of the Harris committee for placing an unfair measure of blame on the raters. Many subscribe to the theory that the ratings are "a selling tool that works." And as one adman put it, "It's kind of like your own dog—he's a little ugly and beat, but he's all yours."

While stressing he was neither defending nor condemning the Nielsen Co., Burns Roper, partner in Roper and Associates, a research firm, said, "Some of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those expressing 'shock' over the disclosures are culpable for the exaggerated use they made of ratings. People in this business always are under pressure to keep costs down. But there is no cheap way of producing accurate research."

Paul Gerhold, formerly with Foote, Cone and Belding, now director of research for J. Walter Thompson, voiced a popular Madison Avenue opinion: "The raters have been relatively right but absolutely wrong. But we knew that. I mean, their figures were unquestionably inflated, but it is naïve to think that better figures are going to improve programming and show that the *Voice of Firestone* is more popular than the *Beverly Hillbillies*."

Paul Gerhold has raised the most important issue. For no matter how accurate ratings may become, it appears that the networks and others use them to appeal to the lowest common denominator in mass taste. Generally, those programs which are bounced because of low ratings are replaced by shows that may achieve higher ratings but not higher quality. This season ABC's Jerry Lewis was replaced by another variety show; CBS's Glynis Johns by *Tell It to the Camera*, a takeoff on *Candid Camera;* and NBC's *Redigo* by a game show, *You Don't Say*, which is patterned after *Password*. The exception, *That Was the Week That Was*, took the place of *Harry's Girls*. There is no evidence that next season will prove significantly better than the current one.

There is no more meaningful example of how ratings are currently being used than the top-rated *Beverly Hillbillies*. Richard Whorf, a former Shakespearean actor turned director, explains his show's success. "The ratings," he declares, "certainly must serve a purpose for advertisers. We're very grateful that we're Number One. One of the basic reasons is that we have a bigger appeal than most shows—ours is a show for children and for adults. The Hillbillies are lovable people, and that's our basis for popularity."

It would be unfair to say that television provides only shows like the *Hillbillies* or *Petticoat Junction*, but it is unhappily true that few worthwhile programs devoted to national issues and the arts take place in prime evening time.

"It is an economic fact," explains Pat Weaver, "that there is a limit to the amount of focus and interest that commercial TV can fulfill. They must aim at the mass taste at the broad lowest common denominator to get the most people to watch for the longest period of time. They want a viewer to sit for five hours in a sort of apathy, but they don't want to wear them out so they will turn the set off."

ABC's outspoken commentator Howard K. Smith says, "I wish they would find some way other than the ratings to determine programming. I'd like to see them have the will to do some programs for the minority. I'm sure that Shakespeare appealed to only a small number of Englishmen, but it was enough."

The feelings of many observers about ratings and TV may have been summed up by Representative Moss of California, who looked over the hearing room one afternoon and declared, "This committee is like much of the TV audience. We're fans, and in my home TV is of minimal use because so many good things have been driven off by bad ratings. We all feel we've been cheated." THE END

Housewife in this sample Nielsen family in Connecticut says, "It's nice having the TV on in the background."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chess champion Bobby Fischer, a sullen young genius, plies his trade with the instincts of an old-time gunfighter.

HAVE PAWN, WILL TRAVEL

In one important aspect, the few hundred chess clubs scattered across the United States resemble the lawless saloons of the Old West. Despite the decorous rules of procedure and the polite silence that customarily prevails, the members of a chess club, like the cowboys standing along the bar, are used to sudden changes of fortune. Without any advance notice some young kid is likely to push through the swinging doors and offer to shoot it out with the toughest customer in the joint.

At the moment the toughest customer in anybody's chess club is a 20-year-old Brooklyn boy named Bobby Fischer. Tall and gangling, awkward in gait and close-mouthed, he looks and moves like a gunslinger who just rode into town in search of bad trouble.

When he was 13 he figured he could beat the New York crowd, and so, one summer afternoon, he took a subway over from Brooklyn and introduced himself at the Manhattan Chess Club. Among chess players the Manhattan club is considered one of the toughest in the country.

Fischer defeated all comers. Several months later, just after his 14th birthday, he won the U.S. Chess Championship for the first time. (He has won it every year since, except in 1962 when he declined to play while preparing for an international chess tournament.) Before he was 17 Fischer had become the *enfant terrible* of the American chess community, a sullen and temperamental young man who often overlooked the amenities proper to the game. Unlike the other celebrated chess masters of the past 50 years, nearly all of whom were highly educated scholars or mathematicians, Fischer never bothered to finish high school. "The stuff they teach you in school," he once said, "I can't use one way or the other."

Now approaching 21 and somewhat more amiable than before (away from the chessboard he occasionally smiles), Fischer lives alone in a walk-up apartment in Brooklyn, seldom remembering to send out his laundry or buy fruit juice for breakfast. His parents were divorced when he was an infant, and his mother, who used to keep house for him, is now remarried and lives abroad. Sometimes Fischer gets up early and sometimes he sleeps all day. He usually eats at the Automat. To a friend he once remarked, "I don't have to report to nobody."

His whole life converges on chess, and he feels uneasy if asked to discuss any other subject. All of his friends play the game; the jokes that he thinks funny depend on a knowledge of rooks and pawns and end games. He does not drink or smoke, neither does he take out girls or go to the movies. With regard to the latter diversion, he has said, "You've seen one, you've seen 'em all."

To people who understand chess, however, Fischer is a heroic figure, the dominant genius of his generation. At the U.S. Chess Championship, played last December in New York, he exceeded the expectations of even his fondest fans. He won eleven straight games—every match he played—a feat which corresponds roughly to hitting for extra bases every time at bat during a World Series.

The matches were played over a period of two weeks in a drab ballroom on the second floor of the Henry Hudson Hotel on West 57th Street, which is also the headquarters of the Manhattan Chess Club. Seated on a dais at the north end of the room, the players confronted one another across small tables covered with white cloths. Behind them, on large squares of canvas hung against the wall, young boys shifted markers representing chess pieces, thus informing the crowd of the strategies being developed on the boards below.

Of the 12 players invited to compete (invitations were limited to the highest ranking players in the country) only Fischer devotes all of his time to chess. He earns about $7,500 a year, $2,000 for winning the U.S. Chess Championship and the rest from exhibitions.

The other players, most of them between the ages of 25 and 35, were university professors or doctors or accountants. Among those rated in Fischer's class of international grand master, and therefore considered the best of the loyal opposition, were Samuel Reshevsky, Larry Evans and Pal Benko.

As a child of eight, Reshevsky, who is now 53, gave a series of famous exhibitions which he played blindfolded against several opponents at the same time. A small and unsmiling man, nearly bald, holding himself stiffly erect, Reshevsky spent the tournament pacing around the dais, incessantly smoking cigarettes through a long, enameled holder.

Evans, who subsequently finished second in the tournament, won the championship in 1962, the year that Fischer did not play. Benko, a former Hungarian champion, defected to the West during an international match in Iceland in 1957.

The games began at seven P.M. and ended shortly before midnight, each player being allowed two-and-a-half hours in which to make at least 40 moves. The spectators, never more than 200 or 300 persons on any night, gave the collective impression of an audience attending a concert of 13th-century music. The only sounds audible in the room were those of people fidgeting in their chairs or whispering discreetly among themselves.

Everybody watched Fischer's games. The more passionate devotees brought pocket chessboards on which they set up Fischer's moves, attempting to guess his next move. Usually they were wrong.

Suddenly grasping the implications of one particularly devious move, a portly gentleman in the rear of the room clapped his hands in glee.

Two seats farther into the row a peevish man clutched a German edition of Bertolt Brecht's plays and muttered at the defense being offered by Fischer's opponent. "What a pedant that guy is," he said. "What a dull mind."

A musician who had traveled from Chicago for the matches noticed that Fischer's ears turned pink just at the moment that he made a decisive move.

"Astonishing phenomenon," he said, "clearly a frightful omen for whomever he happens to be playing."

Fischer himself, glaring malevolently through hooded eyes at the man opposite him, never relaxed his fierce concentration. He played his pieces with quick and sudden movements, almost furtively, like a man stealing money from a cash register. If the kibitzers crowded too close to the dais, he dismissed them with an impatient gesture of his hand. They would smile weakly and retire, awed by the demoniac presence in their midst.

Throughout the tournament the same people attended night after night, contributing a whispered clamor of commentaries, asides, recollections and second-guesses. The most informative remarks were those of Edward Lasker, an electrical engineer widely accepted as the dean of the American chess community. A shy and kindly man in his late 70's, Lasker has written a book entitled *Chess for Fun and Chess for Blood*. "Fischer,"

Fischer swept through 1963 U.S. championship with eleven straight wins; here he plots next move against William Addison.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By LEWIS H. LAPHAM

he said, "belongs in the latter category. He always wants to kill his opponent."

Lasker explained that chess first appeared in India about 600 A.D. It was invented by Buddhists seeking a substitute for war, and the pieces originally referred to the various components of an army. As with music and mathematics, a talent for chess nearly always makes itself manifest at an early age. The greatest chess players have all been child prodigies. Fischer, in fact, learned the moves when he was six.

The game has been popular in Russia for centuries, and most of the great chess players have been Russian. Chess tournaments in Moscow are played in vast auditoriums. The people who cannot gain admission stand in the streets, following the moves on enormous placards posted outside the building.

Consequently, Lasker said, there are millions of strong chess players in the Soviet Union, whereas in the United States, according to the estimates of the U. S. Chess Federation, no more than 10,000 people play the game seriously. Since 1937 the world chess championship has been held by a Russian.

The excitement at the Henry Hudson became gradually more perceptible as the tournament progressed, Fischer's ears turning pinker with each move. Even the chess hustlers, shabbily dressed young men from Greenwich Village who solicited quick games for modest bets, lost interest in their own ambitions.

On the ninth evening, watching Fischer develop a Ruy Lopez opening (a standard sequence of beginning moves named after the Spanish bishop who invented it in the 15th century), Frank Brady, editor of *Chessworld* magazine, permitted himself a word of unequivocal praise.

"Nobody can touch the kid," he said. "The kid is very deep."

Brady used to be associate publisher of *Eros*, a magazine which suspended publication after its publisher was convicted on charges of mailing obscenity.

"Chess is more exciting than sex," Brady said. "Not so many problems."

In his last match Fischer defeated Dr. Anthony Saidy, a 26-year-old staff doctor for the Peace Corps in Jamaica. He won by means of a clever end game, playing a knight and five pawns against a bishop and five pawns.

Although Saidy's resignation gave Fischer the most spectacular victory in any American chess tournament since 1893, he showed little emotion. When the game seemed won, he took a cheese Danish out of a paper bag and absently devoured it while analyzing further possibilities. At the end he shook hands with Saidy, acknowledged the discreet applause with an awkward nod of his head and hurried out of the ballroom. Before leaving, he paused briefly and reluctantly to sign autographs for two small boys who had kept scores of the game.

The next morning, in a narrow and cheerless room on the 14th floor of the hotel, Fischer agreed to talk about himself, a dispensation he rarely grants.

Throughout the entire conversation he sat on the bed, studying a chessboard placed between him and his visitor. The visitor timidly offered a queen's-pawn gambit. Fischer scowled. Even when playing against an amateur—for one dollar a game—he never relents.

After eight moves he acknowledged the visitor's defensive tactics with a gesture of disgust, demonstrated the inevitability of imminent checkmate and impatiently accepted his opponent's resignation. "I hate to lose," he said, "to anybody."

Although many people believe that Fischer is a stronger player than the present world champion, a Soviet citizen named Tigran Petrosian, a match between the two men is unlikely. The rules governing international championship chess oblige a contender for the title to play a series of elimination tournaments.

Fischer has never managed to win such a tournament, a failure he apparently attributes to a Communist conspiracy rather than to any shortcomings of his own. Because there are more master chess players in the Soviet Union than in any other country (at last count there were nine grand masters in the U.S. and 25 in the U.S.S.R.), a high percentage of Russians qualify for the eliminations. Two years ago Fischer lost an elimination tournament at Curaçao in the Dutch West Indies (the eight entrants included two Americans, five Russians and one Czech). He returned with the opinion that the Russians decided which of their number should win and threw their games to him.

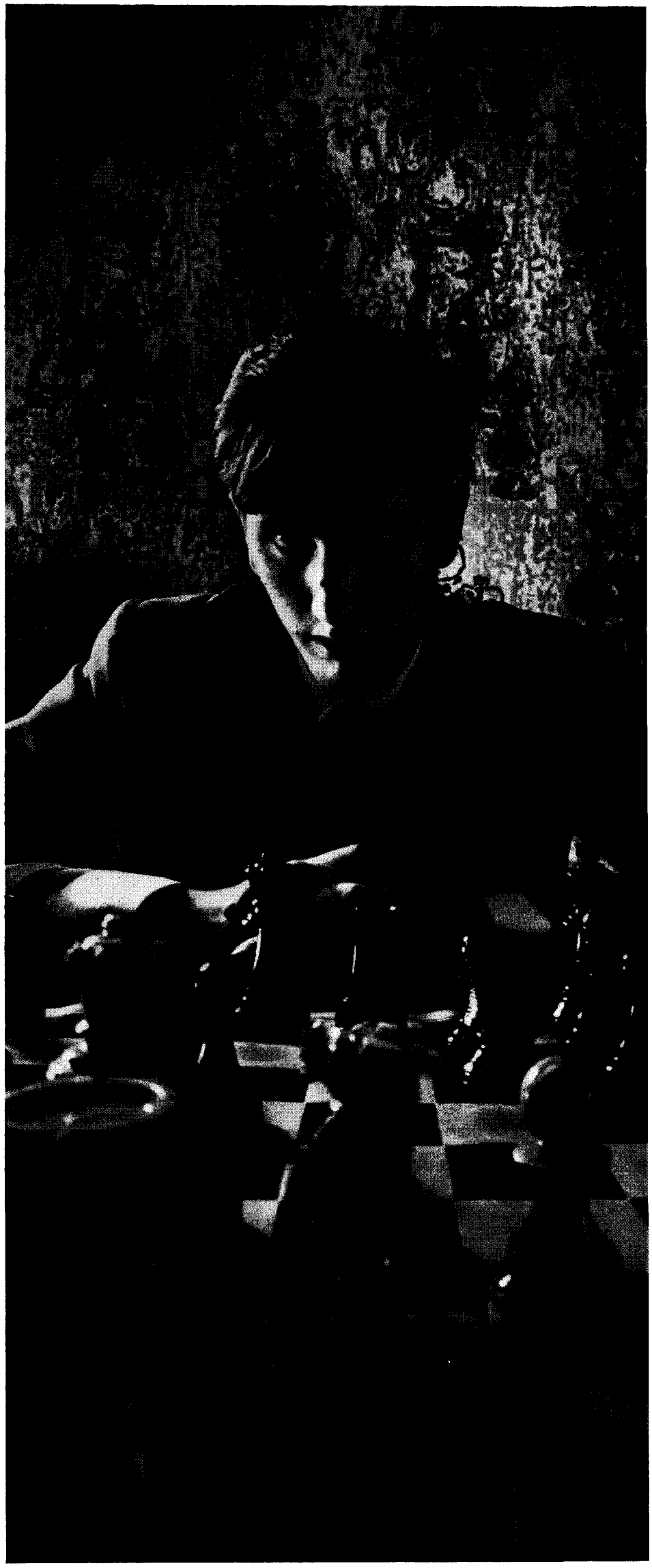
"Those deals," he said ominously, "are dishonest."

Rather than risk another defeat, which he considers beneath the dignity of a genius, Fischer prefers to ignore the world championship entirely.

Having answered questions for nearly two hours, during which he disposed of his opponent in four straight games, he suddenly grew bored. He collected his winnings, snatched the white queen off the board and stood up.

"Look," he said, "I gotta leave. I got a game with this guy."

On the way down in the elevator he frowned ominously at the other passengers and toyed with the chess pieces that he carried in his pocket. He got off at the mezzanine floor and slouched along the corridor toward the Manhattan Chess Club. There he can be found, on almost any evening of the week, terrorizing the members with the merciless logic of his play. He will remain the toughest customer in the joint until some other kid, who even now may be devising his strategies on a secondhand chessboard in Omaha, Nebr., shows up with a fast right hand and a tricky counter gambit against the Ruy Lopez. THE END



Bobby, who lives alone and does little but play chess, first won U.S. title at age 14.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lady Bird Johnson: She will be the most political and accessible First Lady since Eleanor Roosevelt.

An intimate portrait of Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson

OUR NEW FIRST LADY

LADY BIRD HAS SPENT OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY IN PREPARATION FOR HER ROLE AS A PRESIDENT'S WIFE.

By Nan Robertson

Lyndon could never have made it this far without the help of that woman. She is magnificent."

James Reston of *The New York Times* made this appraisal of Lady Bird Johnson while he puffed a cigar and watched the roaring mob that surged around the rostrum at the 1960 Democratic convention. Lyndon Johnson, his arms encircling his wife and younger daughter, his face charged with conflicting emotions, had just accepted second place on the Democratic ticket. Abandoning his presidential hopes, the proud Texan had agreed to walk behind the younger senator he had led by the hand through the intricacies of Capitol Hill politics. It was astonishing. And it would prove to be the most important decision of his life, for it would catapult him, through an act of horror, into the presidency.

Mrs. Johnson, who shared his crisis then and shares his eminence today, has spent more than a quarter of a century in preparation for her role. Her husband was 12 years in the House, 12 in the Senate and three years in the vice presidency: She thus brings to the White House more experience in national political life than any other First Lady in history. But her position is not primarily political. First, she must be a wife, and being wife to Lyndon Baines Johnson is not an easy task. He is a difficult and demanding man. And despite all the back-slapping, shoulder hugging and two-hand grip that are part of the Johnson treatment, his temper is short. He wants every one of his dozens of suits always pressed, the freezers full of food, his personal articles in place. Once, with a big party three weeks off, Johnson told Lady Bird he expected a whole new lawn planted and growing thick in time for the affair. This was almost impossible, for the season was autumn. But the lawn—a little thin, perhaps—was ready.

Mrs. Johnson manages all the details of the Johnson households and cannot remember a time when she has not. "This is a matter of Lyndon's personality, even more than how busy he is," she says. "He wants me to handle anything I am capable of handling. He's a little incensed if I want help on trivial things. I think sometimes he thinks I am more capable than I am—which in a way makes me grow to be a little more capable. He's a great hand at saying what he wants—then he wants it implemented by me."

In the eight years since his heart attack she has worried about Johnson's health "simply because he works too hard and too long. But after everything short of nagging I stop, because I can't really control him. He was extraordinarily good and strong about his diet for the first two years after his heart attack. Then as the danger receded, the discipline relaxed. Now he's not as careful about what he eats. He's wonderful about not smoking, even though it's what he likes best."

The Johnsons' need of each other is obvious to anyone who has known them in their private life. It is probable that the President is much more dependent on his wife, described by all close to her as a "strong, firm woman," than she is on him. However, "She is very much a part and an extension of the man she is married to," according to Mrs. Frank Church, the Idaho senator's wife. "They fit together somehow," she says. "I have never seen her in her house when she could not detach herself from whatever she was doing at the moment to find something he was looking for, or perhaps to say an affectionate good-bye as he left for work."

Mrs. Johnson is possibly the only person who can severely criticize her husband and manage to provoke an admiring reaction. "I never saw her slice a corner on anything," he says. "She is the first to tell me about any mistakes, whether they are financial extravagances or a political boner, and to me that is the test of real character."

Although an unfailingly courteous woman, Lady Bird brings a spontaneous candor to many things she says. This is startling in a political wife. Describing her husband's announcement that he was a presidential candidate in 1960, she said, "I thought it was fine, strong and thrilling," but then she added, "There are a few minor things I'd like to discuss with him though." And at the 1960 Democratic convention, while Johnson was still fiercely running the race against Kennedy, Lady Bird said she felt "no roaring confidence" that her man would win.

She also keeps an eye on her husband's personality tics. Johnson is addicted to talking, both on the platform and off. His wife may not stop the monologue at parties, but she does not hesitate to slip him a note at political rallies with two words on it: "That's enough."

Mrs. Johnson will be the most political First Lady since Eleanor Roosevelt. She is more than an elected-official's wife—she has become herself a consummate politician. "Bird would be just half alive if she divorced herself from politics," says Mrs. Hale Boggs. She and her husband, a representative from Louisiana, have known the Johnsons for 22 years.

But Mrs. F.D.R. and Mrs. L.B.J. differ in one important point. Mrs. Roosevelt led a political life of her own. Mrs. Johnson has worked politically only for her husband. If Johnson runs again, Lady Bird will hit the campaign trail with relish, as she did in 1960. On her husband's campaign train trip through the South in 1960, for example, she was able to discover and know by name no fewer than 25 cousins, kissin' or otherwise, outside of Texas. Inside Texas, she says, "There's hardly ever a receiving line where I fail to run across someone I went to school with, or some mother or grandmother whose child went to camp with one of mine."

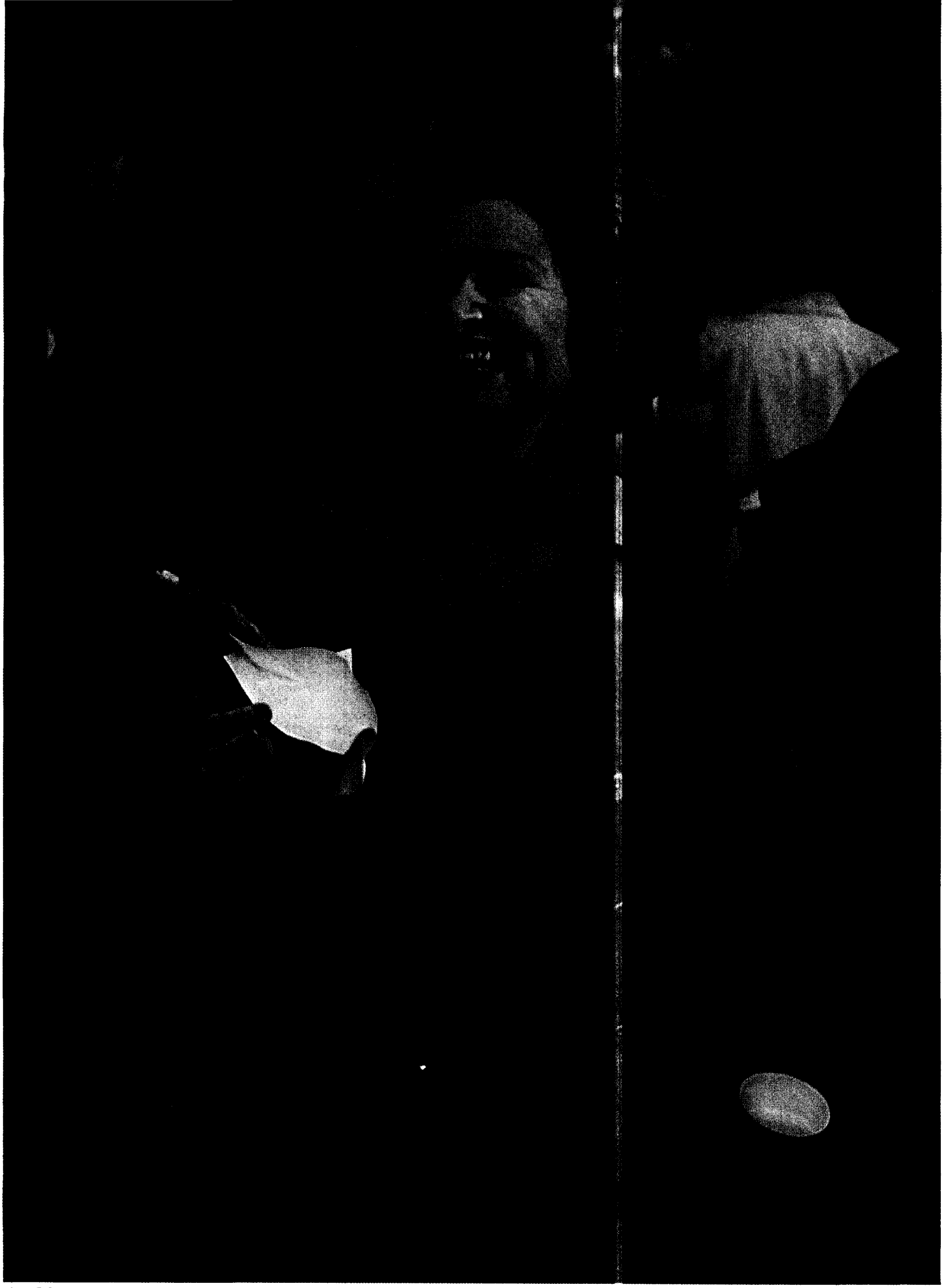
Not everyone is enchanted by Lady Bird Johnson. Some people describe her with adjectives like "corny," calculating" and "cold-eyed." They damn "all those y'alls" and "all those L.B.J.'s" right down to Little Beagle Johnson, who sired the present White House pups that are Lucy's pets.

One public-relations man in Washington, who has long worked for an important pressure group, recalls an hour with Mrs. Johnson during the 1960 campaign. "I felt she cared more about her husband's career than her husband. She's got very darting eyes, you know. I had a feeling of somebody who was making all kinds of long mental notes, almost a human tape recorder going."

This kind of comment rarely comes from anyone who has had personal contact with Mrs. Johnson. Those who dislike her, or who remain indifferent to her, usually know Lady Bird only through television or the printed word and picture. The camera is not kind to the First Lady, as it was to her predecessor. It is almost impossible to take a bad photograph of Jacqueline Kennedy. It is equally difficult to find a good close-up of Lady Bird Johnson, who actually is a lovely and far less withdrawn personality.

Her warm amber eyes, on television and in photographs, look black and often hard. The charming smile occasionally seems forced, her animation sometimes appears exaggerated. It is a pity.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Mrs. Johnson entertains western-style with an outdoor barbecue at the Texas ranch. Her taste in clothes is simple and usually runs to bright colors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lucy, 16, drives home from Cathedral high school in Washington snow.

Lynda, who is 19 and engaged, is a sophomore at University of Texas in Austin.

SOME DESCRIBE HER AS "CORNY," "COLD-EYED."

Physically, the package is small and attractive. She is five feet, four inches tall, hovers around 110 pounds and wears a size 10 dress. She used to weigh 132 pounds, but after her husband's severe heart attack in 1955, she went on his diet, too, and dropped to her present weight.

The First Lady was asked recently what qualities she thought a woman needed most. Her reply was "elasticity and compassion." She has both in large measure. Her husband is a notoriously unpredictable person who often moves on impulse. A typical such act set many people giggling the day after Christmas.

While 23 of Mr. Johnson's relatives sat before a cooling Christmas turkey, the President suddenly invited a horde of reporters into the L.B.J. ranch house and conducted an hour-long tour of the premises. Mrs. Johnson's "Whatever you say, darling," spoken smilingly but through gritted teeth, found an echo in the heart of every housewife across the country. But the tour came to a halt when Mr. Johnson tried to open their bedroom door and found it locked. "Mrs. Johnson has locked the bedroom on me," he said jokingly. He knocked harder. Mrs. Johnson, a good sport to the end, opened the door a minute later and the tour went on.

She is thoughtful to the smallest detail. So that others could relax at the ranch during the Christmas holidays, she never let up a minute. She rose at seven every morning, to supervise the baking of 50 loaves of bread, pecan pies and German-style chocolate cakes in the kitchen of the main house. Fresh fruit, flowers and pecan pralines were at each guest's bedside. Every time a plane arrived on the L.B.J. airstrip or a bus at the ranch gate, Mrs. Johnson was out there to welcome the visitors.

Another aspect of Mrs. Johnson's character is that she has "one of the most compartmentalized minds I've ever known," says a close friend who has worked with her. He describes her "uncanny knack" of allocating time efficiently, divesting herself of one role to concentrate on another.

There have been four big roles for Mrs. Johnson to play. The first, as wife, began when a powerful persuader named Lyndon Johnson got her to say "yes" in 1934. The second, as political wife and politician, began in 1937 when Texas voters first sent her husband to the House of Representatives in Washington. The third, as business executive, began in 1943, when she bought ailing radio station KTBC in Austin. The last, as mother, began in 1944 with the birth of Lynda. She had despaired of ever playing that important role.

"She waited ten years to have a baby and has lost four children with miscarriages. She is never a person who admits her own pain," says Lyndon Johnson.

Mrs. Johnson learned self-reliance early in her life.

Lady Bird was born Claudia Alta Taylor in Karnack in the northeast corner of Texas three days before Christmas, 1912. She was delivered in a big brick house that had been built by slaves in 1840. The only living member of her immediate family, her brother Antonio J. Taylor, describes the scene:

"Seven fires blazing in seven hearths only dented the December chill. Rutted roads led fifteen lonesome miles to Marshall and thirty-five to Shreveport, La. Genial old Doctor Baldwin arrived in good time and set about his work *sans* plumbing, electricity or trained nurses. These things were still unknown in the land, even to the parents of the Christmas baby in their big house."

The little girl was destined to have few playmates. Both her brothers—one eight years older than she, the other 11 years older—were away getting "proper" schooling for young gentlemen in New Mexico and New York. The younger brother, Tony, later stayed on in Santa Fe to found a gift store called the Old Mexico Shop, which he still runs.

The area around Karnack is remote and still. "There the Old South begins to fade into the West," Tony Taylor says. "Families lived far apart, and the cock crowed only once, for he heard no answering call."

Claudia's father, Thomas Jefferson Taylor, was the prosperous owner of a general store. Her mother, Minnie Lee Pattillo Taylor, died before her daughter's sixth birthday, but her legacy of sensitivity, cultural yearning and the sense of social justice runs deep in the grown woman today.

Syllabub and seminars

The mother is unforgettable—a true original who believed in integration long before its time and who fought for women's suffrage but died without the right to vote. Mrs. Johnson only remembers her mother had "highly individualistic ideas." She vaguely recalls "riding with her in a buggy down to Karnack to ask some people to vote."

Minnie Lee, born and raised in Alabama, was tall and blond, an eccentric person who dressed in turbans and veils. She married Tom Taylor against her father's wishes and the two moved to Texas. She was nervous and highly sensitive, a food faddist who followed Dr. John Harvey Kellogg's dicta from Battle Creek, Mich., on substitute food and the evils of meat. "And yet my mother did not live on creams and spinach. She lived in a gracious manner. At her parties, the bowls of syllabub were flavored with fine brandies," Tony Taylor says.

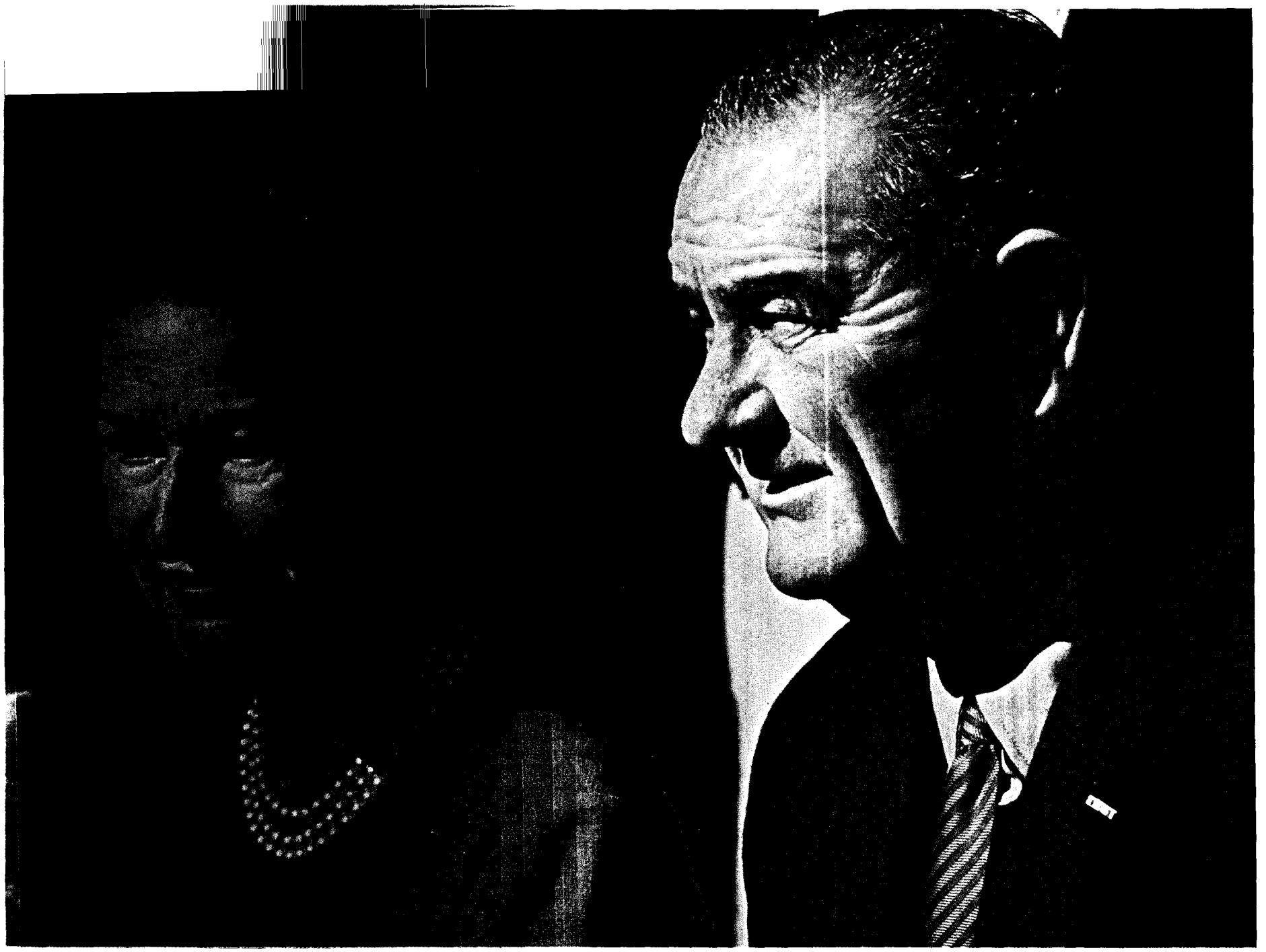
Every year during the opera season in Chicago Minnie Lee would leave the big brick house in Karnack, journey up to the midwestern metropolis and stay for weeks until the season ended. She was bookish, too, a trait few people in Karnack could understand. They understood her interest in Negroes even less.

The woman brought down the scorn of her neighbors—by her frequent soirees and seminars for Negroes. She was fascinated by their religious beliefs, their spirituals, their revivalist frenzies. Constantly she probed into their submerged hopes and thoughts and tragedies.

"She was very interested always in people in need," says Mrs. Johnson. "It was part of her character and daily needs to help the less fortunate. By osmosis she gave me some of that."

When her mother, Minnie Lee, was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Lady Bird Johnson has been an active politician for her husband for 27 years. Some friends say he depends on her more than she depends on him.

laid in the earth, they placed this on her tombstone: FORGETFUL OF SELF, SHE LIVED ENTIRELY FOR OTHERS. Then Aunt Effie from Alabama came to Texas to take care of the little girl. Long before, the family cook and maid-of-all-work had said of two-year-old Claudia, "She's as purty as a lady bird." The absurd but compelling name stuck no matter how desperately the girl tried to shake it. "Long ago I made my peace with the nickname," Mrs. Johnson says.

With her mother gone, the child's focus shifted to her father. From him she unmistakably acquired her superb business acumen and her taste for dominating men.

T. J. Taylor, now dead three years, was much like Lyndon Johnson. "My father was called 'Mr. Boss' and sometimes 'Cap'n Taylor,' although he had no naval background," Mrs. Johnson says. "He was the head man in his tiny world. The two men looked alike. My father was six feet two. Lyndon is six feet three."

The little girl read many of the books that filled the house. "As a child, I devoured James Oliver Curwood and Zane Grey, all the Teutonic and Greek myths and, I don't mind saying, Uncle Remus."

She walked in the woods by herself. She had many "special places," like a spring or a pine thicket. She rode her horse often to a family cemetery nearby. "I used to love going fishing on Caddo Lake too. It is very much the bayou country with giant cypress trees—their knees rising above the water."

If her father was ginning cotton until late at night, she slept on a cot between two boxes in the attic of his store. "What's in those boxes, Daddy?" she asked. "Merchandise, honey," he always replied. They were coffins. The sign outside his store read T. J. TAYLOR—DEALER IN EVERYTHING, and it was true: everything from sorghum to boxes for the dead.

Claudia is remembered by her classmates at St. Mary's Episcopal School for Girls in Dallas and at the University of Texas in Austin as a warm, but somewhat retiring person.

In 1934, just a few months out of the university with degrees in liberal arts and journalism, she met Lyndon Johnson in the office of a friend in Austin. Their courtship was tempestuous—the meeting of an explosive personality with a woman who was shy then, modest still and cautious on any important decision to this day. "He was the most outspoken, straightforward, determined person I'd ever encountered," she recalls. "I knew I'd met something remarkable—but I didn't know quite what." Lady Bird was then 21; Lyndon, 26.

Mr. Johnson asked her to breakfast with him the next day. Right after breakfast he proposed. She refused to commit herself.

"I couldn't understand how he could be so daring with his future without putting more thought on the matter," she said recently. "When he asked me to marry him the first day we were together, I didn't know what manner of man this was to be so decisive. I am a prudent person."

The pursuit continued for two months between Austin and Washington, where Johnson was then executive secretary to Rep. Richard M. Kleberg of Texas. He phoned her daily. She consulted Aunt Effie, who did not approve. He met her father, who did. The President continues the tale:

"We drove to San Antonio, and she still hadn't said yes until we got there. I sent a friend over to buy a ring as fast as he could, and we were married at the Episcopal church on the square. She is still the most enjoyable woman I've ever known. As a sweetheart, swimmer, boat rider and conversationalist, she is the most interesting woman I know."

A love of the land

Few people are aware of one of the deepest, most relaxing experiences the Johnsons share—their daily drives just before twilight from the L.B.J. Ranch into the empty Texas countryside. It is the time when the animals graze, leap and run. At about five P.M. Mr. Johnson, who has keen hearing and can detect the rustle of a deer through woods hundreds of yards away, will call his wife. "Come on, Bird," he says. "Let's go see the deer and the antelope play."

"We share a deep sense of oneness with the land, a reliance on the land and the love of it," Lady Bird Johnson says. "We can ride for hours over that rolling, eroded hillside country of Texas and be at utter peace."

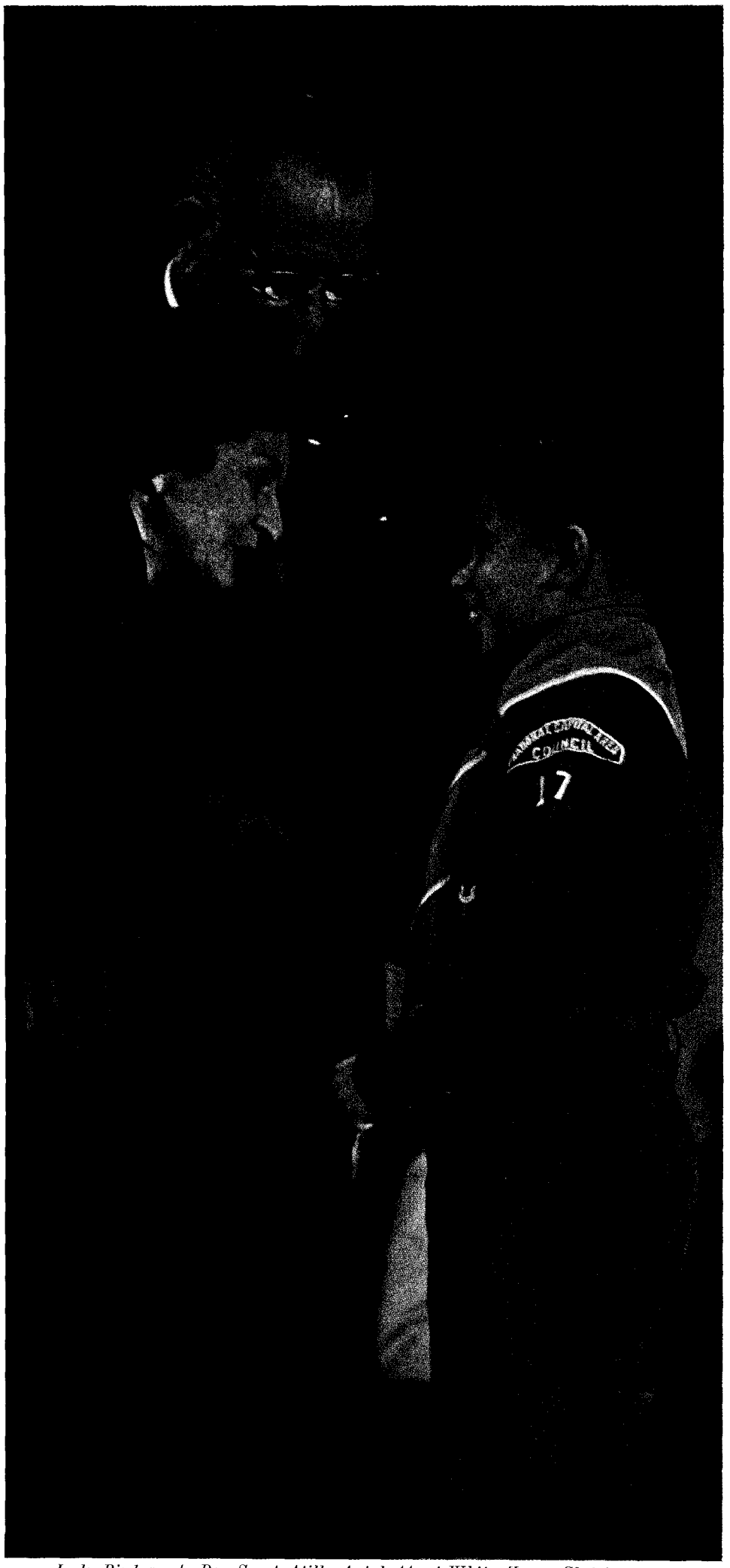
The only role that Lady Bird has played by herself without submerging it in her husband or children, is a part she has just relinquished. Until her husband is no longer President, she may not discuss her business holdings with her trustees, not even by telephone.

Minnie Lee Taylor left her only daughter a $67,000 inheritance and farmland in Alabama that Mrs. Johnson still owns. By investing $21,000 of this and assuming the station's debts, she bought KTBC in 1943, now the only commercial TV station in Austin. It had nine employees, was on the air only during the day and looked like a dreadful investment. Lady Bird made it pay. When asked how, an associate said, "She worked like a dog, day and evening, and she was the finest purchasing agent we ever had." By 1946 the station was turning a small profit.

Her business gift is part of her private life too. From the time of her marriage she has handled all the Johnson family's money matters. She will continue to do so at the White House and at the L.B.J. ranch house near Stonewall, Tex. As can be guessed from her balance sheets, Mrs. Johnson is a formidable, hard-bargaining businesswoman. Her husband is the first to acknowledge this. "She is the kind of person everyone in the world would like to be his trustee. I couldn't get five cents out of her that I didn't deserve, and she

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"BIRD IS STILL THE MOST ENJOYABLE WOMAN I'VE KNOWN," JOHNSON SAYS.



Lady Bird greets Boy Scout Atilla Antal, 11, at White House Christmas ceremony.

wouldn't give me a penny less than I earned."

Her press secretary and intimate friend, Mrs. Leslie Carpenter, points out that "from the beginning Lady Bird has had a financial pad that allowed her husband to practice the profession he always wanted—politics."

Mrs. Johnson carries a pad and pencil with her wherever she goes and takes notes almost compulsively. Her shorthand, learned during college, is expert. At least one Austin merchant fears that pad and tells why.

"When Miz Johnson comes in my store, she knows just what she wants, how much she wants to pay for it and what the object's worth. She's got it all down there on that little pad. If you've made a commitment to her on the phone, you've got to be purty careful. She'll whip out that pad and show it to you."

Today, Mrs. Johnson and her daughters own 83 percent of the stock in the L.B.J. Company (recently changed to the Texas Broadcasting Company). It is worth about $3.9 million, with interests in station KTBC in Austin and three other Texas radio stations. Shortly after Mr. Johnson's accession to the presidency, virtually all the family's holdings were turned over to two trustees.

A year after she acquired KTBC, her first child was born and Lady Bird took on the part she had waited so long to play.

Lynda Bird was born in Washington on March 19, 1944. The first name is a girl's equivalent of Lyndon; he was not betting that a boy would come along later. Lucy Baines was born on July 2, 1947. She is named after a favorite aunt and Rebekah Baines Johnson, the President's late mother.

The two daughters are strikingly different in physique and temperament. Lynda, a brunette, is almost five feet, 10 inches tall, with a figure as voluptuous as a grown woman's by the time she was 16. She has dimples, large, velvety brown eyes and creamy skin.

Lucy is five feet, three-and-a-half inches tall, sturdy but slender. She was a dark blond, but recently dyed her hair black. Her eyes are pale blue beneath dramatic horizontal eyebrows.

Friends call Lynda a "joyous, outgoing person" who combines her father's drive and her mother's sentiment. She said once of her mother, frequently absent with the Vice President, "Sometimes when mother is away, I go into her room and smell her perfume and feel her presence."

The odds are that Lynda, engaged since last summer to Navy Lt. (j.g.) Bernard Rosenbach, will marry him in the White House this year. Her parents wish her to wait until she has been graduated from college in 1966. But Lynda is almost as impatient as her fiancé, who is a 23-year-old Texan.

Lucy is much more contained and introspective than her older sister, with what friends call "a high sense of the dramatic." Here is how her mother describes her younger child.

"Lucy is fiercely loyal to her friends. She has a deep intuitive streak and often knows what you're thinking about at a most uncomfortable time. She has a fey quality, loves poetry and loves to write it. Lucy has a sometimes mercurial temperament. If she's happy, nobody is happier, and if she's sad, nobody is sadder. She's crazy about animals and always has been, and she'll fight anyone who isn't."

Neither girl is disciplined strictly. The mother controls them on trust. "Mother never tells us to be in from a party or a date at a certain time," Lynda told a friend. "She just leaves it to our good judgment. How can you break faith with a woman like that?"

When Lynda and Lucy were first invited to the White House by Mrs. Kennedy, to attend a state dinner for the President of the Sudan, their parents were away in Austin. Both girls were then attending school in Washington. The flustered daughters immediately telephoned their mother in Texas to discuss White House deportment.

Her advice was absolutely characteristic: "Read all you can find in the encyclopedia about the Sudan, and don't drink any of the wine at dinner."

Lady Bird Johnson not only expects her daughters to live up to their father's role in political society, she expects even more of herself and is prepared to give it.

Female press conferences

When the office of the presidency closes about a man, it also closes about his wife and family. But Lady Bird intends to be accessible.

Bess Truman was a shy and reserved First Lady. Mamie Eisenhower, all her life sheltered by the caste system of the Army world, held but one press conference during her husband's two terms—at the beginning of his Administration. Jacqueline Kennedy, although the most photographed, written about and talked about woman of this era, shrank to the end from any invasion of her private life and thoughts. She gave no press conferences in the White House. She was, and remains, mysterious.

Mrs. Johnson bears her small person with dignity, but she is somehow free, as the three First Ladies who preceded her were not. It is something more than the issuance of favorite recipes from Zephyr Wright, the cook who has been with the family for 21 years; or the knowledge that Lady Bird devours the works of Katherine Anne Porter, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, Scott Fitzgerald, and presses copies of Harper Lee's novels on her friends; or that the White House may soon have piped-in music, a presidential preference that horrifies those who admired the Kennedys' taste.

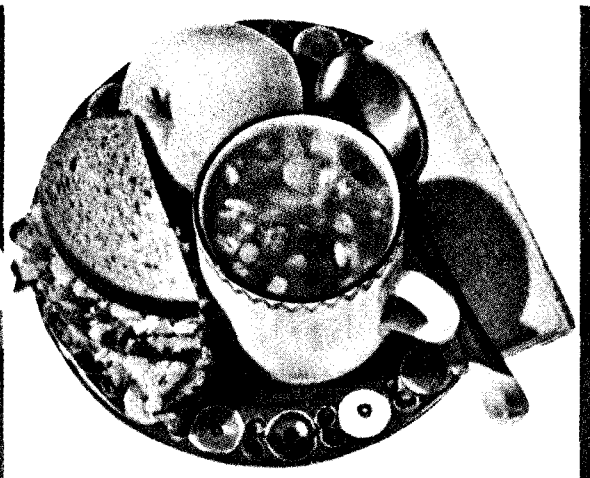
Perhaps it is her open heart, her willingness to share a deeper part of herself with the people without suspicion or fear. Mrs. Roosevelt, a towering personality, was like that. Claudia Alta Taylor Johnson may never achieve her eminence, but, as a friend said, "The American people are in for a marvelous treat—and they don't even know it." THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

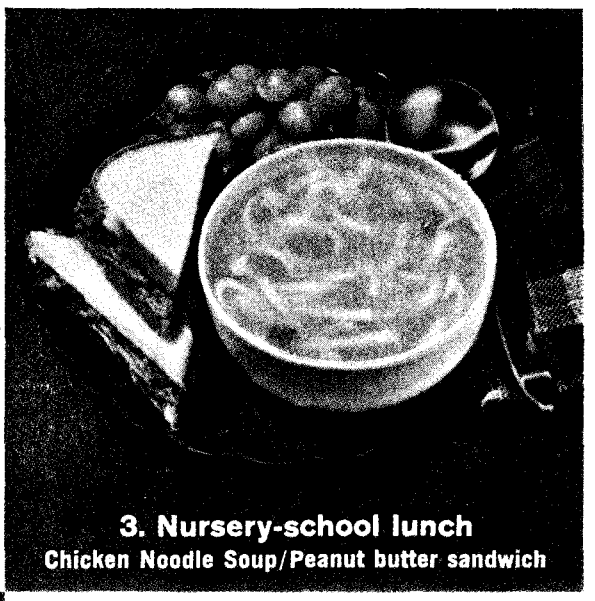
The entire town of Stonewall, Tex. (population 225), turned out to welcome the Johnsons and German Chancellor Ludwig Erhard to a barbecue.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1. Home-from-school lunch
Vegetable Beef Soup/Cheese sandwich



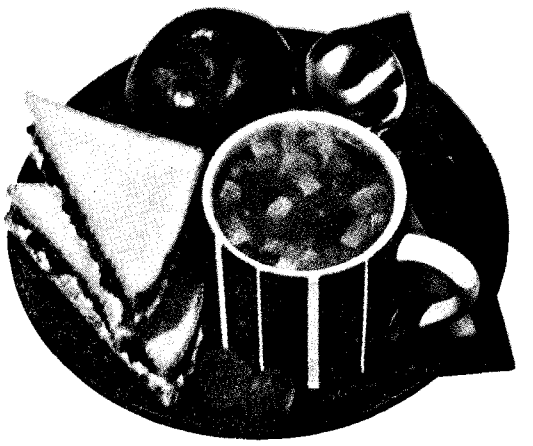
2. Saturday lunch
Vegetable Soup/Tuna salad sandwich



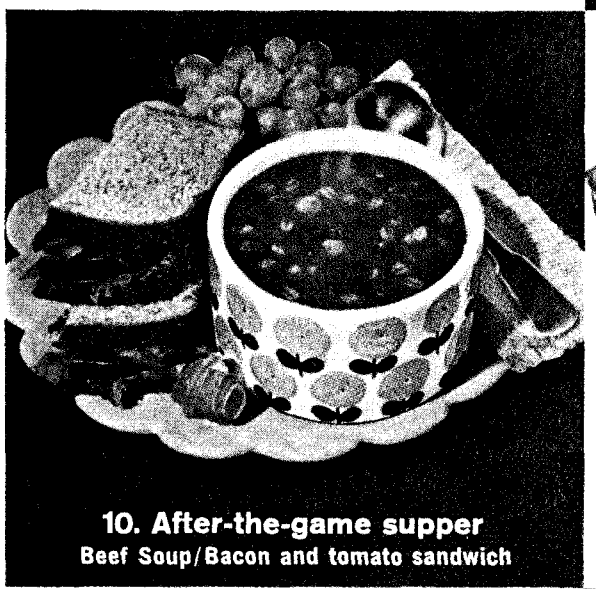
3. Nursery-school lunch
Chicken Noodle Soup/Peanut butter sandwich

4. Meatless supper
Clam Chowder/Grilled cheese sandwich

5. Sunday supper
Tomato Rice Soup/Ham sandwich



6. Committee lunch
Chicken Vegetable Soup/Cream cheese sandwich

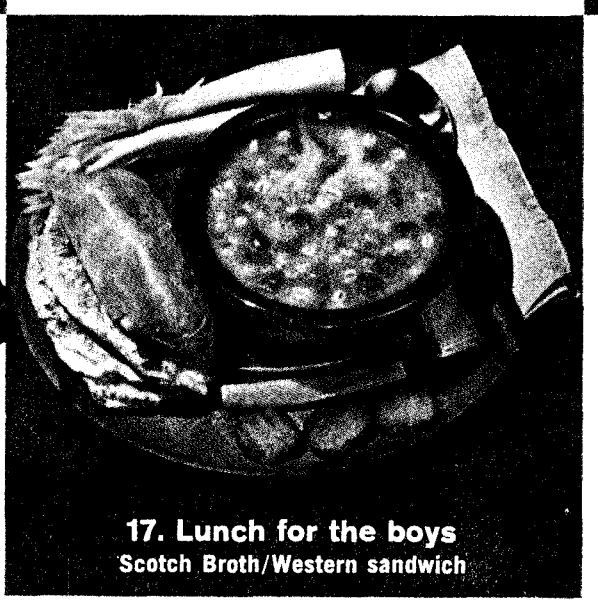


10. After-the-game supper
Beef Soup/Bacon and tomato sandwich

11. Baby-sitter's supper
Chicken with Rice Soup/Ham-cheese sandwich

12. Take-to-school lunch
Tomato Soup/Chicken and lettuce sandwich

16. Teen-age special
Bean with Bacon Soup/Hamburger



17. Lunch for the boys
Scotch Broth/Western sandwich

18. Home-from-work lunch
Minestrone Soup/Bologna sandwich

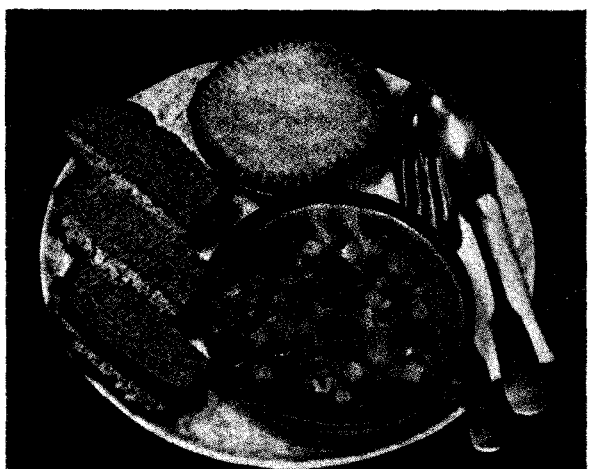
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soup 'n sandwich–4-minute magic

21 delicious nutritious meals—'cause the soups are Campbell's

For goodness you can see...goodness you can taste...make the soup with your sandwich Campbell's. In 4 minutes, it's hot and ready. And see what it adds to a sandwich meal. Sun-ripe vegetables, when it's one of Campbell's great vegetable soups. Nourishing chicken or beef, when it's one of Campbell's great meat stock soups. Wholesome milk, when it's one of Campbell's great cream soups. Here are 21 soup 'n sandwich plates—each one easy, each one nutritious, each one with a different Campbell's Soup to make it extra-delicious. Save these two pages . . . let them help you plan your daily soup 'n sandwich meals the whole year round.

Soup this good just has to be *Campbell's*



7. Friday lunch
Vegetarian Vegetable Soup/Salmon sandwich

8. Shopping-night supper
Cream of Mushroom Soup/Roast beef sandwich

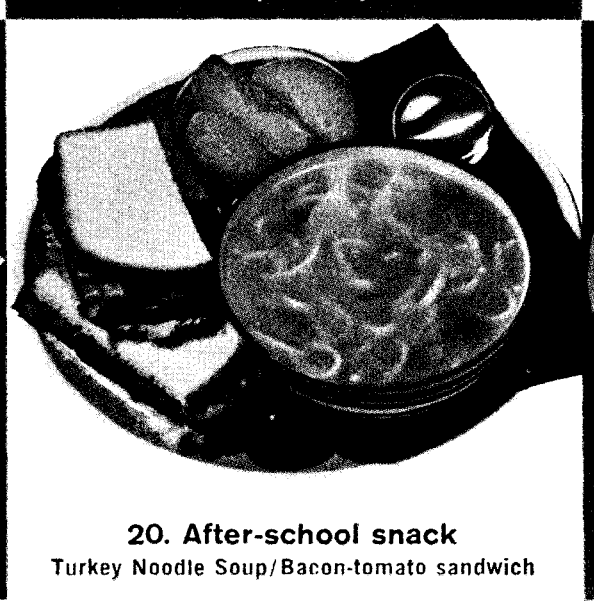
9. Sunday brunch
Chicken Gumbo Soup/Luncheon meat sandwich

13. Midnight supper
Green Pea Soup/Sliced egg sandwich

14. Weight-watcher's lunch
Beef Broth/Open turkey sandwich

15. Meeting-night supper
Cream of Vegetable Soup/Hot dog

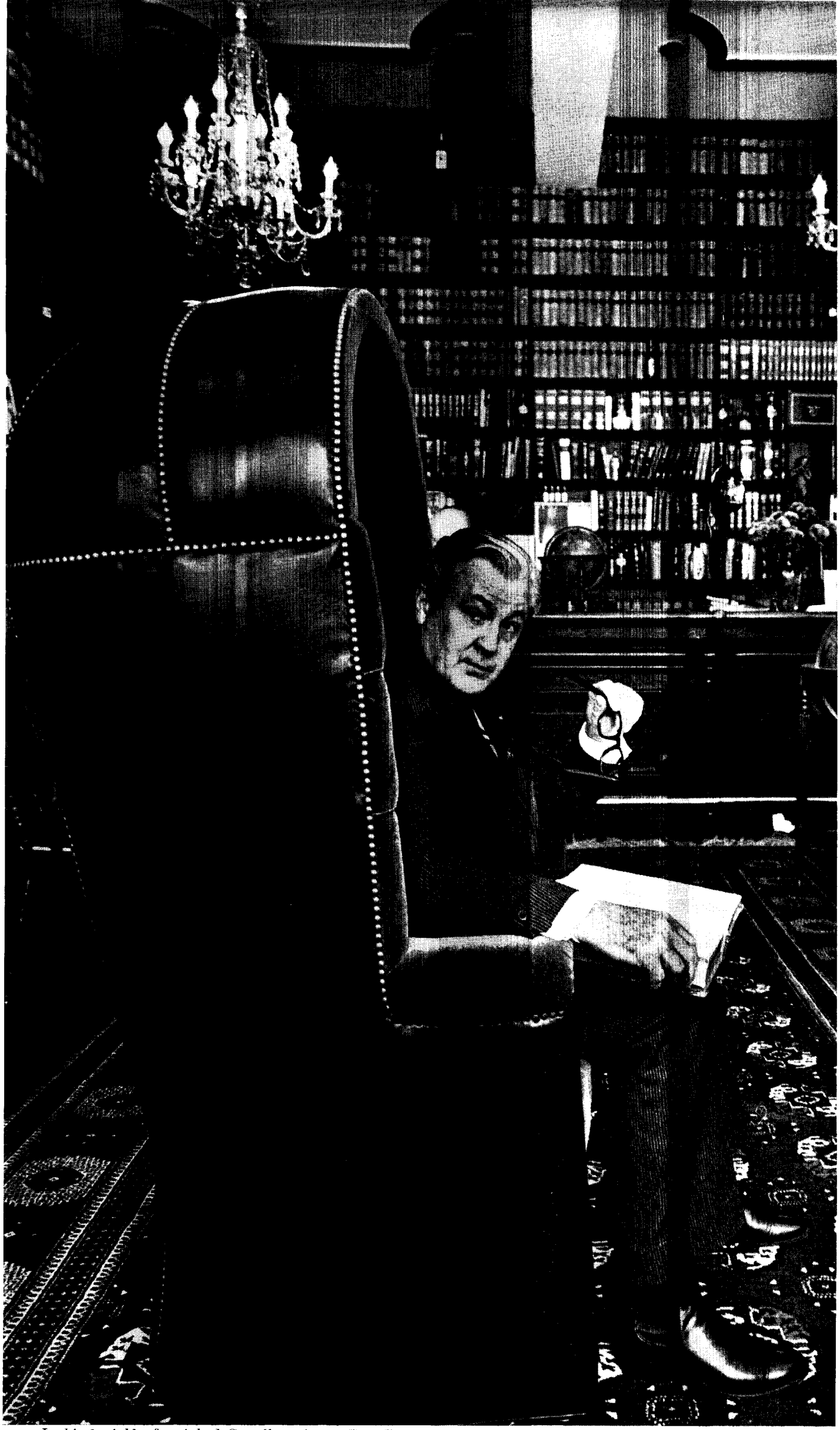
19. Picnic lunch
Cream of Celery Soup/Chicken sandwich



20. After-school snack
Turkey Noodle Soup/Bacon-tomato sandwich

21. High-chair lunch
Cream of Chicken Soup/Peanut butter sandwich

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



In his lavishly furnished San Francisco office, Belli leafs casually through one of the 29 books he has written.

By Richard Warren Lewis

When Dallas nightclub operator Jack Ruby burst through police lines to shoot down Lee Harvey Oswald, the alleged assassin of President John F. Kennedy, he did what no man has ever done before. He killed a man in the sight of millions of witnesses on television.

All across the country, twice-stunned Americans wondered what defense Ruby would or could make—and who would conduct that defense. So did Ruby's family. His relatives sifted through dozens of applications and recommendations before making their choice: Melvin Mouron Belli (pronounced BELL-eye)—one of the most successful, most controversial and most flamboyant of present-day trial lawyers.

Although he has defended a score of murderers in the past ten years—successfully in all but two cases—Belli is best known for his prowess in cases involving personal injury, a field in which he is widely regarded as preeminent. On over 100 occasions he has won his clients awards of more than $100,000—sometimes much more—and he is understandably unpopular with insurance companies, which have to pay these awards.

Some insurance men, in fact, feel that Belli, more than any other individual, is responsible for the sharp increase in liability-insurance rates during recent years. But Belli's detractors are not confined to the world of insurance. A second major group which feels no affection for him is the medical profession. In both personal-injury and malpractice cases—another Belli specialty—doctors frequently face him as witnesses called by the defense. "He's the type of man who, in cross-examination, tends to intimidate people," says Dr. Eugene Hoffman, a member of the house of delegates of the American Medical Association. "If a lawyer can upset an expert witness by making him contradict himself or answer questions partially or lose his temper, the expert is no good. Doctors don't like to be baited any more than anyone else."

But Belli is perhaps loved least of all by his colleagues in the law. "Some of his exhibitions simply don't comport with the ideals of American justice," says a Los Angeles attorney who has faced him often in court. Probably the most spectacular of Belli's exhibitions is his custom of celebrating court victories by firing a cannon and raising a skull-and-crossbones flag atop his San Francisco headquarters.

"He is callous of what we in the American bar consider the proper activities of a lawyer," says Loyd Wright Sr., past president of the A.B.A. "A lawyer should adhere strictly to those rules of conduct and ethics that are supposed to be dignified." Belli demonstrates his own feelings about the A.B.A. by hanging his membership plaque in his bathroom.

Few of Belli's critics deny his talents as a lawyer or dispute his right to the title

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A flashy lawyer for Oswald's killer

A nationwide television audience saw Jack Ruby shoot down the presumed assassin of President John F. Kennedy. Now national attention is focused on Ruby's trial in Dallas—and on the flamboyant and controversial attorney defending him, Melvin Belli.

Jack Ruby and Belli discuss their case at a pretrial hearing in Dallas in December.

"King of Torts" [civil wrongs], once bestowed upon him by a magazine. But the news that he was to defend Ruby, and to enter a plea of innocent by reason of temporary insanity, brought down on Belli a new barrage of criticism. "The only persons who have pronounced Ruby insane are his own attorneys," complained Dallas District Attorney Henry Wade, who will seek the death penalty. "Belli had four press conferences before I had a chance to say anything."

Edward W. Kuhn, a Memphis attorney and a candidate for president-elect of the American Bar Association, pointed out to the press that Belli was primarily a negligence lawyer and attacked him for taking the case "just for the publicity." And one of Belli's former law partners adds, "In the opinion of many prominent attorneys, it is not the human element that matters to Mr. Belli. It is a question of how much luster a case will give to his name."

In response to such comments, Belli only seems more bellicose than ever. "I've rassled with these people before," he says, menacingly. "I've always suffered a lot of slants and arrows and slings. I can afford to be flamboyant because I am a damn good lawyer. And I've had all the publicity I've ever wanted. Sure, originally it was essential that I get an audience. You have to ring the bell in order to get people into the tabernacle."

How to get attention

In 30 years as a lawyer, Belli has proved an accomplished bell ringer. His clients have included Mickey Cohen, Caryl Chessman, Mae West, Errol Flynn and the three leading madames of San Francisco. A prolific writer, he has produced 29 books, including a 6,000-page, six-volume set entitled *Modern Trials*, which sells for $135 and has so far brought him $250,000 in royalties. He has also turned out articles for *True Detective Mysteries* and *Master Detective* magazines, bylined a newspaper column of legal advice and appeared on television variety shows to plug his books. Currently he is dickering with actor Tony Curtis to star in a proposed film version of his life.

All the tub-thumping in the world, however, would do Belli little good were it not for his prowess in court. "Every good trial lawyer is to some extent an actor, be he artist or ham," according to William Prosser, former dean of the University of California law school. "He is also a playwright and director who prepares the script, sets the scene and manages the evidence. Belli is all of that and more. He is a Hollywood producer, and his trials are epics of the supercolossal."

An important ingredient in these epics is Belli's own sartorial splendor. The silver-thatched attorney customarily arrives in court carrying a purple velvet attaché case in one hand, a black Homburg and Persian-lamb-collared overcoat in the other. Although Belli's custom-made suits are dark and conservatively cut, it is soon apparent that his tailor has added certain nonconformist modifications. The jacket and matching vest are lined with bright red silk, and the pockets of the sharply creased trousers are cut parallel to the waist, frontier-style.

While addressing the jury, Belli thoughtfully fingers a gold watch fob on the chain strung across his paunch and rocks rhythmically on the two-inch heels of $75 Congress gaiters, calf-high black boots especially molded from a plaster cast of his foot by Peal's of London.

The high points of a Belli production involve his canny handling of vivid demonstrative evidence. He has pioneered the use in court of such visual aids as artificial limbs, autopsy photographs, floor plans, documentary films, mannequins, X rays, witnesses on stretchers, blackboards for figuring damages, and male and female skeletons. He has been known to wave arms and legs from dismembered skeletons to make a point.

"Demonstrative evidence," Belli says dogmatically, "should be imparted discreetly to the senses, without the intervention of testimony. It is the true exemplification of empathy."

Other attorneys have been known to snort at Belli's concept of discretion, but Belli remains serene. "We've tried more cases, had more judgments affirmed on appeal, and made more new law than probably any lawyer, group, firm or I.B.M. machine that's been operational for the past fifteen or twenty years," says Belli, who often lapses into the royal "we."

One of Belli's more significant contributions to the law has been his amplification of the law of warranty, in the case of May vs. The Cutter Pharmaceutical Laboratories. In 1955, five-year-old Brian May, of Pacific Palisades, Calif., was inoculated with Salk antipolio vaccine manufactured by Cutter. Six days later he was paralyzed with polio. Unable to move anything but two fingers on one hand, his right foot and neck, the boy was rushed into an iron lung. Belli charged breach of warranty in the sale of the drug, arguing that Cutter had caused May's illness by merchandising faulty serum.

The suit finally came to trial in 1961. May was wheeled into Los Angeles Superior Court on a hospital litter, and the jurors left their seats to gather around him. He lay breathing in heavy gasps through a portable respirator.

Medical witnesses testified that he would never regain the use of his arms and legs, that he had total paralysis of the diaphragm—with only 1/25th of his normal breathing capacity—and that he would spend the rest of his life in bed and in wheelchairs.

To build what he calls empathy, Belli then introduced a 45-minute documentary film into evidence. It showed a typical day in the bleak life of his immobile client. The jurors watched scenes of May having his teeth brushed and being cranked out of bed and lifted into a chair by a derrick. After deliberating for four days the jury awarded Brian May and his widowed mother $675,000. Cutter eventually settled 24 additional suits with Belli clients for $2.25 million.

Since his fee in such cases amounts to one third of the total judgment, Belli earns enough to pursue the good life, something he does with gusto. He drives a new Silver Cloud Rolls-Royce, provides a 1964 Lincoln Continental for his third wife and maintains three residences. His permanent base is the penthouse of a Telegraph Hill apartment building overlooking San Francisco Bay. In addition, he keeps a modest, Italian-style *pied-à-terre* with a swimming pool in the Hollywood hills, and a $200,000 home in San Francisco's exclusive Twin Peaks district to which he has added a $16,000 bathroom. This last sum represents, at least in part, Belli's unflagging pursuit of individuality. "Some guy insisted that I couldn't get a toilet seat the way I wanted it," he says, "and I really got teed off. Because some designer wants to sit in a certain fashion, then everyone has to do it. But not me."

The most impressive monument both to Belli's affluence and to his doctrine of nonconformity is a three-story office building named after himself and situated on San Francisco's historic Montgomery Street. Belli bought the 114-year-old rough-brick edifice from its 10 Chinese owners, and spent $450,000 restoring it to a turn-of-the-century elegance.

Beneath four massive crystal chandeliers in a ground-floor office, Belli toils amid a clutter of velvet-upholstered chairs and banquettes, a leather couch, a Persian carpet, a bearskin rug, antique celestial and terrestrial globes, Victorian oil lamps, quilled pens, three vintage desks, an antique French telephone and electrified hurricane lamps. The beamed ceiling is 15 feet high, painted in white and gold, its cornices decorated with three gilded cherubs and a heraldic shield reading KING OF TORTS.

One end of the room is dominated by a 25-foot-long mahogany bar salvaged from the gold-rush days in the lawyer's hometown of Sonora, Calif. Behind the bar, floor-to-ceiling bookcases hold an array of leatherbound and cloth-covered legal and medical volumes, propped up by apothecary jars of embalming fluid and spent bottles of Grand Marnier and Chivas Regal Scotch.

The room is heated by a marble-and-mahogany fireplace, over which hangs an imposing oil portrait, its details highlighted by a tiny light fastened to the top of the gilt frame. The portrait depicts Belli, looking many years younger than his present 56, resplendent in striped morning trousers, black cutaway coat and gold cuff links. The look on Belli's face is one of infinite wisdom.

Never averse to public scrutiny, the lawyer has located his command post, with its eight telephone lines, intercom, recorder, electric typewriter and automatic door-opener, in the corner of the room nearest the windows. This affords passersby an excellent view of the great man at work; and since the building has been named California Historical State

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I can afford to be flamboyant because I am a damn good lawyer—and I know as much medicine as law."

MELVIN BELLI

Landmark No. 408 and included in the Gray Line bus tour, there is no shortage of pilgrims to the shrine.

Not content to rely on such hit-or-miss methods, however, Belli has made sure that his name remains in the public eye by giving, each year for the last 25, a Lucullan office Christmas party attended by most of the city's leading citizens. Last year, for example, nearly 1,200 celebrants, including the mayor and police chief, crammed all three floors of the building and overflowed into the street.

An even more elaborate, though much smaller, party took place here on August 8, 1962. This was the annual meeting of the Zero Club, a local society dedicated to the enjoyment of good food, drink and fellowship. For this event, all the elaborate furnishings cluttering Belli's office were cleaned out and replaced by an immense circular dining table. Some 70 gentlemen in white tie and tails arrived, offered one another a secret handshake, and sat down to a gourmet meal of flaming dessert, rare venison, kidneys, snapper, consommé and hors d'oeuvres—eaten in that order.

Between courses, each of which was accompanied by a rare wine, the guests were entertained by dancing girls. The dinner music was provided by a shapely harpist who played her instrument unencumbered by any clothing. "When you see a rather plumpish girl with that harp, strumming *Nearer, my God, to Thee*," Belli recalls, "it's just a delightful sight. It was the grandest banquet that has been served here since the gold-rush days."

But Belli's fame in San Francisco actually depends less on his parties than on his recurrent skirmishes against what he calls "the monumental bureaucratic oppression of city government and major corporations." Under his aegis, a vigilante committee has been formed to screen civic complaints and assign various young lawyers to act upon them. The inspiration for this organization was Belli's own 18-month battle to keep the city from installing modern aluminum lampposts outside his offices. In the end, Belli won the right to erect four 12-foot-high cast-iron lamps imported from Copenhagen. He celebrated the event by mounting a ladder and igniting the lamps with strips of flaming cloth skewered on the point of an ancient sword. "I have fun twisting tails," Belli says. "The bigger the challenge, the better."

The tail he most enjoys twisting is that of the American Bar Association. Each year since 1950 he has deliberately scheduled his own maverick seminar on current trends in tort law for the day preceding the annual A.B.A. convention, and in the same city. At the 1957 seminar in Miami Beach, he introduced a Professor O'Brien to 1,500 assembled lawyers. The professor was to lecture on tax law: "Income Tax From the Inside—Tips That Anyone Should Know." The professor's speech lasted only five minutes but it has been talked about ever since. "I'm gonna say a lotta tings youse guys don't know," O'Brien began. "I've been in more courts den youse guys have been." Those listeners puzzled by O'Brien's unusual delivery shrugged it off as merely the consequence of his pronounced Brooklyn accent. "My advice to youse guys is dis," O'Brien concluded. "Youse guys oughta pay your taxes." Not until he left the rostrum was "O'Brien" identified by Belli as racketeer Mickey Cohen.

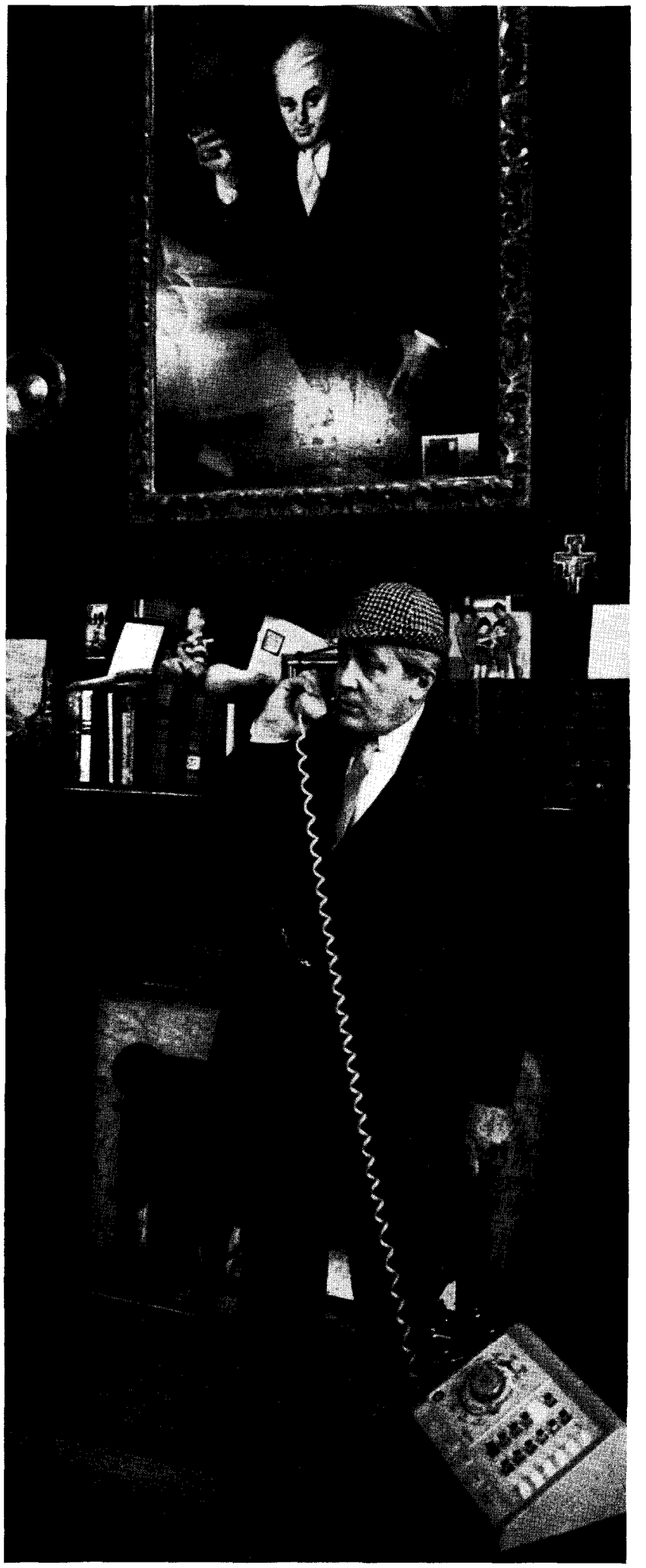
"It was a despicable thing to do," says attorney Loyd Wright Sr. "Cohen is the antithesis of law and order. The bar people, when they're trying to improve the administration of justice, don't like to have practical jokes played on them."

In court, however, Belli is no practical joker but an aggressive and ingenious advocate. Moreover, because the majority of his cases are personal-injury and medical-malpractice suits, he has carefully studied the workings of the human body and boasts an astonishing familiarity with anatomy and medicine. "I've got a bigger medical library than probably any doctor in San Francisco," he claims. "I know as much medicine as I do law." He keeps an X-ray viewing machine in his office, and his associates normally refer to him as "The Doctor."

Psychiatry is one phase of medicine that utterly fascinates Doctor Belli. He often calls psychiatrists as expert witnesses, to testify about what occurs in the human mind in moments of stress, and he has made effective use of hypnosis to help a client recall, for example, details forgotten by his conscious mind. He also occasionally employs sodium amytal (truth serum) to probe the secrets of the unconscious mind, and in 1959 he helped set a legal precedent regarding the use in court of evidence so obtained. Prior to that time, truth-serum evidence had rarely been allowed, even in criminal cases. Then, largely through Belli's efforts, a judge in Columbus, Ohio, permitted the introduction of truth-serum testimony to explain what had happened when a plaintiff's conscious mind had blacked out. It was the first time such evidence had been admitted in a civil proceeding.

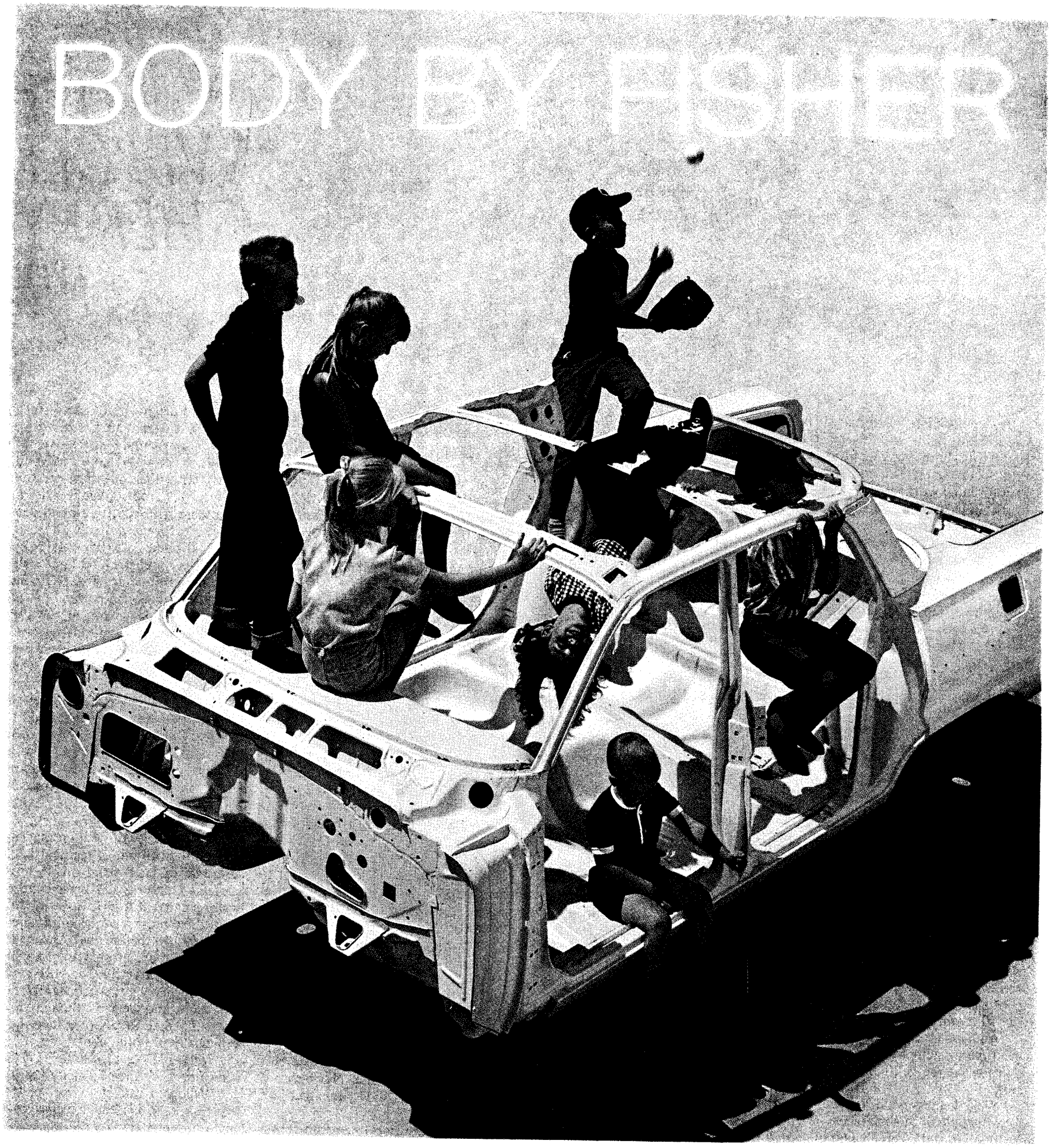
It was doubtless this rare combination of medical and legal expertise that convinced Jack Ruby's family they should retain Belli. Considering his past use of such esoteric techniques as hypnosis and truth serum, it is not improbable that Belli will employ similar methods in Dallas to probe the condition of Ruby's mind when he killed Oswald.

"The investigation of the unconscious certainly can and should be done," Belli says. "There is a tremendous opportunity in this case to develop the full flavor of psychiatry and other techniques and their places in criminal law. We have to overhaul our concept of insanity in the courtroom. What we're trying is whether Ruby was deprived of his senses—that's what no one saw. It will require the testimony of the finest psychiatric experts in the world to determine what went on inside this man." THE END



Extravagantly dressed Belli, beneath portrait of himself, takes call in his office.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Building strong bodies is our business, too

It's a great feeling—especially for mothers and fathers—to know your family car is built with extra strength and security. The strength and security that come with Body by Fisher. It's the most solidly built, carefully crafted, longest lasting car body ever. Remember, so much of the buy is in the body. And Body by Fisher makes a GM car a better buy: Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac.

Body by Fisher

GENERAL MOTORS SYMBOL OF QUALITY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POST FICTION "The Whole Cherry Pie" is the first of a series of new John O'Hara stories which the Post will publish in coming months. Mr. O'Hara's most recent books are Hat on the Bed, a collection of 24 short stories, and Elizabeth Appleton, a novel about a domineering college-faculty wife.

THE WHOLE CHERRY PIE

Spider Nicholas commuted between Short Hills and his office in Radio City. In the summer he went to East Chop. Jack Norgate lived in Stamford and worked in the financial district. His summer vacations were spent in Manchester, Vermont. The two men, in other words, would arrive in New York at about the same time every working day, put in the same eight and a half hours, leave the city more or less simultaneously, and never see each other from one year to the next. There was nothing particularly remarkable about this except to the men themselves, who after thirty years had not got together until a few weeks ago.

"It just isn't possible that it's been that long, Jack," said Spider.

"I know," said Jack Norgate.

"When was the last time we talked on the phone, do you remember?"

"I'm not sure. Could it have been when your son was born?"

"It couldn't have been that long ago. Peter is twenty-four."

"I think that's when it was, though," said Jack Norgate. "Yes. You called me up from some bar. Celebrating. And you wanted me to join you, but I was taking a train to . . . I think it was Chicago. Probably Chicago. That was when I used to go to Chicago once a month. Yes, that would be it. In 'Thirty-nine."

"And you mean to say that was the last time we actually had a conversation? What the hell happened to us, Jack?"

"Well, I guess what happens to a lot of people in this rat race."

"But you and I weren't a lot of people. God, we were Damon and Pythias. That's what the yearbook said."

"With striking originality," said Jack Norgate. "Bud Williams wrote that, I guess. Do you ever see Bud? He lives out your way, doesn't he?"

"He did. He cooled about a year ago. Don't you read the obituary columns? Come to think of it, though, a lot of people didn't know about Bud. If you die on a Saturday, people don't seem to read the obituaries in the Sunday papers. I don't know why that is, but it's true."

"Maybe that was it. Actually, of course, I was never very great buddies with Bud. He was a wisecracking type that I did my best to stay away from. A glad-hander, always promoting Mr. Vance W. Williams. He was one that I made up my mind I was never going to see when we finished college, and I never did. That's not literally true. I did see him, ran into him at the theater, restaurants. But if he didn't see me first, I kept out of his way."

"I hope you never saw me anywhere and ducked me," said Spider Nicholas.

"Oh, come on. You know better than that."

"I know, Jack. I'm not being touchy."

"Neither one of us has any right to be touchy. As I see it, we're damn lucky."

"How so?"

"Well, now for instance whenever I think of college, I naturally think of my old friend Spider Nicholas. The good times we had together. Do you know something I often remember about you? This may surprise you."

"What's that, Jack?"

"You were the only man I ever knew that bought a whole pie and ate it."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You don't even remember," said Jack Norgate. "But I often think of it as one of the greatest things a man ever did. I remember we were walking down the street one afternoon. Junior year, it was. Suddenly you said, 'I feel like having a pie.' Not a piece of pie, but a pie, meaning a whole pie. So we stopped in at the bakery, and you bought a cherry pie. Thirty-five cents. You asked me if I wanted one, and I said no, I might have a piece of yours, but you said no, you were going to have the whole pie for yourself. You'd buy me one, too, but I had to eat my own. You were determined to have a whole one to yourself. And by God you did. You had them cut it into four quarters, and we went and sat on a bench while you ate the whole thing."

"Funny I don't remember that at all."

"It was sheer inspiration. It must have gone back to your boyhood days, when we never got enough pie. But I never knew anyone else to act on such an impulse. It only cost you thirty-five cents, but it must have been one of the great satisfactions of your life. I've never forgotten it. To do something you've always wanted to do. You know, I admired you more for that than if you'd earned a varsity letter. Phi Beta Kappa. Anything."

"I don't remember a damn thing about it."

"No, I don't suppose you do. But I do. Just think of getting rid of a frustration so easily, for thirty-five cents. Tell me, do you ever eat pie nowadays?"

"Occasionally. Mince pie at Thanksgiving, Christmas. But as a general rule I don't order it, and we don't have it very often at home. Go in for lighter desserts."

"Well, that's because once in your life you ate a whole cherry pie."

"That's what you remember best about me," said Spider Nicholas.

"Many other things, but that still stands out."

"I wonder what I remember best about you."

"I'd be interested to know," said Jack Norgate.

"There is one thing. It wasn't anything like eating a whole pie. It was something you said. Something you told me that had to do with women. Girls, although we called them women. You were always more successful in that department than I was. I don't say you were more aggressive, but you were certainly more successful. And I remember one time we were driving back from Poughkeepsie. I'd gone there with you on a blind date, and the girl I had a date with wasn't the usual blind date. She was exceptional. Very pretty. Good figure. Her name was Minne Jordan. She came from Milwaukee, Wisconsin."

"Oh, sure. I remember her very well. She *was* a good-looking girl."

"But I got absolutely nowhere with her. She was polite, friendly, but when I made a pass at her, she gave me no time at all. She just wasn't interested, and said so. And yet she seemed to like me. I know she did. Anyway, on the way back to college I told you I'd got nowhere with her, and I told you I couldn't understand why. And you had the answer."

"What was it?"

"It was a piece of wisdom that impressed the hell out of me, and I followed it in later years—with some success, I may say. You said never to forget that if a girl was attractive to me, she must have been attractive to other guys before me. An attractive girl is an attractive girl. She knows she's attractive. She's been told so. And when a guy meets her for the first time and acts as though he'd been the first to discover her, he's practically insulting her."

"Well, that's true, although I don't remember saying it in so many words."

"Well, you said it to me, on the way back from Poughkeepsie one night in our senior year."

"It was such sound advice that I didn't always follow it myself."

"I did, and it changed my life. Ever after that, whenever I met an attractive girl, I always made a point of finding out what kind of a guy she was in love with. Your theory was that every attractive girl was in love

© 1964 BY JOHN O'HARA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After twenty-four years had gone by, one of them mentioned the awful thing.

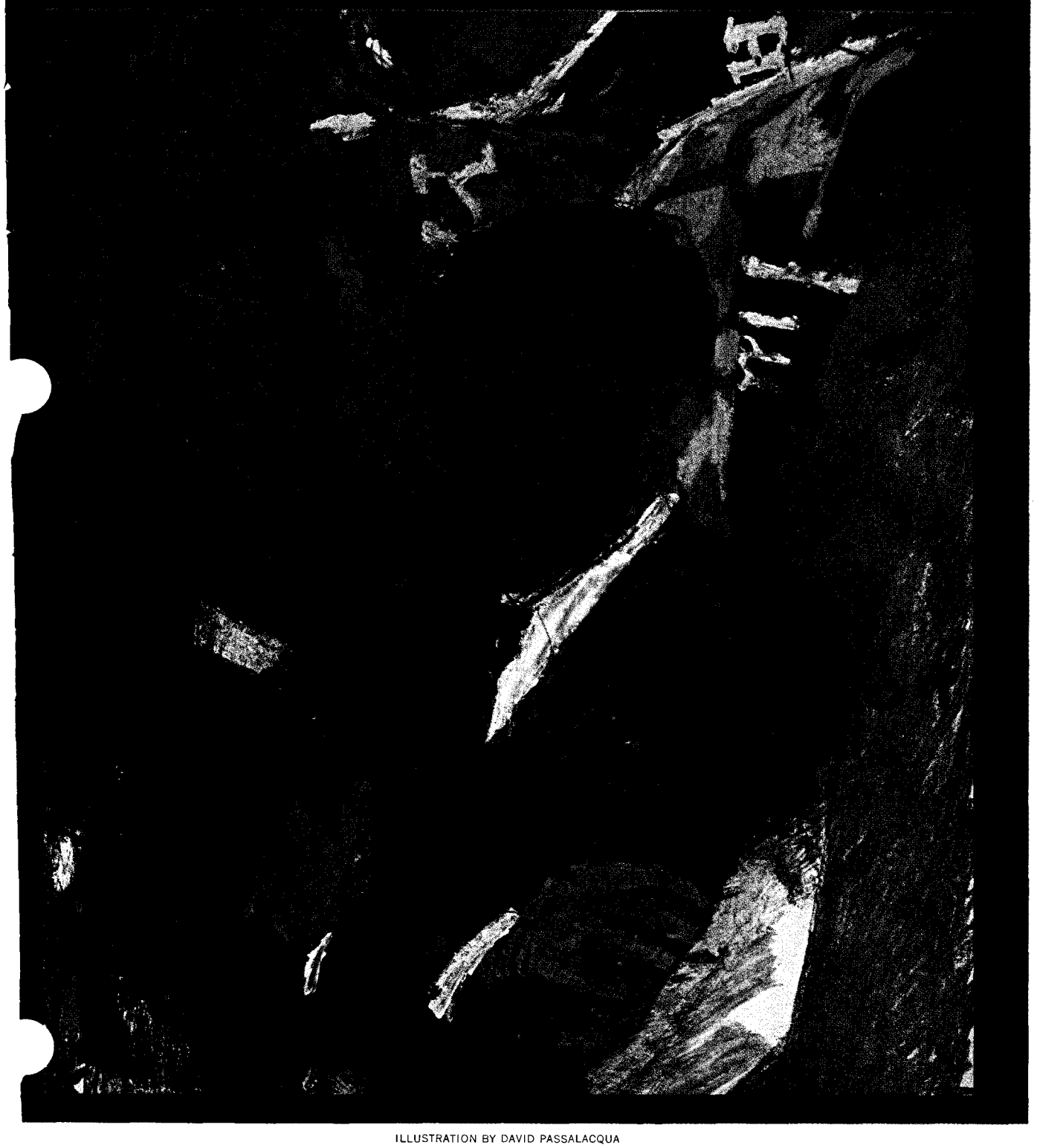


ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID PASSALACQUA

By JOHN O'HARA

with somebody besides yourself, actively in love with him or just starting to be, or just breaking off. So you have to treat every attractive girl with that in mind, that there's another guy. None of that 'Where have you been all my life?' As though she'd been waiting for you to come along."

"Yes. Then they think of you as a very perceptive man, very understanding. How did that change your life?"

"Well, I got so God damn understanding that for the first two or three years out of college I was one of the worst chasers in New York. And I married the wrong girl and had one hell of a time shaking loose from her when I finally met the right one."

"Oh, yes. That first marriage of yours. I heard about that from various people. I guess I may have been a little sore at you because you never introduced me to her."

"That accounted for your not asking me to be an usher when you got married."

"Yes, I suppose it did."

"Well, we've finally got that cleared up," said Spider Nicholas.

"Yes. I'm glad we did."

"So am I. I really am," said Spider Nicholas. He looked at his friend. "What are you thinking?"

"What was I thinking? I'll tell you what I was thinking. I was just thinking that if either one of us were to eat a whole cherry pie today, he'd probably drop dead. Can you imagine eating a whole cherry pie?"

"No, I can't," said Spider Nicholas.

"I wouldn't even want to, would you?"

"No."

"But I *wish* I wanted to. That's the awful thing," said Jack Norgate.

"So do I," said his friend.

"I wish I did want to eat a whole cherry pie," said Jack Norgate.

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Burns was the best trainer around for breaking in yearlings—but everybody said that he needed to have a winner, and soon.

A GOOD DAY FOR MISS TILLIE

By WILLIAM MURRAY

Before leaving for the track on the morning of the race, Peter Burns stopped by the open door of his bedroom and glanced in at his wife. It was dark in the house, but some light filtered through from the kitchen, enough for Peter Burns, who at fifty-two had never worn eyeglasses, to make sure that Nora was still asleep. She was lying on her stomach, with the pillow half over her head and one hand dangling over the edge of the bed; her smooth, white shoulders, lightly freckled, rose and fell in the long sighing of her sleep and a lock of curly brown hair lay flat against her cheek. How could she do it? He himself, as always, had only managed to doze off from time to time despite the three stiff whiskeys he had forced upon himself after dinner. But Nora never felt the tension until just before the race itself, when the horses neared the starting gate and the crowd would begin to stir restlessly and then surge toward the rail. Not till then would she begin to feel it, not till those last few minutes, and he envied her. Now, as he turned away and stepped swiftly, noiselessly out through the living room, the small, icy weight in his stomach became perceptibly heavier, and the taste of coffee, so comforting and sweet only minutes before, began to sour at the back of his throat.

Outside, in the driveway, he paused to light his first cigarette. It was still quite dark, the sky steel-colored overhead after yesterday's rain, and the gravel at his feet was wet and shiny. Beyond the cottage and the old stable, which they now used as a garage, a cool mist rose off the slope of the meadow and hid the line of woods shielding them from the road. No traffic moved, not even along the Jericho Turnpike two miles away, and if it hadn't been for the outline of his landlord's Georgian house, looming over the ragged hedges that lined the driveway, he might have felt himself lost in some distant, friendly countryside. It was hard at such moments to believe that he was only eighteen miles away from Belmont, in a corner of a rich man's property that was already surrounded by housing developments and would soon be swallowed up in turn, forcing him to move farther out or give up and settle, like most of his friends, into one of the small, ungainly frame houses near the track that were rented out to racing people during the months of the long New York season. Nora would hate that, she was such a country girl, and that was why he had never complained about the driving back and forth four times a day, though it would have been so much easier—and cheaper—to live closer to the track. He exhaled his first deep puff into the cold air and looked at his watch. It was nearly ten after five. Quickly he backed the car out of the stable and drove away.

When he turned in at the horsemen's gate of Belmont Park, the Pinkerton in the identification booth waved him to a stop and came waddling over, flat-footed and benign-looking in his creased brown uniform, the gold braid shining dully through the mist. Burns rolled down the side window and stuck his face out. "Come on, Frank!" he said. "Can't you see I'm late?"

"Are you now?" the Pinkerton said, unfazed. He leaned against the car door and thrust his head close to Burns's. "You got something going today, I hear."

"That's right," Burns said. "That three-year-old maiden filly."

"Miss Tillie?"

Burns nodded and gunned the motor.

"She ain't got a chance, has she?" the Pinkerton said. It was more of a statement than a question, but the Pinkerton wanted positive reassurance. He wasn't going to miss anything good, not him. Burns smiled tightly and did not answer. The Pinkerton became plaintive. "Aw come on, Petey," he said, "you know I never give nothin' away. Everyone's been saying she ain't got a chance."

"So what are you asking me for?" Burns said.

"Well, you're the trainer, ain't ya, Petey? I mean, I'm not asking for special favors ——"

"Good," Burns said. "Now get out of the way so I can go about my business."

The smile faded from the Pinkerton's face, and he backed away from the car with a deprecating little flutter of his fat red hands. "OK, OK, Petey boy, just asking, that's all," he said.

Burns put his foot on the gas and, still leaning out the window, he said, "And don't call me Petey."

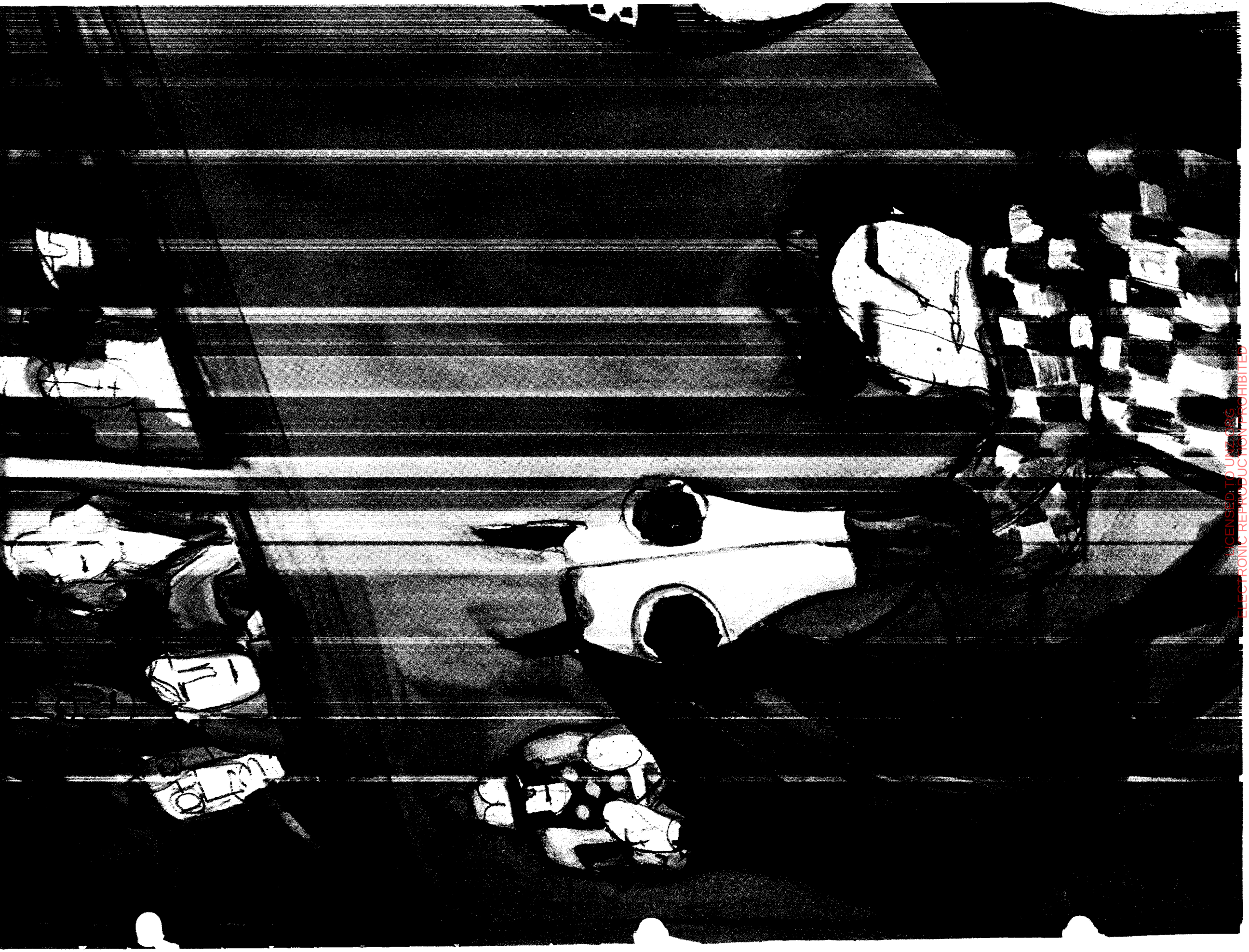
The Pinkerton settled his hands on his hips and watched him go. "You bum," he said quietly. "You ain't had a winner all season, and you ain't gonna have one today."

Burns drove slowly down a narrow, winding road flanked by large trees. Under the trees, on either side, were the shadowy outlines of the barns, still indistinct in the half-light, but long, low, secretive-looking. Over the hum of his engine he could hear the soft stamping and coughing of the horses. Here and there dim lights burned in the windows—the grooms at work—and he passed men walking silently along the road, shoulders hunched against the early-morning chill. At every intersection he slowed down practically to a stop, looked both ways down between the rows of stables, then started forward again, never driving faster than fifteen miles an hour. Even at that speed a horse might become frightened and bolt

---

Post fiction *William Murray lists his main vice as horse racing, his main consolations as opera and literature. Now 37, he has published three satiric novels, translated three Pirandello plays, and is coauthor of* Flag on Devil's Island, *the biography of a convict. Murray is an amateur tenor and, to support his track outings and his family, a professional magazine editor.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What all young marrieds should know about

before they spend another dime on TV or appliances

Whether it's for a tiny apartment or a new dream house . . . it's such fun buying new things. Everything looks so bright and new and exciting.

But what about five or ten years from now? Will your refrigerator still be giving good service? How many times will you have to repair the television set? Will you still be happy with the washing machine that looked like such a good buy?

Before you rush out and buy that all-important television, stereo, radio, refrigerator, range, washer, dryer or air conditioner, why don't you talk with your Philco dealer. Let him show you why every Philco product delivers honest-to-goodness dependability—value that lasts year after year.

Of course, you ask, "Why shouldn't a Philco dealer try to sell me Philco products?" But there's more to it than that. He's had years of experience. More than likely, he has a home and family of his own.

He knows you can stretch a budget by cutting down on costly repair bills. And he knows that Philco Warranties are backed up by solid quality.

Philco spends millions of dollars to make sure every Philco product is the best value on the market. That's why your Philco dealer can give you more for your money than ever before. Take Philco "Cool Chassis" TV, for instance. It's designed to beat the heat—the major cause of TV breakdowns. When it comes to refrigerators, Philco "Instant Cold" units have so much reserve power they not only hold ideal refrigeration temperatures more easily, but also run less than lower-powered units. So you can expect them to last longer and rarely need servicing. And Philco's new washer with "Undertow Action" makes every washday a whiz.

All in all, we make more than 390 products that are built to last. And priced to fit a young married's budget!

At the left you see pictured seven typical Philco lasting values: Woodstock Compact TV #3600-LCH, Supermarketer Refrigerator #17RM48, Galaxie Electric Range #30SH49, Automatic Washer #W236 and Matching Dryer #DE636, FM-AM Radio #939DWA, Stereo High Fidelity #1741CH.

FAMOUS FOR QUALITY THE WORLD OVER

PHILCO®

A SUBSIDIARY OF *Ford Motor Company*

Television Radios Stereo Phonographs Home Laundry Refrigerators Ranges Air Conditioners

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stubborn

Cold miseries are stubborn. That's why Contac® is too. Over 600 tiny "time pills" in each Contac capsule keep working all day or all night. They stop sneezes, keep you breathing freely, dry runny nose and watery eyes. Contac stays stubbornly on guard. Doesn't let up on relief—because your cold doesn't let up. Nothing else does as much for head cold congestion as the tiny "time pills" in Contac, today's largest-selling cold medication at your pharmacy. Now available in money-saving 20-capsule packages, too.

CONTAC
ALL DAY/ALL NIGHT RELIEF
"MEN J"
Each capsule contains: belladonna alkaloids 0.2 mg. (as salts 0.25 mg.), phenylpropanolamine hydrochloride 50.0 mg., chlorpheniramine maleate 4.0 mg.
12
1 CAPSULE EVERY 12 HOURS
Over 600 tiny "time pills" in each capsule provide continuous relief from nasal congestion due to the COMMON COLD & HAY FEVER.
Contac relieves itching, weeping eyes; running or stuffed-up nose; sneezing; helps drain nasal passages.
MENLEY & JAMES LABORATORIES • PHILA., PA.
CONTAC®
10 CONTINUOUS ACTION CAPSULES—5 DAYS' & NIGHTS' RELIEF—$1.49

Now available in Canada

MENLEY & JAMES LABORATORIES, Philadelphia, Pa.
Proprietary Pharmaceuticals made to Ethical Standards

or begin breaking down the barn. Burns had seen it happen too often to take any chances.

At Barn 33, almost the last in a long row, he parked the car, took his rubber boots out of the trunk, slipped them quickly on and headed for the stable entrance. A slender, gentle-eyed colored boy in his late teens was sweeping up outside one of the end stalls. "Good morning, Jeff," Burns said. "How is she?"

The boy looked up and nodded. "Morning, Mr. Burns," he said. "She looks fine and she took her feed pretty good."

"The riders show up?"

"Yes, sir. Yeoman and Peregrine are on the track right now."

Without pausing to look in on Miss Tillie, Burns turned around, got back in the car and drove over to the training track, about half a mile away. He parked beside the outside rail and got out just as a ghostly horse and rider galloped by. "Peregrine," Burns said to himself and watched the motion of the horse going past, running smoothly but under restraint. He turned away and looked back down the track for Yeoman.

It was beginning to lighten up, and after a while, standing there in the cold grass, he could pick out both of his horses as they cantered against the white line of the inside rail. Overhead the sky was turning slowly blue, and in the distance, above the tops of trees, loomed the abandoned grandstand of the main course. The air was crisp and clean, the only sound being the rhythmic slop-slop of the hoofs as a couple of dozen horses and riders moved in varying speeds over the muddy surface of the track.

Burns began to concentrate on the workout. He leaned against the outside rail—a small, trim, ruddy-cheeked man, boyish looking with his blue eyes and unlined skin, his crew-cut gray hair hidden under a tan cap—and he followed the progress of his animals around the track, gazing alertly from one to the other and back again.

Nothing Burns saw was calculated to make him smile. Peregrine was at least a month away, still too fat and much too mean. You could hardly even get her in the starting gate and half the time she threw even the best boys. Though she might make a runner. She had the speed, but of course you could never tell with two-year-olds, especially fillies. As for Yeoman, well, he might be over the hill. A seven-year-old gelding, he'd never had much speed or stamina, though he'd always run his race, you had to hand him that. Put him in at a mile in his own company at level weights and he'd win his share, always had. Except for this year. He'd been overworked, Burns knew that. He'd run him once or twice too often during the winter down in Florida, on those hard tracks, and it had taken something out of him. He was quitting now against company he'd have eaten up the year before. Well, it could be anything: age, soreness somewhere, a touch of virus, anything. Burns had taken him out of training in mid-April, and he was hoping the rest would do some good. Yeoman could run pretty well fresh, and he would put him in against his own kind in a couple of weeks when the right race came along. He hoped he'd do all right. If not, there'd be nothing for it but to drop him down a notch or two, put him in against the real cripples, with a $3,500 claiming tag on him, and risk losing him. Burns would have to do it. He was fond of the horse—the animal had been good to him, a game old plater, always honest—but he'd have no choice. Burns had not had a winner since February, not since Yeoman won for him at Hialeah that last time. And now there was Miss Tillie. Well, Miss Tillie. . . .

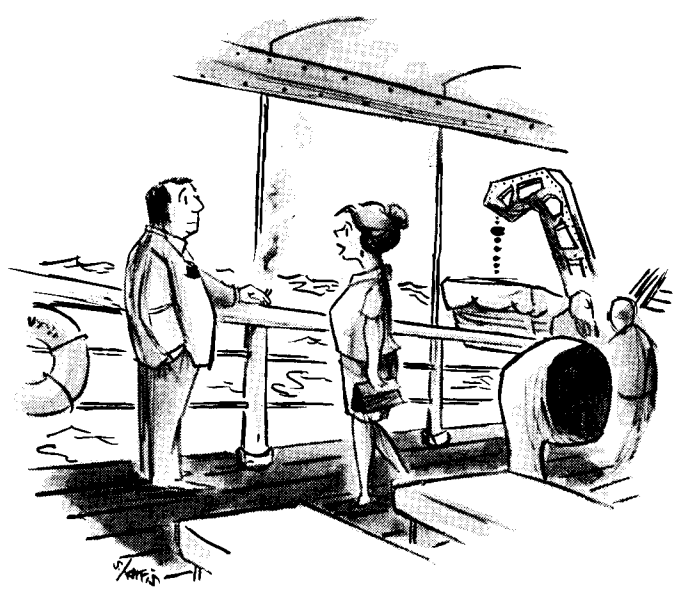
When the boy eased up on Yeoman and they came trotting past him on their way back to the stable, the trainer cast a quick, appraising eye over the animal, was relieved to see him still frisky, not sweating too much. He looked up at the rider, a tall, bony Puerto Rican boy with high cheekbones and a concentrated, unsmiling face half hidden under his blue-and-white crash helmet, and he said, "All right, Manuel?"

"I took him around at a gallop like you said, Mr. Burns," the boy answered, slowing the horse to a walk. "It's wet out there and I didn't ask him for nothing. He seem all right."

"Yeah, it's a swamp," Burns said. "No sense taking any chances. Thanks."

"But that Peregrine," the boy said, unsmiling, "she all over the track. Smitty say he's not going to ride her for you no more. She tough to handle, especially in this slop."

Burns nodded. "Yeah, I know. Thanks, Manuel."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I just found the most wonderful thing—ship-to-shore telephone."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The boy clucked to Yeoman and rode off, standing high in his stirrups like a champion jock. But Burns knew he'd never make a race rider, not that boy. Big hands and some of the right moves, but no sense of pace, never had the feel of a race. Same trouble Burns himself had always had back in the days when he was riding the New England circuit. My God, that was a long time ago! He'd had good hands, too, and he had won his share with the good ones, but he'd never had the touch with the ordinary day-to-day mounts, had never been able to bring out the best in a mediocre horse, making him run over his head, take him off the pace and bring him on again, get that extra lift, that extra effort out of him, something a Shoemaker, a Baeza could do. Though there wasn't a horse in the world Burns felt he couldn't ride. It had nothing to do with skill; no, it was something else. What did they used to say about Arcaro? That he had a clock in his head? That was part of it, but there was more, something only a few had, the intangible that made a race rider, what he and this boy didn't have. Burns had become a trainer and Manuel exercised other people's mounts, waiting for the break that would never come.

Burns saw Smitty take a hold on Peregrine, moving his hands high up on the reins, leaning close down over the horse's neck, saw the filly toss that wicked head of hers up and down, buck slightly, then come nervously back along the outside rail, still bucking, fighting the rider's control, moving sideways against the pressure of the bit, waiting for the moment she could try something, the unwary, relaxed moment the rider would be at her mercy. But Smitty was an old hand, and Burns knew she'd never get that opening to try anything, not from an old codger like Smitty who knew all the tricks. Too many broken bones over thirty years of riding other people's horses for Smitty to make that kind of mistake with this filly. But she was mean, all right. *And fast.* Burns told himself he'd try her in the gate again in a couple of days, clamp down on her, see if he couldn't get her used to it. Then he'd take the last of the fat off her, set her down in a real workout a couple of times and try her in a race. He had hopes of her, yes, he did. If he could find someone to ride her. When Smitty gave up on them, a lot of jocks did the same. A man wanted to make it into old age without too many scars. You couldn't blame them.

Smitty went past, cursing softly over the filly's neck, hands tight and high on the reins, and Burns turned away from the track, walked swiftly over the cold grass toward his car. As he opened the door, another car, headlights still blazing, pulled in beside him and a man got out: fat, short, heavy-jawed; small, myopic eyes behind thick glasses; a long, blue overcoat down to his ankles; expensive German binoculars around his neck; stained gray hat on the back of his head; the laughing face of a kindly pawnbroker. "Hey, Petey boy," the man said, "what'd you have out there today? Anything I ought to know about?"

"Hello, Sam," Burns said. "You're coming out later and later, aren't you? You want to clock my workouts, you'd better get yourself out of bed in the mornings."

Sam allowed himself to smile. "Come on, Petey boy," he said, "I'll get it from somebody else anyway."

"There's nothing to tell you, Sam," Burns said. "Track's a swamp. I just galloped them out a mile and a half each today."

"OK," Sam said. "Am I right about that filly you're running today?"

"I don't know. What did you say about her? I never read your sheet."

"You ought to. Might get yourself some winners. I said she showed nothing. Put her in at twenty to one. Am I wrong?"

"She worked out five in one-oh-two the other day," Burns said.

"I caught that one," the clocker said. "I wasn't impressed."

"Then why ask me?"

"You weren't holding back on her, were you?"

"You figure it out."

"Well, I figure she isn't much, Petey boy."

"Her daddy, Bolero, was a pretty good sprinter," Burns said. "And she had a lot of speed as a two-year-old."

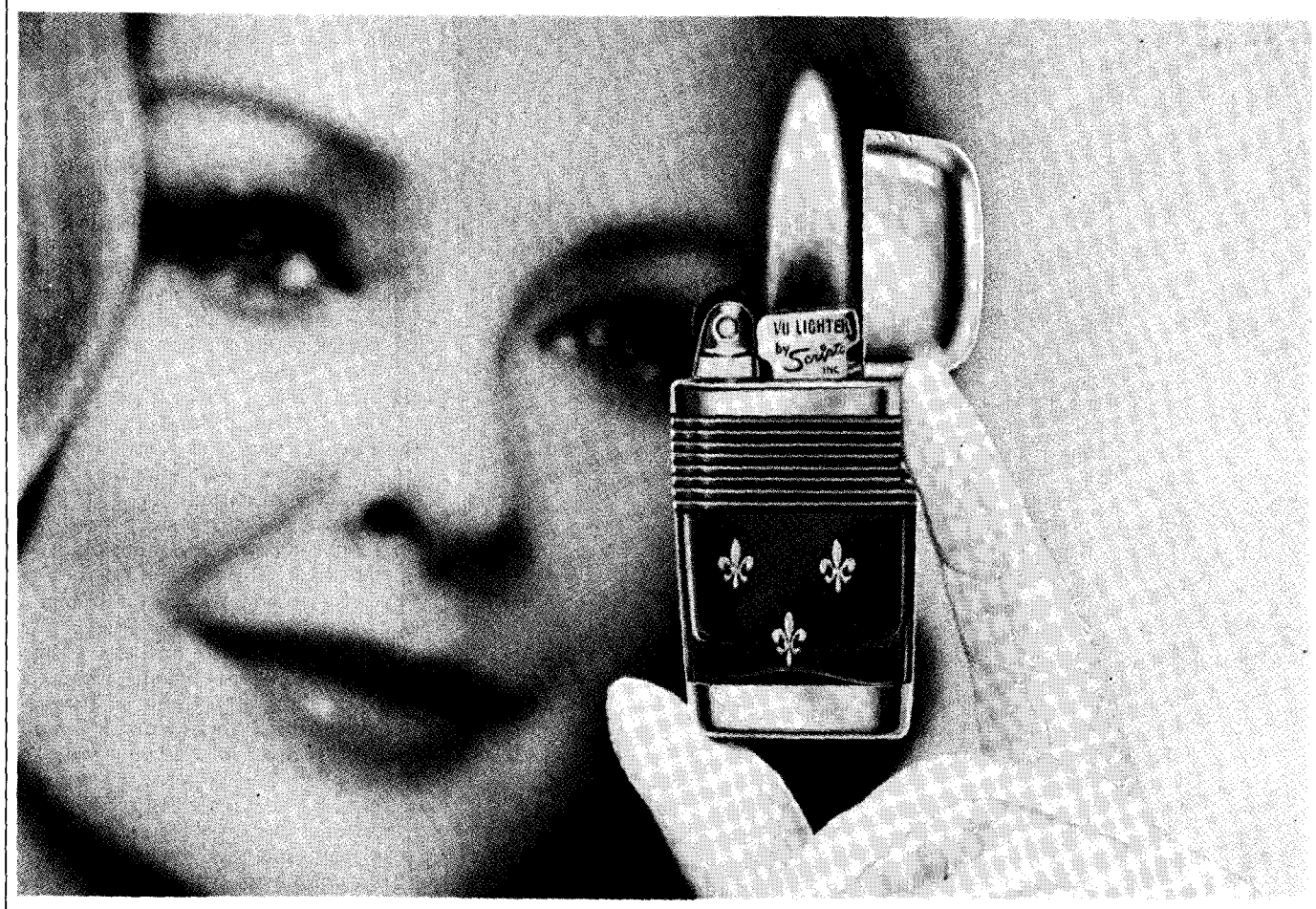
"You never ran her at two. What happened? She hurt herself?"

Burns nodded. "Popped osselets in both ankles," he said. "I had to fire her and turn her out for six months. Then when I had her training pretty good again down in Florida, she popped a splint. I fired her a second time in March. She's been looking all right lately. I think she'll be a useful little filly, Sam, maybe win a race or two. I sure hope so. We got about eight thousand dollars tied up in her."

"She's yours?"

"Half Nora's. We went in fifty-fifty with Welch."

"I hear he's been giving you a hard time."



"My VU-LIGHTER is a tattle-tale! Its transparent case always lets me know when the fuel is low."

VU-LIGHTER is the compact beauty that tells all. It's also imaginatively engineered with a windguard hood, permanent wick, extra stowaway flints, choice of colorful inserts. And if it ever fails to work, Scripto will repair it free of charge. Shown here: "Compact" VU-lighter Deluxe, $4.50. Other models from $3.95 to $5.00. Prices include Fed. Tax. *Can be imprinted for business gifts.* For information write P.O. Box 4926, Atlanta, Ga. Available in Canada.

Scripto M.R.
ENGINEERING WITH IMAGINATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALLEN-BRADLEY BULLETIN 709
Series K Size 1 Motor Starter

■ Perhaps your application doesn't require 10 million operations—one million might be enough. If you could buy it at a lower price, a one million operation starter might be "good enough." But, have you thought of this? At 500,000 operations, ½ the life of the inferior starter will have been used up. The A-B Series K starter—with its long, long life would still be in its infancy—its "life" would hardly have been touched. Continuous, trouble free operation would remain assured.

Yes, there *is* value for you in the long life of all A-B Series K control. It's not a "theory"—it is a very common experience.

Your local Allen-Bradley appointed distributor will be pleased to show you all the new Series K features—including the business-like beauty of the new NEMA 1 enclosures. Or please write for Publication 6100: Allen-Bradley Co., 1200 S. Third St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53204. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ont.

ALLEN-BRADLEY

Member of NEMA

QUALITY MOTOR CONTROL

MISS TILLIE

The trainer shrugged. "He likes to win. So do I. Anyway, I'll drop Yeoman into a race for him pretty soon."

"How's he coming along?"

"OK. He runs pretty good fresh, you know."

"Yeah," Sam said with satisfaction, "I caught him a couple of times last year. At good prices too."

Burns smiled. "If I had two more like him," he said, "I'd be in business."

"Yeah," the clocker said abstractedly. "Say, who do you like in the big one Saturday?"

"Hell, Sam, you know I never bet," Burns said.

"Yeah, but who do you like?"

Burns climbed into his car and slammed the door. "It's hard to go against Kelso, Sam, even with the weight on him."

The clocker nodded thoughtfully, slightly disappointed. You don't make yourself a reputation as a clocker by picking odds-on favorites to win stakes races. "OK," he said, "I'll see you, Petey boy."

Burns leaned out the window. "How long have you known me, Sam?"

"What?" the clocker said, startled. "Hell, a long time, isn't it, Petey?"

"Yes," Burns said, "and you still don't know my name is Peter, not Petey."

"Aw, what the hell," Sam said, "what the hell, Petey. I mean. . . ."

But Burns had driven away.

He had some routine errands to run—an electrician, the track vet, a notary public, a man who wanted to sell him a saddle—and it was an hour or so before he had finished. By this time the sky had cleared and watery sunlight was being reflected off the shingled roofs of the stables, was striking down across their dark green walls and white frame windows. There was still a chill in the air, but the prospect of a fine late-spring day had brought the park to life. People and horses came and went; the exercise boys in their crash helmets took their instructions from the trainers, mounted and rode off toward the track; grooms, most of them colored, walked their animals in and out of the barns; trainers, owners, track officials, friends, jockeys, delivery men went purposefully about their business. It was this familiar atmosphere of a relaxed but smoothly run military base, a place where routine is everything and everyone knows his specific function within it, that Burns loved best. After all, it was his life, not merely his living, wasn't it? Wasn't that what he had always said to Nora? And hadn't she believed him? He guessed he still meant it, really meant it.

When Burns got back to the barn, Jefferson had finished cooling out the horses and had them back in their stalls. He was sitting on a bench out in the sunlight, smoking and chatting with two or three of the older grooms from the Wheatley string down the way. Burns called out to him and the boy got up, ground his cigarette out in the grass and came over. "They cool out fine, Mr. Burns," he said. "You want to do 'em up now?"

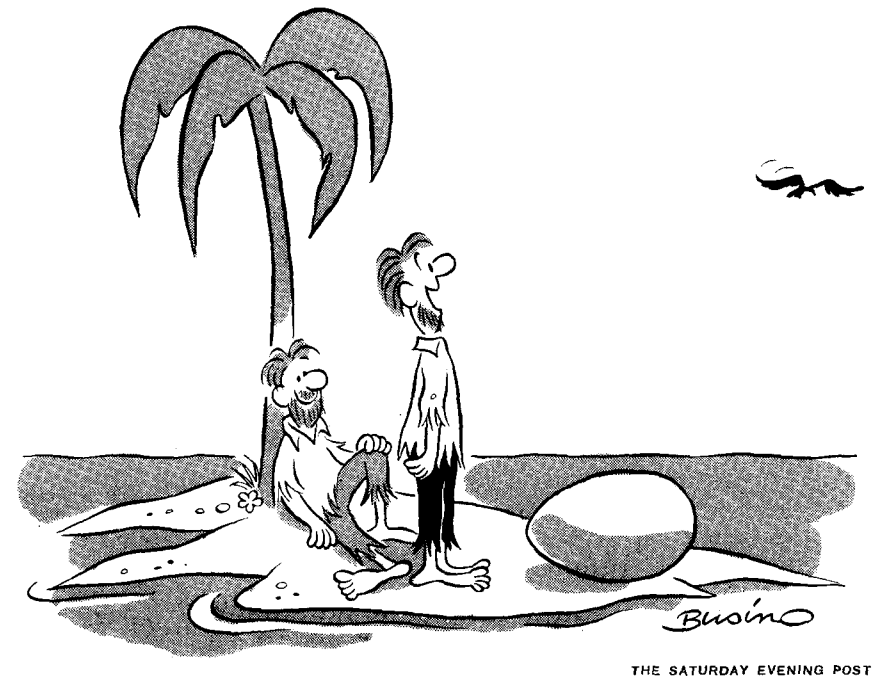
"Yeah, Jeff, I think we'd better," Burns said. "We're going to be running a little short on time today."

"Yes, sir," the boy said as they headed for the stalls. "You taking the filly?"

"Yes, I'll take her," Burns said, noting Jeff's quick smile of relief. "And then you can put the bandages on Miss Tillie. The van'll be here for her at eleven."

Burns picked up a currycomb, a sponge, some rags and a pail of soapy water, and without hesitating he stepped into Peregrine's stall. The filly shifted uneasily on her lead, swung her head around and focused a large, mad eye on him. "All right, Mommy," Burns said, coming up on the animal's left and going right to work on her, "all right now, you take it easy. This isn't going to hurt. Look at you—mud from your ears to your toes." At his first touch the horse shivered and lunged for him, but Burns had anticipated the move of her head and was quickly out of reach, already at work on her with the sponge. "Now does this hurt?" he said softly. "Does it? Oh, I know you. I know you like to be left alone, but this won't take long now."

Talking softly to her all the while, he continued to work on her, taking care to keep always out of reach of her teeth. Once she swung her rump around and he was forced to grab her tail and leap to one side to avoid a vicious kick. "Hey now," he said, not raising his voice or pausing in his work, "what were you going to do, Mommy, kill me?" You're crazy all right, he was thinking, and you can hate. Got to watch you all the time. But it's the nervous ones that can run, and I wish



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"That was not only the biggest but the most friendly bird I ever saw!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miss Tillie had a little bit of your temper. I'll bring you up to a race. I don't care if you do blow your top and I have to catch you with a net. All right, here we go now.

When he had finished with her, he went down to see how Jeff was getting along with Miss Tillie. The boy was on his knees, putting the final touches to the protective bandages on the animal's front legs. He was having no trouble at all because Miss Tillie, small and brown and sleepy-looking, was standing placidly over him, sniffing up his back for concealed sugar. Like Elsie the Cow, Burns said to himself. "I guess that's OK now," Jeff said, patting the bandages and looking up at him for approval. "I'll clean up here, Mr. Burns."

"Fine, Jeff," Burns said. "I'm going over to Julia's. I'll be back for the loading."

He stepped out into the sunlight and found Jack Welch waiting for him. "Well, Pete, how does she look? She got a chance?" the owner asked.

"Sure she's got a chance," Burns said. "I don't run them, Mr. Welch, unless they have a chance." He looked up at the older man, tall, white-haired, dressed in his natty blue business suit with the owner's badge worn like a challenge on the lapel. He had a moon face, with large brown eyes set over a hard beak of a nose. What sort of face is that? Burns asked himself. What's he in this for, this man with two successful restaurants and an interest in a handful of small catering businesses? What for? When he couldn't care less about the animals themselves and knew nothing, nothing at all, about them. "I'll tell you this, Mr. Welch: I wouldn't bet a lot on her, not today," Burns said.

"She isn't in against much," Welch said unhappily. "I might put a hundred on her."

"Suit yourself," the trainer said. "You'll get a price anyway if she does come in. All I hope is she gets a sniff of the money."

"Yeah," Welch said. "We haven't had much of that lately. How's Yeoman coming along?"

"Not bad."

"And the filly?"

"About a month away."

"She sound?"

Burns nodded. "I think so," he said. "I didn't like the look of a shin last week, but it seems to have cleared up. She may win a few races for us."

"It'd be about time," Welch said. "This is beginning to cost more than I can afford."

"You want a cup of coffee?" Burns asked. "I was on my way over to the coffee shop."

"OK," Welch said. "I don't mind."

The shop was crowded at this hour of the morning; the workouts were mostly over and there was still some time before the vans had to be loaded for that afternoon's card at Aqueduct. Track employees, trainers, stable hands, exercise boys, jockeys and their agents sat at the tables and milled about the counter, under the blown-up photographs of famous old racehorses and vanished human heroes of the turf. The room was heavy with smoke and laughter and loud talk. Burns looked around for seats and saw two empty places at a table presided over by a chunky man in a sports coat who was smoking a large cigar and seemed to have a lot of ideas about the National League pennant race. Lou Winslow, a hotel trainer, a man who let his assistants do the work, who ran his horses regardless of their condition, who broke down his good ones and sold off his cripples. Lou Winslow, a winner. Burns saw there was nowhere else to go. He pulled out a chair for Welch, sat down and ordered for both of them.

"Hiya, Petey," Lou Winslow said. "How's tricks?"

"Fine, Lou. You know Mr. Welch, I think."

"Sure. How are ya, Mr. Welch? Good luck today."

"Thanks," Welch said. "My trainer says we're going to need it."

Lou Winslow laughed. "Me too. I got an old stiff in the ninth. Might win it if he don't fall down." Winslow's large, white teeth bit into the end of the cigar. "How's Yeoman coming along?" he asked.

"Fine," Burns said, "just fine." And he put his head down over his coffee cup, sucked in the hot liquid and tried not to look at Lou Winslow. Oh, you figure man, he said to himself, you lousy figure man. That's it, is it? Yeoman you want. Yes, I can see you standing there in front of the paddock, all right, and you'll be watching him go by, you will, an hour before the race, providing the price is right. And you must think it will be, that he can't win at seventy-five hundred anymore, that's what you think, isn't it? You won't worry about the work and the money and the time I've put into that horse, will you? Oh, you can put two and two together, Big Lou, yes, you can, but where the hell would you be if somebody else didn't make the horse for you?

Burns finished his coffee and stood up. "I'm going to make a call," he said. "Be right back."

Lou Winslow watched his old friend Peter Burns walk across the room to the phone booth, and then he smiled over his cigar at Jack Welch. "I'm sorry you haven't been having much luck this year," he said.

Welch shrugged. "First losing one we've had," he said. "Got to expect it."

"I suppose so."

"We never had any big years," Welch said, "but we never had any losing ones before either."

Lou Winslow nodded thoughtfully, savoring this gratuitous but interesting added bit of information. "How long you and Petey been together?" he asked affably.

"Six years," Welch said. "I'm not in this for money, Mr. Winslow. I like it, that's all."

"A great guy, Petey," Lou Winslow said, not looking at anyone in particular, "a great guy. Best man around when it comes to breaking in yearlings."

"Yes, I know," Jack Welch said. "That's what everyone says about him."

"He's never had luck as a trainer, I suppose that's it," Lou Winslow said thoughtfully. "There's no reason why he shouldn't do better than he does. No reason at all."

In the phone booth Burns had to wait quite a long time before Nora answered. "I was out back, in the garden," she explained. "How is Miss Tillie, Peter?"

"She's too damn quiet," Burns said. "What are you going to do?"

A moment's silence, then Nora said, "I'll come today."

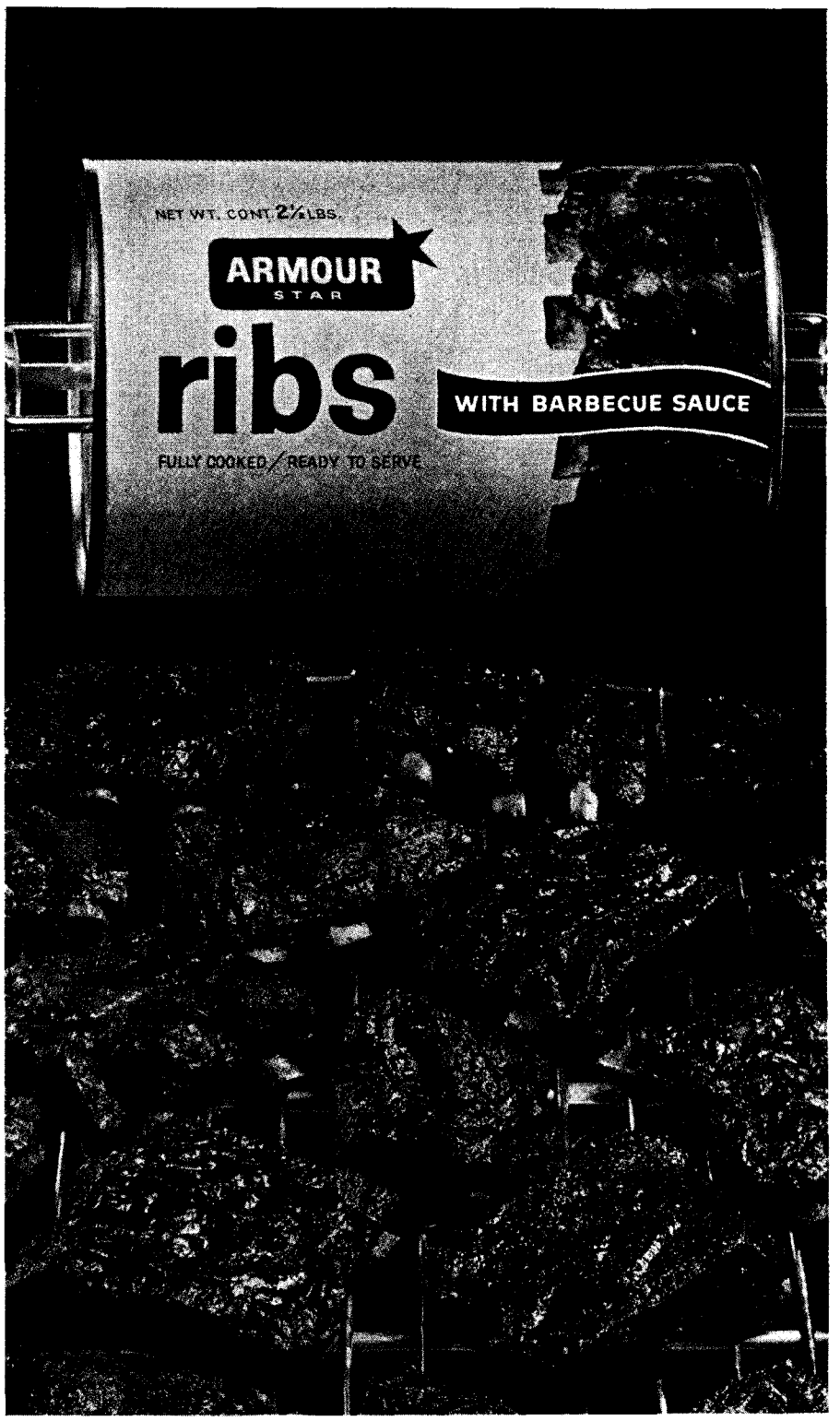
"Want me to pick you up?"

"No, that's all right, Peter. I know you want to put her in the van yourself. I'll take the bus. I'll see you in the box."

"I may stay downstairs," Burns said. "That all right with you?"

"Of course," Nora said. "I don't mind. I'll take care of Mr. Welch for you."

"Thanks, sweetheart."



meaty new idea...

RIBS IN A CAN

2½ POUNDS... ALL SMOKED, SAUCED AND COOKED!

A big 2½ pound can of royally good ribs. No ordinary spareribs—but ribs specially selected, specially cut. Slim in bone—heavy on the good, rich *meat*.

All smoked. For meat this good, only the best will do. So we use sweet hickory smoke. A mellow drift.

All sauced. And this Barbecue Sauce never saw the inside of any bottle. Nine special ingredients in it—six worldly spices.

All cooked. Nothing for you to do but heat. The big 2½ pound can serves 3 to 4. If you're looking for the cheapest ribs, forget ours. If you are hungry for the *meatiest*—come a-running!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW YOU CAN OWN A MAGNIFICENT Norman Rockwell MEMORIAL CANVAS OF THIS FAMOUS AMERICAN

Yes, this stunning portrait is a remarkable replica of the original. True, rich colors are transferred to artist's canvas by an amazing new process producing a reproduction that is almost indistinguishable from the NORMAN ROCKWELL oil painting.

The distinctive texture of the canvas becomes an actual part of the picture giving it that rare quality so highly prized in valuable oil paintings.

Each canvas is hand mounted on artist's stretchers for lasting beauty. An attractive limed oak frame further enhances value and appearance. Framed size 13″ x 13¾″.

Price complete now only **$9.95**

Premium Service Company (A subsidiary of The Curtis Publishing Co.)
P.O. Box 1975, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

Please send me the NORMAN ROCKWELL reproduction of the **J. F. KENNEDY** portrait on canvas, framed in limed oak, postpaid. ($9.95)

Name.....

Street or R.D. .....

City.....Zone.....State.....

$..... Payment enclosed
(Pa. residents add 5% sales tax.)
Enclose check or money order, do not send cash.

GUARANTEE
If not completely satisfied with your KENNEDY portrait reproduction return within 10 days for full refund.

MISS TILLIE

"Yeoman all right?"

"Coming along fine."

"Give Miss Tillie a big kiss for me," Nora said with a giggle.

"Oh, for God's sake, Nora."

He hung up and went back to his table.

Fat Taffy Green turned the corner of the barn and came up to where Welch, Jefferson and Burns were standing, waiting and smoking in silence. "Hiya, Petey," he said. "Van's around the other side. You all set?" Burns nodded, and Jefferson went inside to get Miss Tillie.

The three men then walked around the barn as Fat Taffy told them about the state of his health. "You see how I am?" he said. "Look at that blue mark there, you see that? That's from the penicillin they shot into me last week. I can't take that penicillin, you know. The doc says I got to get me a tag to wear around my neck in case I'm ever in an accident or something. I could die from that penicillin."

The van, huge and vaguely menacing, was parked beside the barn. It was large enough to accommodate four horses and there were two animals already inside, being comforted by their grooms. Jefferson appeared and led Miss Tillie up a ramp into one of the empty stalls. The filly remained utterly unconcerned, even though both of her traveling companions were wild-eyed with nervousness and giving their grooms considerable trouble. "She doesn't know where she's going," Burns said softly, "but she'll know next time. Keep a hold on her head, Jeff. Pet her if she does act up." He turned to Fat Taffy, who was still jawing away at Welch. "Listen," he said sharply, interrupting him. "Take it easy. Don't make any sudden stops."

The driver paused, eying him with surprise. "Sure thing, Petey," he said. "Never had an accident yet, you know that."

Burns stood in the dusty road by the stable and watched the van drive away, taking Jefferson and Miss Tillie to the receiving barn at Aqueduct. When the truck had disappeared from view, he dropped the butt of his cigarette into the dirt at his feet and reached into his pocket for a fresh one. Welch tapped him on the shoulder. "Don't you think I can risk a hundred?" he asked.

"I'll be happy if she comes within five or six lengths of the winner," the trainer said, not looking at him.

"But she isn't in against much," Welch insisted. "Have you seen the entries?" He pulled a folded newspaper sheet out of his pocket. "Look, she has the inside post," he said. "She'll be saving ground all the way around the turn. Doesn't that count in a short race like this?"

"They get a lot of dirt kicked up in their faces on the inside," Burns said, "and some of them won't take it. Still, she trained pretty well coming out of the gate. Maybe Bates can break her on top."

Welch looked surprised. "Bates?" he said, glancing back at the form. "Bates? I thought we had Roark to ride her."

"We did, but he begged off," the trainer said. "He was offered the mount on Bud's Lady and figured she had a better chance, so I let him go."

"But Roark's hot," Welch said. "And he's great at getting them out of the gate. Wasn't he obligated to us?"

"You want an unhappy rider up on your horse, Mr. Welch?"

The owner's face flushed angrily. "That isn't the point," he said. "A contract's a contract."

"A jock gets only twenty bucks for riding this kind of race," Burns said quietly. "If he wins, he picks up ten percent of the purse. It's only fair to give him that chance, isn't it?"

"I don't know, Pete," the owner said, shaking his head. "I don't know."

"Bates is a good horseman," the trainer said. "He'll give Miss Tillie a good ride."

Welch did not answer. In silence the two men turned and walked off toward their automobiles.

Sitting beside Welch in a borrowed box on the second tier over the Aqueduct finish line and waiting for the first race to go off, all the tension of the early morning returned. On his way to the grandstand Burns had stopped by the receiving barn to make sure everything was all right, then had spent the next hour dashing about, greeting people and drinking coffee. Anything to keep moving, to avoid having to talk to Welch. But sitting here now, immobilized at last, shivering slightly in the breeze off the Rockaways that blew steadily across the open stands, he had relapsed into a tight, agonized silence. Beside him Welch sat, hunched over the Racing Form, picking himself winners. And what about it, Peter Burns? Could you really be so certain even now that Miss Tillie wouldn't win? Was she out of the race altogether? One-oh-two in five. Not bad, was it? And what was she in against? Nothing much. Maybe, just maybe, Willie Bates would get a good race out of her, would break her on top and hustle her out on the pace. Not even a win, just a piece of the money. Something to keep Welch happy, something to make Nora smile, something to take just a little bit of the pressure off. Because if he lost Welch, what did he have left? Half an interest in Miss Tillie. Big deal. With a long summer ahead and barn space already at a premium.

A bell rang and there was a roar from the crowd. Welch stood up and began to follow the progress of the horses down the backstretch, though his soft cursing indicated that he wasn't happy with what he saw. Burns now also stood up and focused his glasses on the race, seeing the horses bunched on the turn, watching the favorite suddenly open up two lengths at the head of the stretch, then stop as if shot at the eighth pole, seeing the long shot on the outside come up with a rush to win it in the last stride. The crowd loved it, an exciting race. To Burns, who knew the animals, it was merely a dull gallop for aging platers. "That's a hell of a start," Welch said. "I had that favorite wheeled in the double. He should have won it by ten."

That was Welch, all right: a favorite player. Burns stood up and looked around for Nora. "Are you coming, Mr. Welch?"

"No," the owner said, dropping his head back down over the form. "I'm going to pick myself something in this race, since you tell me Miss Tillie hasn't a chance."

"I didn't say she hasn't a chance, Mr. Welch."

"Well, I'll bet her," the owner said. "But I'll bet something else too."

"Nora ought to be here any minute," Burns said. "Keep an eye out for her."

Welch did not answer. Walking very fast, the fear heavy in his stomach again, Burns left the box and took an elevator to the ground floor, underneath the stands, where he joined the people waiting by the ramp down which the horses would come

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on their way to the paddock. He glanced at his program. Two scratches now, so that Miss Tillie was one of ten entries in the race. She was listed in the morning line at ten to one. Roark's mount, Bud's Lady, was at six to one. Shamrock, off one good race last week, would be the favorite. Krazy Katy, Minorca and The Witch all had a chance. Anybody's race, Burns said to himself.

In a few minutes the horses came filing past, led by their grooms, and Burns followed Miss Tillie out into the paddock, which at Aqueduct is small and graceless and directly in front of the stands. Jefferson, resplendent now in a scarlet jacket, walked Miss Tillie around and around the tiny circular track in the paddock with the other horses, keeping her moving, relaxed. Burns went to the saddling stalls under the stands and waited, watching the other trainers, the stable boys and the track officials mill about the enclosure. Above the paddock several lines of hard-eyed speculators peered down at the activity, and directly across from them the electric tote board flashed the changing odds. Miss Tillie had gone to twenty to one. Burns forced himself to look around. I hate this paddock, he said to himself. It's too damn small and too exposed. Some horse'll go crazy in here and kill somebody one day.

About twenty minutes before post time the grooms led the horses into the stalls. "All right, Mommy," Burns said, "here we go now," and he heaved a saddle onto Miss Tillie's back, tightened the cinch, checked the bit, the bridle and the irons. The horses were led back into the paddock, and the jockeys, elves in bright colored silks, now appeared from under the stands and fanned out toward their mounts. Burns made one more check of the equipment, then turned to talk to his rider.

Willie Bates had a sharp, serious face with high cheekbones and a strong, prominent nose. He seemed tall and rather thin for a jockey, but he exuded a reassuring air of quiet professionalism. Burns wasted no time on formalities. "She'll break good," he told him. "Give her her head and let her run, but don't abuse her: She may need the race. At about the three-eighths pole give her a rap to keep her from bearing out. She's a nice filly, and she'll give you whatever she's got."

Bates nodded and cast a quick, appraising glance at Miss Tillie. "The track has dried out pretty good," he said, "in case you're wondering." The voice of the paddock judge rang out: "Riders up!" Burns hoisted Bates into the saddle and stepped aside. Miss Tillie took her place at the head of the line and led the horses out onto the main track. Burns stood with his back to the wall of the stands and watched them go. Above him a drunk in shirtsleeves leaned over the rail as Bates passed and shouted, "Hey, ya bum, wake up for a change!" So somebody was betting on Miss Tillie. Another glance at the board and he saw that the odds had gone to thirty to one. *I hope she beats at least one horse, Nora hates it when we finish last.* He ducked back under the stands and headed for the elevator.

Nora was sitting alone in the box when he got back. She was dressed in her new blue suit, the one he had bought for her in March when they made their annual spring shopping trip into the city, and she looked very beautiful and a little pale. "Mr. Welch went to bet some money on Bud's Lady," she said. "It seems there's a tip on her."

Burns leaned down and kissed her on the cheek. "I thought he might," he said. "I didn't want him to bet too much on Miss Tillie this time out. How are you, sweetheart?"

Nora smiled wanly. "You know me," she said. "I care too much about the horses."

"Yes."

"Might have been better, Peter, if we'd had children, don't you think?" It was their joke, not much of one, but the only one they had between them at this time, so they both laughed a little nervously and Burns squeezed her hand, then picked up his binoculars and watched Miss Tillie as she jogged slowly toward the starting gate, directly across the infield from where they sat. "She's moving all right," he said in a low voice. "Yes, she's moving all right." *Why hadn't they ever had children?* *Not enough time, not enough money. And now too late. Some joke.*

Jack Welch came back into the box and sat down behind them with a deep sigh. "Glad I got that one in," he said, folding up his form and picking up his own binoculars. "It's a hot tip."

Burns stole another quick glance at the odds. Miss Tillie was at forty to one. Shamrock was the favorite, as expected, but the late money was going on Bud's Lady. She had dropped to two to one, and it began to look as if Roark had made the right decision.

"It is now post time," the loudspeaker announced.

The crowd stirred restlessly, became quieter. All eyes stared across the infield toward the gate, at the orange flag held aloft under the starter's platform. The tote board winked its last-minute calculations. It was that long second now before the start, but no, not yet, not yet! Because Minorca had broken through the gate and had to be brought back and eased into position again. A minute passed and then another one. "That's not too good," Burns said, still glued to his glasses. "She could fall asleep from waiting. She's standing in there like an old lead pony." Another interminable moment as the horses shifted in the gate, seemed to strain against the barrier, poised for flight. Burns moved to the edge of his seat. "Don't look at me, sweetheart," he murmured through clenched teeth. "Look straight ahead." Finally the gate opened and the horses exploded into the clear. The crowd roared and Burns jumped, then sank back into his seat. Miss Tillie had broken next to last.

She ran like that all the way around, not making up any ground and not losing any, but at the end she was at least twenty lengths behind the winner. "I thought she was going to finish last," Burns said, standing up.

"I'll be damned," Welch said, taking a wad of pari-mutuel tickets out of his pocket and flinging them away. "Some tip."

On his way out of the box, Burns stole a glance at the winning numbers and saw that Bud's Lady had come in second behind the favorite. Welch would be in a great humor now. Without waiting to see if the owner was following, Burns headed for the paddock again.

When Miss Tillie came back, sweaty and excited at last, Jefferson went out to meet her and Willie Bates dismounted, unsaddled her and came walking by the trainer on his way to the weigh-in scales. "She ran all right," he said without enthusiasm, "but after what you told me about her breaking fast, I was up over her ears when the gate opened. She's not too green, I guess, but the dirt bothered her plenty."

Burns watched Jefferson lead Miss Tillie away toward the receiving barn. He'd cool her out there for half an hour or so, then van her back to Belmont and cool her out some more. Nothing left for Burns to do now but wait, make sure she wasn't hurt, hadn't bucked or popped anything. You never knew, a horse could hurt itself a million different ways, you never knew.

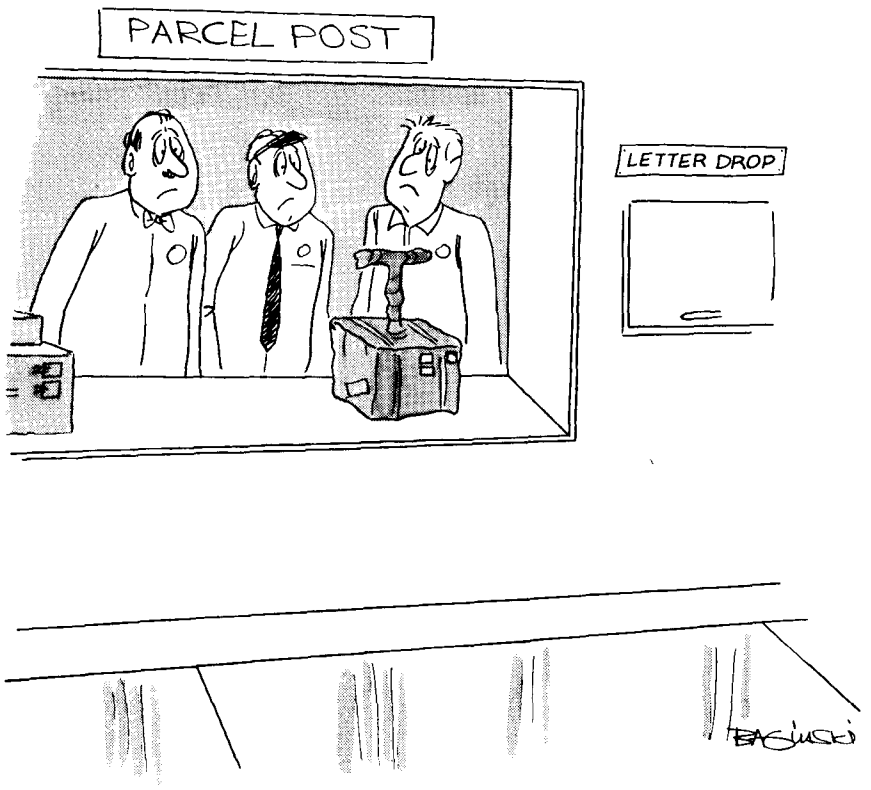
"Well, what now, Pete?" Jack Welch said, coming up behind him.

Burns turned to face his owner. "I don't know," he said. "I'll try to run her back in about ten days. I don't want to crowd her too much." He looked beyond Welch and up into the stands where he could pick out the bright blue of Nora's suit, motionless, calm, waiting for him in the bustle of that indifferent crowd.

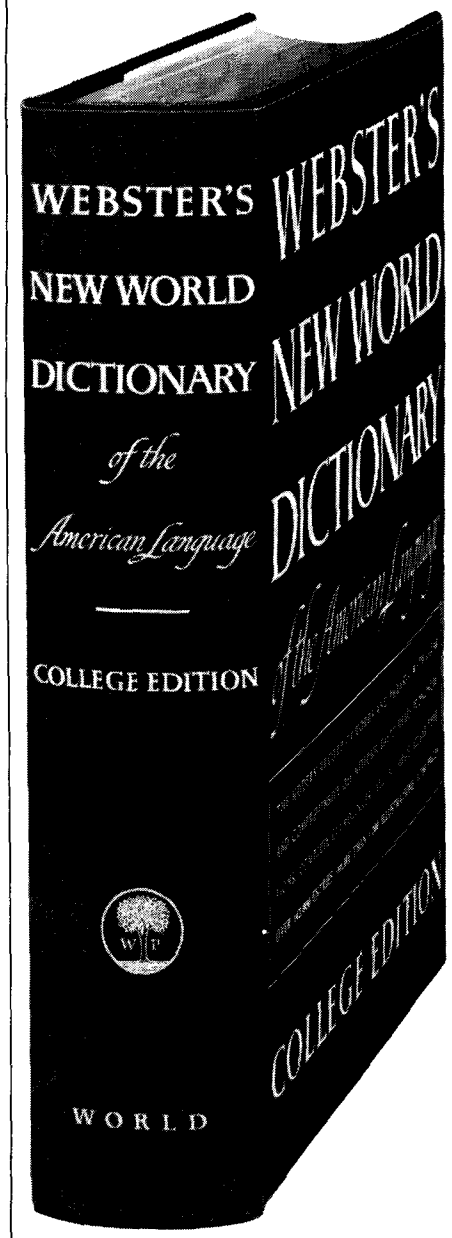
"That was a bad race she ran," Welch said, "a real bad race."

"Yes it was," Burns said. "I just hope she comes out of it all right, that's all. Because in this business, Mr. Welch, any day you get by without an accident is a good day."

"I guess so," the owner said, "I guess so." He hesitated, then smiled and clapped Peter Burns lightly on the shoulder. They walked back toward the stands together. THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



Gives you more information about words than any other desk dictionary

• up-to-date • easy to understand • easy to read • approved and used in colleges and universities throughout United States and Canada

$5.75 plain, $6.75 thumb-indexed, at bookstores everywhere

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY • Cleveland and New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By JEFF BROWN

Illustration by Des Asmussen

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SKIS

New York was cold and lonely and it was no different in the Alps—only higher up.

Post Fiction *A former editor of the* Post, *Jeff Brown now makes his first appearance in these pages as an author. His stories have previously been published in Redbook, Colliers, The New Yorker and other magazines. This spring, Harper and Row will publish his first book for children,* Flat Stanley.

It was four-thirty. High up on the western face of the Königshorn, in the Tyrolean Alps, a soft light still glowed, but the lower slopes had already begun to ice, and he decided not to go up again. Carrying his skis, he trudged on into St. Christoph, a huge, moonfaced boy of sixteen, wearing a shapeless brown parka that emphasized his bulk.

He had been alone all day, except for the morning ski-school class; the whole week had been like that. In the village, at the Café Schmidt, *Sachertorte* and hot chocolate before him, he brooded over his lack of prospects for the evening. Probably he would wind up at the Christoph-Kino again, he thought, watching another cruddy Western with the dialogue dubbed in—John Wayne saying things like "*Gib' mir dein Colt, Shorty!*" to his deputy, and "*Donnerwetter!*" when the flaming arrow grazed his arm.

There were two Snowbirds—blue parkas with a white, wing-shaped patch—at the next table, a husky blond with a crew cut and a sleek, dark boy wearing big sun goggles. The Snowbirds were college kids, too old for him, but at least it was an American club.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW! GET THIS EXTRA POWER

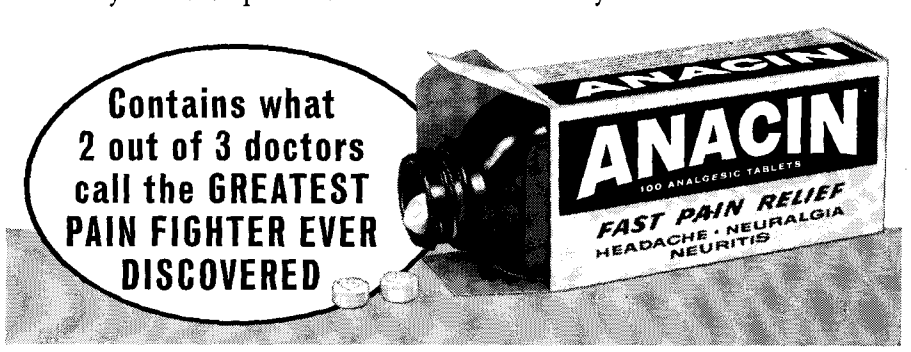
to give you fast relief from HEADACHE PAIN and its Tension, Depression

ANACIN® contains the pain reliever doctors recommend most. And Anacin gives you more of this pain reliever than any leading aspirin, buffered aspirin or the 'so-called' extra-strength tablet.

Nervous, tense headaches will welcome the extra relief power in fast-acting Anacin.

Anacin gives you the pain reliever doctors recommend the most. In fact, tablet for tablet, Anacin gives you *more* of this pain reliever than you can get in an aspirin, buffered aspirin or the 'so-called' extra-strength tablet. No pain reliever you can buy has the special combination of ingredients in Anacin.

And Anacin works *fast!* Minutes after taking Anacin, your headache pain is gone—also its tension and depression. You experience remarkable all-over relief. Remember, *only* Anacin has this special formulation to relieve nervous tension headaches. See if Anacin Tablets do not *work better* for you.



SIDNEY

"Uh . . ." He cleared his throat. "Say, excuse me. I was wondering how long you guys were going to be in St. Christoph? The Snowbirds, I mean."

"About a week more," the crew cut said. They were both silent then, looking down into their coffee cups.

He felt the flicker in his right cheek begin. "A week, huh? Maybe we could get together sometime? No kidding, I don't know any Americans around here at all."

The Snowbirds glanced at each other. "Is that so?" the goggles said.

"Listen, what about tonight? We could ——"

"I'm afraid we're frannising tonight," the crew cut said. "Tonight is dorteed, unfortunately. . . . Right, Bob?"

"Oh, absolutely dorteed," the goggles said. "You look like a blaker, though, fella. Why don't you just go and blake somewhere, all by yourself?"

Cruds, a really special pair.

"Cut it out," he said slowly. "What's the matter with you guys?"

"Not a thing," the crew cut said. "What's the matter with you, kid? Don't you blake?"

He paid his check and left. Walking up the street to the Adlerhof, he cursed the lousy luck, his own lousy timing, that had brought him from the Academy to the cruddy Alps.

It was always like that in the shower room; the hot, wet air, the harsh light gleaming on the tiled walls, and the voices—Harvey Dana and Harvey Dana's cruddy friends—echoing like voices in a tunnel, making the same old tired jokes about his belly, his hairiness, his twitching cheek. He had ignored them that evening as he always did, said nothing even when Harvey Dana did his famous imitation again—a really fancy performance this time; not just the cheek but a violent, spastic wrenching of Harvey's whole face and head—and he had left quickly, not listening to the hooting voices of the cruds. In three days the Christmas holidays would begin; for a few weeks at least the voices would be gone.

It might not have happened if the painters had not been at work that day, if they had not left their buckets in the alcove beneath the dormitory stairs. He had not been able to stop thinking about those buckets, and hours later, about eleven o'clock, he had left his bed and crept out to them. On Harvey Dana's door he wrote, QUIET! CRUD ASLEEP! and in great green letters, dripping twenty feet along the corridor wall, THE PHANTOM STRIKES AGAIN! and I PUKE ON EVERYBODY. SINCERELY, SIDNEY MARCH.

In the morning, in Mr. Fairlie's office, he had waited for Mr. Fairlie to quit performing on his pipe and expel him, but it hadn't been quite as simple as that.

Puff, puff, puff. "Care to explain yourself, March? I'd like to get your side of this."

"I was just sore," he said. "That's all."

For fifteen minutes he stood there under the screen of smoke and talk (". . . bad record, March . . . third school in five years . . . sixteen years old, for heaven's sake, not a child . . . seem unable to get along . . . wonder why . . . fine chaps here . . ."), wondering what the stall was for, and then it came to him. Arrangements had been made for him to board over the holidays with Mr. Fairlie and his wife; there would be two hundred bucks in that for Mr. Fairlie and he wasn't about to let that money walk away.

". . . be seeing a lot of each other, March, these next few weeks. Perhaps I'll understand you better when they're done. Consider yourself under suspension, March, and we'll see how next term goes." *Puff, puff.*

"Go ahead and expel me, Mr. Fairlie," he said. "It'll be all right about the board money. Just tell my father you had to turn down some other kid to make room for me. No kidding, you'll get paid."

The puffs came fast—hot, angry little clouds.

"March, that's the stupidest remark any boy has ever made to me! Do you really believe I've got money on my mind!"

His cheek jumped hard, big twitches that made him blink, but he said, "I do, sort of. No kidding, Mr. Fairlie, I really do."

Five hours later he was home; in time, standing silent in the hallway, to overhear his father and Harriet in the living room. It was six years since his mother's death, but only three since Harriet had become Mrs. March, and she was not yet resigned to coping with the burden of her husband's son.

Her shrill voice carried clearly into the hall. What of their own plans for a holiday month of skiing in the Tyrol? She had done her best with Sidney; she had put up with everything until now! But this, this *unspeakable* behavior at the Academy! Oh, this was too much! She would *not* give up the trip!

His father's voice rumbled patiently (What was wrong with him? Why didn't he ever slap her down?) from the living room, offering at last a weary compromise. "All right, Harriet. But we'll have to take him with us, I'm afraid. I know he's a mess and I'm sorry, but we can't just leave him here. . . ."

In his room at the Adlerhof he shed his boots and ski clothes and put on a robe. When he knocked at the door of the adjoining bedroom, Harriet's voice said, "Come in."

She was at the dressing table, putting on lipstick. She wore a black skirt and a gold-lamé top with a turned-up collar that framed her face. Harriet was a very good-looking woman. She was only thirty-five, twenty years younger than his father, and she would have looked like less than that except for the little lines about her eyes.

"Hello, Sidney," she said, not turning from the mirror. "I wondered where you were."

From the bathroom, his father called, "That you, Sid?" and he called back, "Ho!"

Harriet did her eyebrows with a black pencil. "We had lunch in Bergen," she said, "and skied back the long way, around the Königshorn. Did you have a nice day?"

"Great," he said. "Marvelous. I like talking to myself."

"Don't be rude," Harriet said.

She didn't sound angry. Probably she had taken one of her "joy drop" pills, the ones she always took when she was tired or just plain feeling low.

His father came out of the bathroom, dressed, except for a tie; a tall man with a serious, quiet face. His father was a lawyer and a senior partner in his firm, and it was surprising that a big wheel like that should find it so hard to talk to people. His father couldn't say "Happy

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Birthday" or "Merry Christmas" without turning it into an apology.

"Well, Sid," his father said. "How . . . uh . . . how are you? We had a fine day. Did you?"

"No," he said. "What's on for tonight?"

"The Dekonings were in Bergen," Harriet said, "and they've asked us to dinner. Some new place, about half an hour's drive from here." She looked at her watch. "Paul's rented a car. They'll pick us up in twenty minutes or so."

The Dekonings were old friends of Harriet's from New York. They drank an awful lot, and Grace Dekoning was always telling jokes, but at least he wouldn't have to sweat it out in the Christoph-Kino again.

"Twenty minutes, huh?" he said. "I'll get moving."

His father said, "Sid . . . uh . . . I'm afraid they haven't ——"

"Indeed they haven't," Harriet said. "They have *not* asked you, Sidney. I'm sorry not to have suggested it, but it's too late now."

"Maybe not," his father said. "I don't see why not. He'd enjoy it. Why don't I give Paul a ring?"

"They'll have left by now," Harriet said. "And they'll only have made reservations for four. There's a new movie though, Sidney. Jimmy Stewart, I think."

He felt like a fool. "Jimmy Stewart gives me a rash, frankly," he said. "Big purple spots. I don't know why, but ——"

"Sidney!" Harriet said.

He went back into his own room and lay down on the bed, and in a minute his father came in carrying a tie and stood before the dresser mirror to knot it.

"I want you to take it easy with Harriet," his father said. "She's very fond of you. You find that hard to . . . uh . . . accept, I know, but it's true."

"Oh, sure, she's crazy about me," he said.

"Don't be a wise guy, Sid. We've had just about enough of that."

"Check," he said. "Right. Have a good dinner." He took the belt of his bathrobe and twirled one tassel in the air.

His father got the tie straight and came to sit on the bed beside him. "I didn't mean to jump on you. You know that, don't you?"

A tightness grew inside him, but whether it was anger or something else he did not know.

"If you could . . . uh . . . just *relax* a little more with Harriet and me."

He let go of the belt and put both hands down flat on his stomach. "Wow!" he said. "Maybe I'll join the circus. The hairy fat man! How about that, huh?"

"Talk to me, Sid," his father said. "I wish you'd talk to me."

Staring straight up at the ceiling, he began to twirl the tassel again. "The Dekonings'll be here any minute," he said. "You'd better hustle."

His father got up off the bed and went out.

Inside his head a voice said, *I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry*, getting louder and louder. For a moment he thought he might run into the other room and really say it, but he took a few long, deep breaths and the voice died away. He lay there until he heard them leave, and then he went in and began to check through the magazines on Harriet's dressing table, looking for something to read in the tub.

The envelope, a big brown-paper one with THE NEWHOUSE SCHOOL in black letters on the front, was under the magazines. It had already been opened, and he slid the contents out—a letter and a four-page questionnaire and a brochure. The letter said,

Dear Mr. and Mrs. March:

We trust that the enclosed material will answer your questions about Newhouse. You will note that, should you wish to make application for your son, a psychiatric report must accompany the application form. If Sidney is not already undergoing treatment, we will be glad to supply the names of a number of excellent doctors with whom we have a consulting arrangement. It has been our experience that. . . .

He slid everything back into the envelope, and then he tore it all up, the whole business, into little bits. He was spreading the pieces out on the dressing table, where they'd be sure to see them, when the door opened and his father came into the room.

Standing just inside the door, the fur collar of his big coat turned up and still glistening with flakes of snow, his father said, "Sid, the Dekonings are waiting, but I . . . uh. . . . Have you got a minute?"

He almost laughed. "I'm not going anywhere."

"I thought maybe you could use some cash." His father came forward, holding out a bill. "Here's twenty. Why don't you look for some American kids? Take 'em to dinner, maybe? Or ——" His eyes were on the bits of torn-up envelope.

"I'm not going to Newhouse. I'll blow my brains out first, honest to God."

His father sighed. "Nothing's settled.

Powerful pictures, professional stereo sound–and they look so good, too!

You can see the pride that inspires Sylvania quality. See it in the handsome Antiqued White finishes; know it by the sheer exuberance of the performance.

Listen to the stereo: The finest professional components are matched to a supersensitive tuner, engineered by Sylvania to meet the more stringent demands of Stereo FM reception . . . developed to match the perfection of world-famous Garrard changers and highest quality speakers.

Enjoy the realism of Sylvania TV: Performance-proved . . . and now a new kind of power tube prolongs set life, dramatically sharpens fringe area reception.

Sylvania TV and Stereo have put value in style. See for yourself at your Sylvania dealer's. Once you have, you'd be a spendthrift to pay more . . . or settle for less! Shown: Skylark Portable; Dynamic America Console; Bolero Series (SC543) Stereo. Sylvania Home Electronics, Batavia, N. Y.

SYLVANIA

SUBSIDIARY OF GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We were going to discuss it with you."

"I'll bet."

"Mr. Fairlie recommended it. He thinks it's a fine school. You've got to go *somewhere*, Sid."

"Not the Nuthouse," he said. "I'm telling you."

"The Nuthouse?"

"That's what they call it," he said. "At the Academy they were always making cracks. You want to hear some? 'The boys come from very prominent families. My brother sits right between Napoleon and Rudolph Valentino.' Here's another. 'There's no school bus, they just come and get you with a net.' And, 'You can always tell a Nuthouse boy—by the banana in his ear!' And ——"

"All right, that's enough!"

He shut up. His cheek was jumping.

"We'll discuss it, Sid, I promise you," his father said. "Take this money, will you? Here, please."

Looking down at the floor, he said softly, "I don't want it. But I appreciate the thought. It really gets me, no kidding." He heard his father sigh again.

Otto Muller, the Adlerhof's chief porter, put his bald head in from the hall. "*Bitte* . . . Excuse me, Mr. March, but downstairs Mrs. March is waiting, and also two others. They have asked that I should say for you to come."

"I'll be there in a minute," his father said. "Sidney, I ——"

"Tell them he's coming right now," he said. "*Sieg heil!* Hup, hup, hup!"

The porter gave a little hiss of rage. His father said, "I'm sorry, Otto," and went out, closing the door behind him.

For a moment he stood looking at himself in Harriet's mirror, and then he untied his belt, letting the robe fall open, and went on looking into the mirror, at the barrel-like chest and belly thickened by rolls of fat, at the massive legs matted with black, curling hair. When the voices of the cruds, hooting in the Academy shower room, began to echo in his head, he turned away.

Harriet's "joy drops" were on the dressing table, little pink squares in a vial from a pharmacy on Madison Avenue. What the hell! he thought. The label said three times a day and it was already evening, so he took two.

At seven o'clock, wearing his new Tyrolean jacket—green, belted in back, and embroidered with white woolen *Edelweiss*—he strode down the stairs.

A cheerful babble of French, German, English and Italian rose from the crowded cocktail tables of the lounge. Buoyed by a rapture beyond any he had ever known, he surveyed the big room and felt certain of his own continental dash.

Sepp Meyer and a blond woman with a thin, brooding face were in the near corner. Beaming, he swooped down on them.

"Har-de-har, Seppy, and ho-de-ho! How's the old Sitzmark Seven?"

The instructor started. "Ah! . . . Margaret, here is Sidney March! . . . Sidney, here is Mrs. Crofts." He smiled. "I must admire your jacket, Sidney. It is very fine."

"The real Tyrolean nuts, huh? Thanks, Seppy, thanks a lot!"

"I beg your pardon?" Mrs. Crofts said. It was a clipped, British voice.

"Sidney is with me in my morning class," Sepp said. "The Sitzmark Seven, that is his name for us. Always he makes jokes."

"I'm sure he's frightfully jolly," Mrs. Crofts said. "One has only to look at him to know."

She winced when he drew up a chair. "Are you joining us?"

Sepp said, "I think perhaps ——"

"That's OK!" He beckoned to a waiter passing with a pastry cart. "I wasn't going anywhere!"

Two eclairs before him, he sat back, munching. Good old Sepp! A nice guy and a swell teacher! He could hardly ski at all before he started with Sepp, but now he was really getting the hang of it!

Mrs. Crofts had taken a pretzel from the bowl before her and appeared to be counting the flecks of salt on it. Maybe she was shy or something. But good-looking in a sexy, sort of quiet way. And nice too. The world was full of nice people! Why hadn't he seen them all before, instead of just the ——

"I am sorry, Sidney," Sepp said, "but we ——"

The stag head on the wall behind Sepp; it had an expression that . . . Of course!

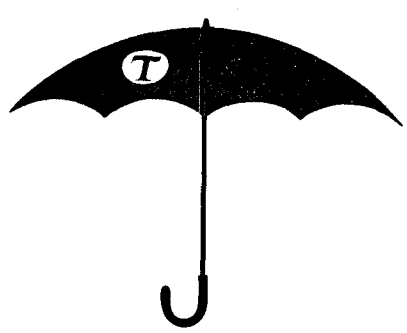
"Hah!" he said. "Boy, that kills me! That head there, it reminds me of this guy at school, Harvey Dana. What a crud! I really hated that guy! I even ——"

Mrs. Crofts ground her pretzel into the tablecloth.

"—got kicked out of school on account of him, sort of, for writing on his door with paint. It was a lousy school, though, no kidding! Only this place I'm probably going next, what I hear is, it's even worse. I think it's just some kind of loony bin for kids, really! The Nuthouse, that's what they call it; that'll give you the idea. You can't get kicked out of a place like

If you want life insurance that covers more costs less works harder for you

Find out from your Travelers man *what's new under the Travelers umbrella*



After taking a long hard look at what Life Insurance should do for you today, The Travelers has developed a completely new program.

As a result, your Travelers man now offers broader coverage than ever before—better protection for your family, earlier retirement plans, more flexible coverage to meet your changing needs. And you pay less, in most cases.

Even the policies have been overhauled so they're easier to read and understand.

Call your Travelers agent or broker for complete details.

Remember, too, he can also take care of your Homeowners, Car and Health Insurance. Knowing all your needs, he can be sure nothing is overlooked, yet nothing is over-insured. And you save time.

You'll find your Travelers man listed in the Yellow Pages.

You can get all types of insurance under the Travelers umbrella.

The TRAVELERS INSURANCE Companies

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that, probably. I mean, they have to keep you there until they get you figured out or something! There are all these jokes about it, like ——"

"Sepp, please! Please, make him go ——"

"Yes, Margaret," Sepp said. "Sidney, I must ask ——"

He snapped his fingers. "You know something? I just realized—my cheek isn't twitching! That's amazing, no kidding! Mostly when I'm in some place like this—with a lot of people around, I mean—I get tightened up and my cheek starts jumping like I had a mouse in my mouth or something! Maybe it's these pills I took. They're supposed just to kind of cheer you up, only they worked on my face instead, see? No-twitch pills, they should call 'em! No-twitch! Right? Hah!" He pounded, laughing, on the table.

Mrs. Crofts sat very still, her eyes closed. Sepp said faintly, "No twitch. Yes, that is very good."

Otto came striding toward them across the lounge, and it struck him suddenly that Otto, in his gray uniform, looked like a Nazi officer in movies about World War II. *You are a fool, American, but you vill tell us vat ve vish to know! Ve haff ways to make you speak!* Otto talked that way too, with a sort of hiss.

The chief porter stood before them, bowing stiffly to Mrs Crofts. "*Guten Abend.* I am sorry that I make this interruption. You will excuse me, please?" He picked up the plate with one eclair still untouched upon it. "This you can not have, Sidney. You would like perhaps an apple, yes?"

"Huh?"

Otto smiled. "Your mother has asked that I should watch when you are eating. All things which make fat, these are forbidden."

He sat stunned.

"An apple, that is a good idea, I think, Sidney. Yes?"

The numbness wore off. "What am I, some kid or something? Put down that plate. I'm not kidding! Put it down!"

Sepp touched his arm. "Sidney, please."

"I do not permit," Otto said tightly, "that you should speak in such a way to me."

"OK, Otto." His cheek was fluttering, but he chose each word with care. "Go get an apple. Get a really big one and take it and ——" Sepp's hand closed hard upon his arm, but not before he had told Otto what he could do with the apple.

In the vast silence that fell then over their table, over all the tables within hearing range, he knew that he had gone too far. Striving for nonchalance, he crammed pretzels into his mouth, chomped hard, and bit his tongue.

"Oooowwwww!" Crumbs showered across the table.

He saw them all recoil, saw Otto brushing bits of pretzel from his sleeve. Still sputtering, he fled.

". . . *Land und Wasser für alle. Der General Custer hat es so gesagt!*" From across the council fire, Sitting Bull gave Jimmy Stewart his reply: *Fünfzig Braven* were *tot;* it was too late now for peace. Half an hour later General Custer was dead, and so were most of the Indians—everyone but Jimmy Stewart and the girl.

The energizing effect of the pills had worn off; he left the Christoph-Kino hungry and depressed. At the Café Anton, next to the theater, he wolfed down a huge portion of sausages and cheese. Then, wearily, he trudged through the hardening slush back up the street to the Adlerhof.

The lounge was dimly lit, almost deserted now. He was at the stairs when a voice spoke from the darkened corner beyond.

"Good evening, Sammy."

In the shadows he made out Mrs. Crofts, alone at the table she had shared earlier with Sepp.

"You mean me?"

"Indeed I do."

"It's Sidney. Not Sammy."

"Sorry. Awfully sorry. Terrible about names."

"That's OK," he said, and moved closer.

Her hair was mussed, as if she had been running her fingers through it, and the table was littered with crumpled paper napkins. The ashtray was full of butts. Mrs. Crofts raised her glass, toasting him, and he realized suddenly that she was drunk.

"I hope I'm about when you match wits with the staff again, dear." She giggled. "Shouldn't like to miss that."

Uneasy, he said, "I'm sorry. I'm always shooting off my mouth."

"Shoot it off at me then. I'm in need of company. Let me give you a drink. Whiskey?"

He sat, wondering if he should tell her he was only sixteen, and decided not. "I don't think they'll let me. Not in this cruddy place."

Mrs. Crofts summoned the night waiter and ordered a double Scotch and a ginger beer. When the waiter left she leaned forward, elbows on the table, resting her chin in her cupped hands. Her eyes bulged slightly, and they were almost colorless in the half-light. Like white marbles, he thought, and wished she would stop staring at him.

"Why were you so angry, Sammy? Don't you care for apples?"

He made himself smile. "I guess not. And it's Sidney, remember?"

"Do you hate it, Sidney, when people remind you of how fat you are? Is that it?"

"Cut it out, will you?" he said.

"Don't be angry. I adore fat men. The fatter the better, I always say."

He stood up, but she said with such urgency, "I'm sorry, I'm truly sorry!" that he sat down again.

The waiter brought their drinks and went back to the bar. Mrs. Crofts glanced quickly about and then emptied the ginger beer beneath the table. She poured half of her Scotch into the empty glass and gave it to him.

"There you are, dear. Cleverness, that's how we get the things we want."

She wasn't just drunk; she was crazy. A real nut. The cold ginger beer had splashed over his right foot, and he wiggled it uncomfortably under the table.

"Cheers," Mrs. Crofts said.

The Scotch was sweeter than he expected, but not unpleasant. He took another sip.

"Talk, dear. You really *must* talk to me."

"Where's Sepp?" he said cautiously. "Did you have dinner with him?"

"I did not," she said. "Sepp's a filthy beast. Did you know that?"

It was a surprise, not just the words, but the way she said them, as if she were really angry. "I don't get it," he said.

"I couldn't have dinner with Sepp," she said flatly, "because he ran away from me. I wanted to talk about Dickie and he found that boring, so off he went. Were you in St. Christoph last year, dear?"

He shook his head.

"Ah, well, you wouldn't remember Dickie then. My little boy. Sepp was teaching him to ski. He was only eight, but Sepp thought that was the age to begin. And now he's dead, Dickie is."

The back of his neck prickled, and he kept his eyes on his glass. Her voice seemed to come from a distance, tinny and rather faint, like a voice over the telephone. ". . . last summer . . . down an embankment. I was driving, but nothing happened to me . . . just this tiny scar . . . on my cheek, right here . . ."

He could not look at her.

". . . simply adored skiing . . . and Sepp too, of course . . . learn that hip-swing business . . . so difficult . . . wiggle his little hips and fall right down . . . unlikely, don't you think?"

The question confused him, but it was impossible not to speak.

"That hip stuff, I don't even try it." he said hoarsely. "It would be crazy. A big tail like mine. Wiggling, I mean. Hah!"

The laugh rang hideously in his ears. He took another swallow of his drink.

"Good heavens!" Mrs. Crofts said. "Your face, it's—flickering, that's the word. However do you do it?"

"I told you before," he said miserably. "I have this tic, so I twitch, see? I can't help it."

"Try not to. You must try very hard *not* to tic."

"About this gun . . ."

Away Go Corns

1. Super-fast relief
2. Quickly removes corns
3. Prevents corns, sore toes

This wonderful 3-way action of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads makes it needless for you ever to suffer from corns. Be foot-happy—get a box today!

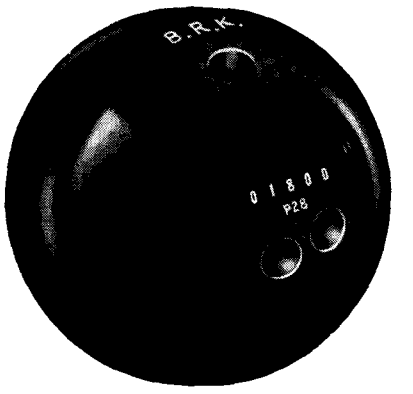
Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

LIPS SORE?
Blistex
POCKET SIZE 39c
HIGHER IN CANADA
BEST FOR COLD SORES CHAPPED LIPS FEVER BLISTERS

fast, lasting repairs
Magic FIXES EVERYTHING!
Magic Plastic Aluminum • Epoxy Glue
Magic Rubber • Fix-All Porcelain
Tub 'N Tile Sealer • Magic Wood
Woodblend Putty Pencils
at all stores 29¢ to $1
Magic Iron Cement Co., Inc. Cleveland 28, Ohio

FLORIDA
CAMPSITES—deep in the heart of the great (440,000 acre) Ocala National Forest. Isolated, yet accessible. Electricity. Best fishing, hunting. Warranty deed. FREE maps and photos.
Word Vernor, DeLand, Florida
AD 63052

BOWLING BALL



YOU can easily earn one of these nationally advertised Bowling Balls, bored to fit your hand.

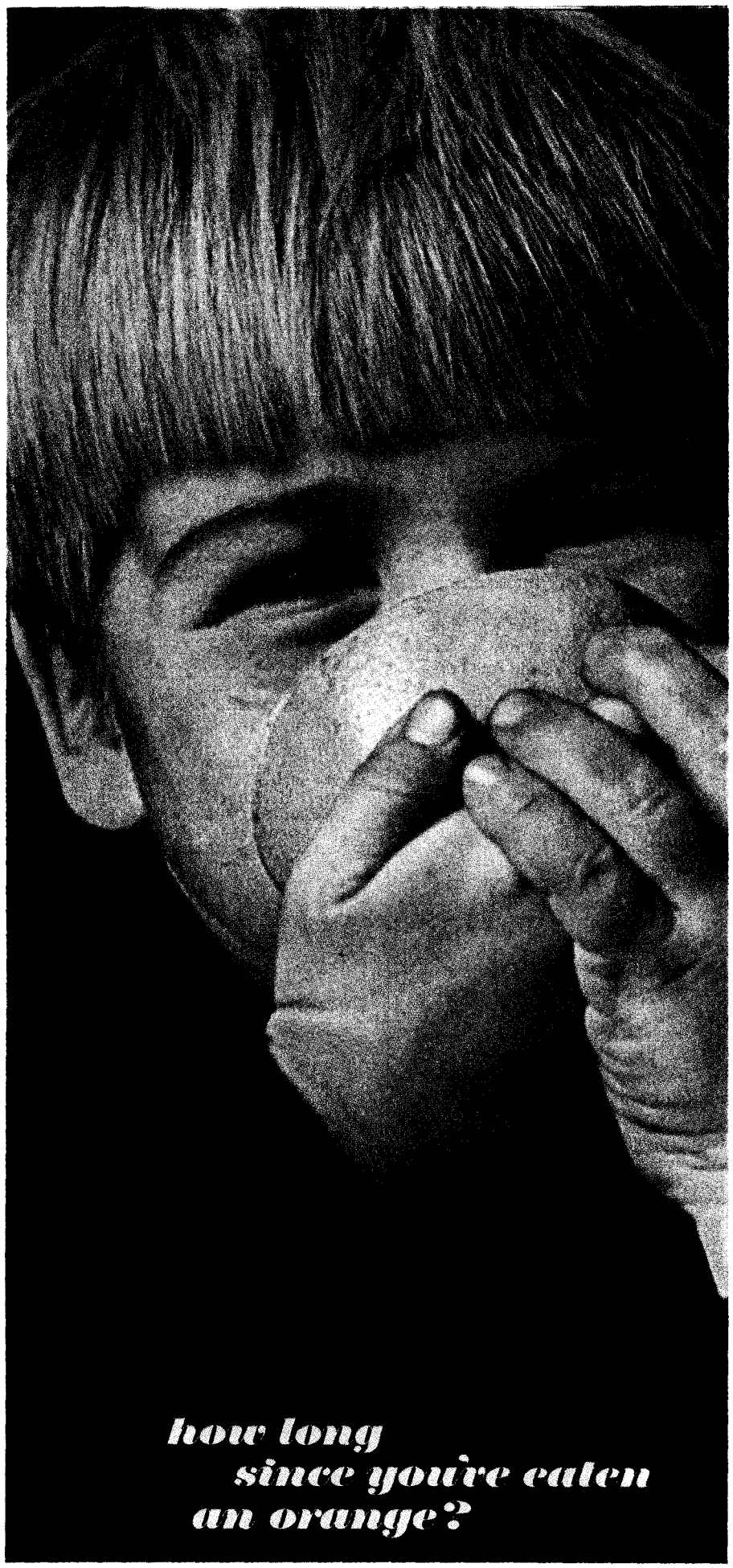
Send us four 2-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions at $10.95 each or seven 2-year *Holiday* subscriptions at $9.95 each. All subscriptions must be sold outside your own home at the full price. Both new and renewals count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with your own name and address and full remittance.

Offer good in continental U.S. only, until April 30, 1964. Sorry, no bowling balls may be sold for cash.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
978 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Remember the last time you sat down and really enjoyed one? Really dived headlong into each juicy morsel, we mean. If your memory's getting a bit hazy, now's the time to refresh it. Because those sweet golden thin-skinned Florida's are as deliciously plump and juicy as they ever were! They're the oranges, you know, that are grown to be enjoyed. That you can eat so many happy ways. You can slice one, section one, peel one, even squeeze one! You can share one—or be gloriously greedy and eat the whole thing yourself. How long has it been since you've had a Florida orange? Get some tomorrow. Just for the fun of it.

©1964—FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA

"Sure," he said. "OK."

"How very rude I am," she said. "And how very nice you are—how patient with me." The sharpness had gone out of her voice and only weariness remained.

They sat in silence for a moment, and then Mrs. Crofts finished her drink and rose. "And so to bed," she said. "It's quite late, actually."

He followed her across the lounge and when she stumbled he took her arm and helped her up the stairs to her room. Before her door she hesitated, as though she were uncertain about what might lie behind it.

"Look," he said, "if you want company. . . . I mean, I have some time to kill." The words rolled away down the long corridor, fading little balls of sound.

"We'll have a nightcap then," she said. "Come in, Sammy."

The room had a bay window that overlooked the ski-school field behind the hotel. Moonlight, reflected from the snow, flooded in, and Mrs. Crofts did not bother to turn on a lamp. There were glasses and a bottle of whiskey on the table by her bed. She made drinks, gave him his and carried her own to the window seat. She sat in silence, her legs tucked up under her, gazing out.

He found a chair, but the room was warm and he was beginning to perspire. He hung the heavy Tyrolean jacket on the back of the chair and sat down again. Mrs. Crofts was still at the window. Had she forgotten he was there? He sipped his drink.

The moonlight was very bright; he could make out the pattern of the wallpaper, flowers of some sort, and most of the two pictures on the opposite wall—mountain scenes, one with a lake, the other just peaks with clouds. There was a stag head on the wall above the bed. They were all over the hotel, those heads—his room, his father and Harriet had one, probably every room did. He pictured the hotel guides, in leather pants, on top of the Königshorn with machine guns, mowing down stags.

"This was my room last year too," Mrs. Crofts said suddenly. "I used to sit here and watch him having his lessons. There, right out there."

She pointed at the empty, gleaming field below the window. "He had a blue parka and a little blue cap. Like Sepp's. It was quite easy to make him out."

"Look," he said, and searched for words. "You don't have to shut up. Talk if you want to. It's OK."

"I wanted to talk to Sepp," she said, "but he didn't want to talk to me. And that was that."

In his mind, quite clearly, he saw a car rolling, rolling, down a steep slope, and then a small body lying motionless beside the wreck and Mrs. Crofts bending over it. Death. . . . Another picture came: a hospital room, his mother in the big bed, his father sitting beside it. There had been a lot of visits, and they no longer frightened him; she would be home soon, his father always said. But that day he asked, "When?" and she had taken too long to answer. He had looked at them, at his father's hand tightening on hers, at her eyes darkening with what she could not tell him, and his cheek had begun to twitch, something it had never done before. "Oh, darling, your cheek!" she had said. "Darling, don't, don't, don't. . . ." and then his father had taken him away. Afterward, often, through all the missing of her, he had been ashamed that he had worried her by letting his cheek twitch during their last moment together; he had wished there were a way to tell her that he hadn't even known he was doing it. . . .

He bit hard on his lower lip and made himself remember where he was.

Mrs. Crofts was still looking out across the snow. She had forgotten him again; probably she just wanted to be left alone. Softly, he said, "I guess I'd better get going. Thanks for ——"

"No. Do stay, dear. You've been a comfort, you really have. She came away from the window and patted his cheek. "Where's your glass, dear?"

She gave him another drink and went into the bathroom, taking the bottle with her. Before the door closed, he saw her raise it to her lips.

Poor, crazy Mrs. Crofts! If she wanted him to stay, he would. Whatever she wanted, that was OK. They could talk, or they could be quiet together, however she felt like being.

He marveled at his own composure. How strange it was! Unreal, like a dream. Strange, strange, strange! Here they were, hardly knowing each other, and yet there was an understanding between them. . . . He wondered if she was taking a bath or something; she'd been gone for quite a while. Or was she still drinking in there? Should he leave? In the morning, if she remembered his ducking out, he could say he'd suddenly felt sick. A thump sounded from the bathroom. Had she hurt herself? Maybe it would be wrong just to walk out and leave her banging around like that?

He sat back, rolling his glass between his hands. His head felt oddly light, almost weightless, as though it were floating somewhere in the air above his neck.

The bathroom door opened and Mrs. Crofts, wearing white pajamas, came out. Her bare feet padded softly across the carpeted floor. Beside the bed, she stood for a moment, swaying slightly, silver in the moonlight, and then she sank down upon it and lay still.

He waited, but she did not stir and he pushed himself up from his chair. His body felt loose, as if various connections had come undone, but his right foot moved when he told it to, and then his left. It was four steps to the bed.

Her eyes were closed, but she was smiling; she looked very young, he thought, like a child worn out from play. Moonlight touched the little scar upon her cheek, and he was overwhelmed suddenly by the memory of how the scar had come, of how she had sat before the window dreaming of a lost, blue-capped boy in the white field below. Close to tears, he drew the blankets over her. *Sleep well, Mrs. Crofts.* . . . Bending, he brushed her forehead with his lips.

Mrs. Crofts sat bolt upright in the bed and screamed.

Stunned, deafened by the sudden torrent of sound only inches from his ear, he stood gaping at the small, white-clad figure on the bed (Had she gone mad? Had he?), and in that moment the door rattled and Otto cried out from the hall, "*Was ist?* Mrs. Crofts, you are all right?"

He flung the blankets over her head, but her flailing arms cast them instantly aside and the scream rose again. The door flew open; Otto, and behind him the waiter from the lounge, loomed against the light. "*So! Gott im Himmel!* Sidney, what are ——"

The first great bound carried him past Otto; the second bowled the waiter to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the floor, and he had gained the hall. The carpeting flowed like a ribbon beneath his pounding feet; hurtling down the stairs, he burst forward into the lounge and skidded to a halt. A gray-haired woman leaped, whinnying with terror, from a divan by the hearth, and he was off again, but at the front door a group of Snowbirds, entering, barred his way. Whirling, he fled through a side door onto the porch and down a little flight of steps into the Adlerhof's parking lot. Momentum carried him across the lot, headlong into the drift of snow that bordered the ski-school field.

Sobered by the icy wetness of his shirt, he floundered from the drift and searched, gasping, for a hiding place. There were cars, but only a few, and at any moment someone might come for one of them. Across the lot, he made out the bulky shape of the hotel's Volkswagen bus. It would meet no trains tonight; in there, for a time at least, he would be safe.

In the chill darkness of the bus he sank down on a leather seat and buried his head between his arms, but he could shut nothing out. Like fragments of a nightmare, pictures flashed across his brain: Mrs. Crofts stumbling with him up the stairs; Mrs. Crofts in the white pajamas, rearing, screaming, on the bed; himself racing, coatless, down the hall. . . . There was no question about what they would think; Otto would be very sure. *The waiter tells me und ve go upstairs. There come screams, so loud I cannot do nothing! I open the door und he is there, this fat pig of a boy! Gott! An animal! Und then he runs.* . . . He moaned softly to himself.

Headlights swept over the window beside him; a car had turned into the lot. He ducked down. The car stopped, no more than ten feet away. A door opened and slammed shut; there was laughter, a murmur of voices. He lowered the window a few inches and peered cautiously out.

It was a big Mercedes. The Dekonings were in the front seat, and his father and Harriet were standing beside it. Grace Dekoning was doing most of the talking, her voice whining, slurred.

". . . stupid, *stupid* little man and his stupid, *stupid* little restaurant! Why did you let him talk that way to me?"

PLEASE

USE YOUR POSTAL ZONE NUMBER

The U. S. Post Office and *The Saturday Evening Post* need your help. By giving us your zone number, you'll be assuring speedy delivery of your magazines.

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105

Paul Dekoning said soothingly, "All right, Gracie. We won't go there anymore. How's that?"

"Oh, I just *hate* those sassy krauts! You go back there tomorrow, honey, and punch him in the nose!"

It went on for a while, Grace complaining and Paul Dekoning trying to calm her down, and then the Dekonings drove away. Harriet and his father were silent for a moment, and then his father sighed.

"May I ask what *that* means?" Harriet said, her voice flat.

"You'll have to admit they were right not to let her go on drinking," his father said. "Though it didn't interfere with her talking, did it?"

He chuckled, as if he were trying to make a joke of it, but he didn't sound amused.

"I'm very fond of Grace," Harriet said. "She's fun. Which is more than I can say for you tonight."

"I'm sorry."

"You always are," Harriet said. She laughed. "I've never known such a sorry, sorry man."

She took a few steps toward the Adlerhof and turned, but his father was just standing there, his hands in his coat pockets, looking down.

"As you may have noticed, it's cold out here," Harriet said. "Shall we go in?"

"All right," his father said.

He watched them cross the parking lot. Harriet was wearing her white leather coat; he could follow her all the way to the steps and up them onto the porch, but his father's outline dwindled as they got farther away, and at last it was as if Harriet had gone into the hotel with no one at all beside her.

He rolled the window up, but it didn't make much difference; the cold was all through him now. They'd find him sooner or later, he thought dully. There was no point in freezing here.

He got out of the bus.

Across the ski-school field the Königshorn was luminous in the moonlight. The night was very clear; he could make out the thin line of the rope tow on the practice slope, even the stakes of the slalom course halfway up the mountainside. Silence hung like a vapor in the frosty air.

He turned toward the Adlerhof. Behind the glowing windows that overlooked the porch, shadowy figures moved. There they were, all of them, waiting for him—the Snowbirds too, probably; maybe even a few cops. He would just walk in, he decided, and stand there with his face contorted and his tongue hanging out. *Take me to your leader!* he would say when they turned and found him there.

He went across the parking lot and up the porch steps and in.

They were at the far side of the lounge, talking—no Snowbirds and no cops, only his father and Otto and Harriet. He waited, ready with the joke he had decided on, but when they saw him the words would not come.

His father and Otto just stood there, looking surprised and slightly numb. Harriet's face was different; it changed from surprise to a kind of triumph, and when she looked at his father she was smiling a little, as if the triumph were in some way over him. She started forward.

His father's hand shot out and caught her by the wrist, and drew her back, slowly, until she was behind him, and kept her there.

For a moment it made no sense; then it did, and he knew suddenly that the rest was up to him. He took one step and then another, and then he was moving faster, running, and his father was coming toward him, his arms out wide. He flung himself into his father's arms, saying, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry . . ." saying it over and over again, and when his father's arms closed about him, holding him tight, he began to cry, but already he was beginning to understand that whatever happened, however they punished him, he was safer now than he had been before. THE END

Magnificent Magnavox in space-saving stereo—true sound undistorted by tubes

New solid state circuitry eliminates vacuum tubes and component-damaging heat—the cause of most failures. Both these Magnavox phonographs give you stereophonic sound with tonal purity never before possible in such compact sizes—*and at such modest prices.* And these superbly designed, precision-crafted Magnavox phonographs are so gentle with your records. The exclusive Micromatic record player pick-up plays at only 1/10-ounce touch. Your records can last a lifetime. See the Yellow Pages for your Magnavox dealer.

The Magnasonic 602 (L). Walnut-finished cabinet projects sound from both sides and front. 10" deep, 17½" high, 34" wide. *$149.50.*

The Portable 249 (R). So compact and lightweight. Wing-type speakers lift off for broader stereo separation. *$139.90.*

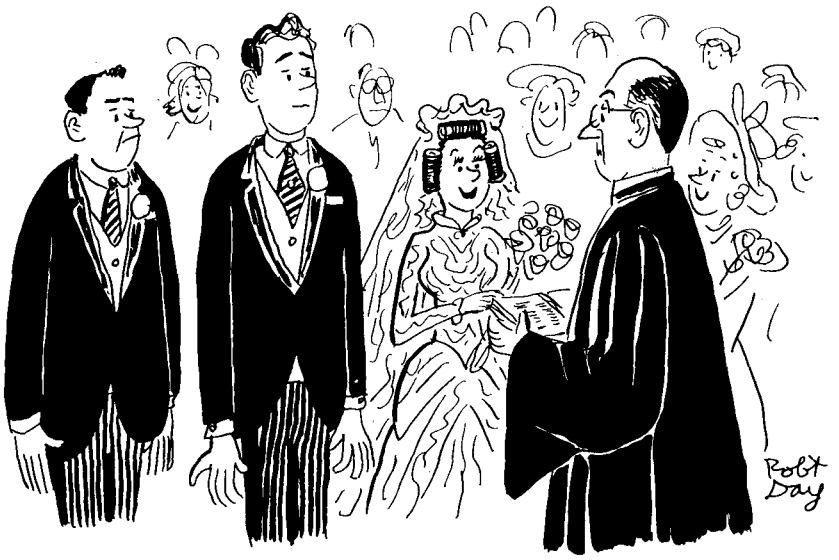
the magnificent **Magnavox**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

post scripts

"Let's take another peek at that thermostat."

"Angela!"



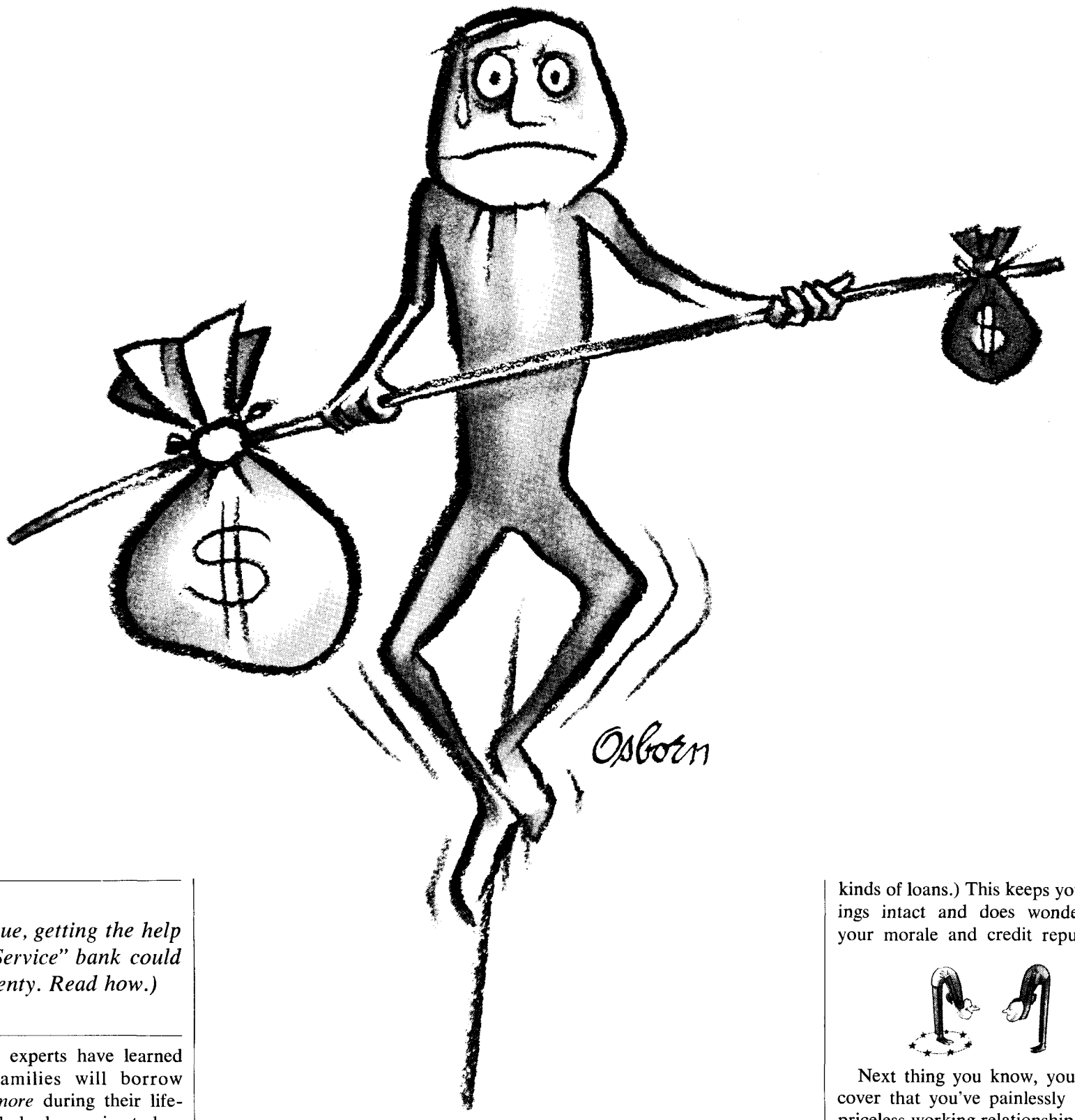
"I want my hair to look nice for the reception."

"Dear, your secretary tells me you've finally found a job for my brother."

"What now, Running Bear?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Most people borrow more money in a lifetime than they save!"



(If this is true, getting the help of a "Full Service" bank could save you plenty. Read how.)

Our financial experts have learned that most families will borrow $50,000 *or more* during their lifetime. This includes borrowing to buy homes, cars, TV sets and appliances, a college education for the kids, maybe even a small business or a

farm. It's a rare (and rich) family that will ever get that much into its savings account!

It's obvious, then, that *where* you borrow your money and *how much* you pay for it is most important. Your financial future depends more on how little you pay for your loans, rather than how much you might earn on your savings.

Do you know the best place to borrow money? Do *they* know *you?*

The best place to borrow is a "Full Service" bank

Even outside financial experts will tell you that the best place to borrow is a "Full Service" bank. Why? Because the rates are generally lower. (On a $2000 loan to buy a car, for example, they might save you as much as $100 in interest charges.)

How do you get on friendly terms with the bank so they'll be able to offer you these low-cost loans? That's an easy question—don't let the long answer fool you.

Get to know your banker before you need him

Pick a "Full Service" bank that's convenient and go in often enough so that at least one of the bankers knows who you are. Give the bank all your checking and savings account business.

Take out a few small loans from time to time and pay them back as promised. ("Full Service" banks are also the only ones that make *all* kinds of loans.) This keeps your savings intact and does wonders for your morale and credit reputation.

Next thing you know, you'll discover that you've painlessly built a priceless working relationship with a bank. What's more, your growing savings account and paid-in-full loans give you the necessary leverage to make larger loans should the need arise. If you have any doubts that this plan will work, just try it. You have everything to gain.

FULL SERVICE BANK

Your Full Service Commercial Bank

A "Full Service" bank is the only one that offers checking accounts, savings accounts, and loans for almost every purpose you can name. Look for this 7-star "Full Service" emblem or ask if you're not sure.

COPYRIGHT 1963 • FOUNDATION FOR COMMERCIAL BANKS • PHILA. 1, PA.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BASKETBALL'S IRISH CZAR

A charming and irrepressible hustler named J. Walter Kennedy has taken over the National Basketball Association, a league in dire need of big-league status.

By Terry Smith

For the first 17 years of its existence, the National Basketball Association was a pride of predators who ate each other up. For president they needed Clyde Beatty with a kitchen chair. Into this cage last fall walked a man who likes everybody. His first official move was to hang one on the eye of an old friend.

J. (for James) Walter Kennedy was 10 years old when he got a job emptying ash cans behind the Y.W.C.A. building in Stamford, Conn. Between that dusty start and his present job as president of the N.B.A., there were assorted stopoffs, including two terms as the mayor of his hometown. Everywhere he went, Kennedy made friends.

But hardly had J. Walter trampled into his new office on the 33rd floor of the Empire State Building in New York, than he slapped Arnold (Red) Auerbach, the bald, contentious coach of the champion Boston Celtics, with a downright hostile $500 fine. (The old office of the N.B.A., on the 80th floor, was inhabited by a pumpernickel-shaped president named Maurice Podoloff, who never fined anybody more than $175.)

What made J. Walter, the politic president, seem so suddenly angry? Kennedy understands image, in the current, unpoetic sense, and he knew the old image of the N.B.A. "Bush league" is the sporting term that applies.

Auerbach's Celtics had been playing this exhibition in a little gym at Oceanside, a commuter-laden bedroom of New York. Twice, officials called fouls against the Celtics and twice Auerbach protested. Result: two additional technical fouls.

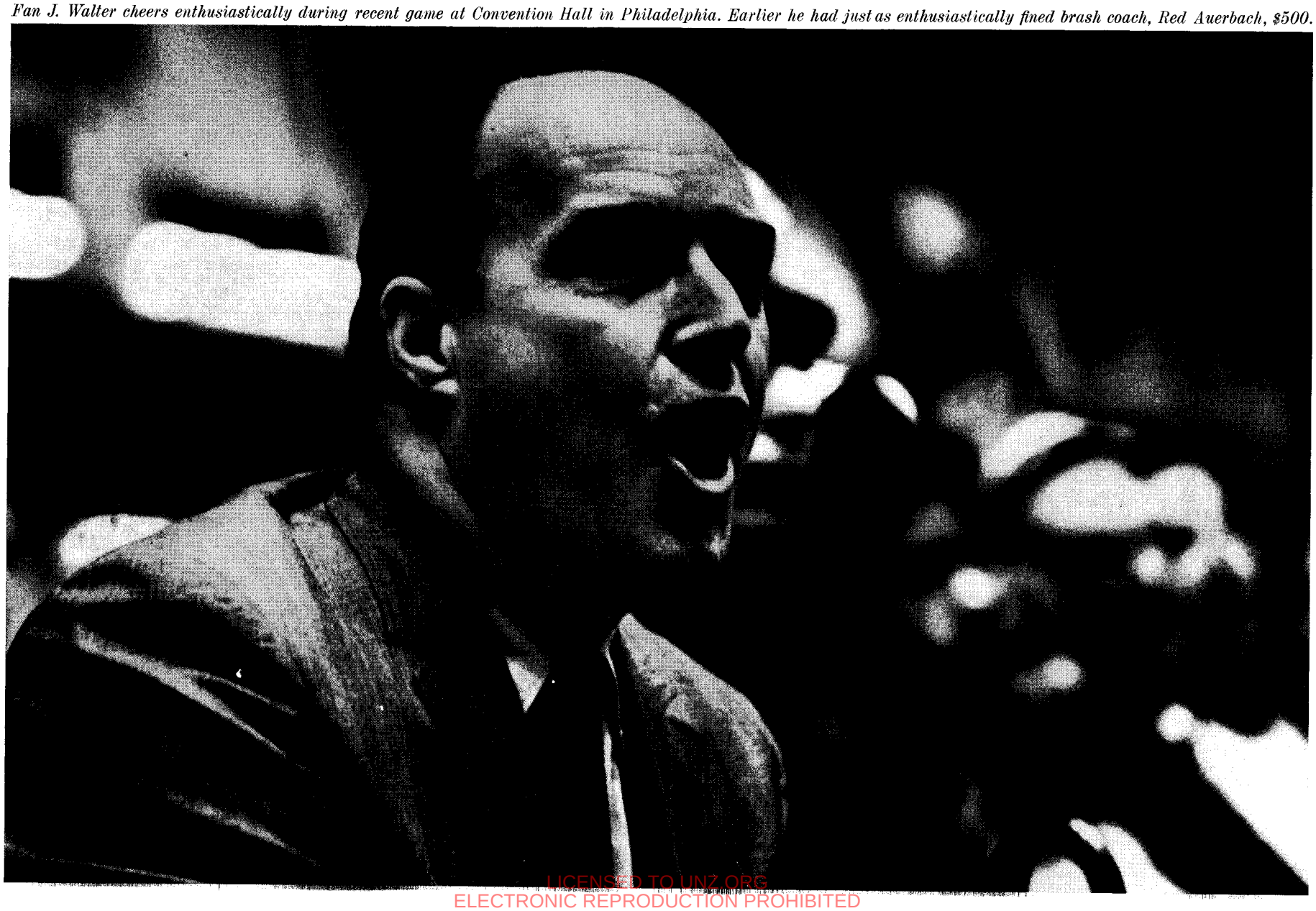
The crowd was small—perhaps 2,000—and the game seemed inconsequential to Auerbach, born, or at least accustomed, to the manner of world-championship playoffs. After the second technical, he reacted in the approved style of the kid who owns the ball, which is to say, "You guys don't want to do it my way; I'm going home." Auerbach pulled his team off the court. When, some time afterward, he allowed them to go back, he insisted on watching the rest of the game from the stands, although the referee, Mendy Rudolph, had long since ordered him from the premises.

As soon as he received Rudolph's report, Kennedy imposed the fine, which in its way was like the $5,000 that Babe Ruth was fined for breaking training. Part of the idea was shock.

Shocked to his ganglia and checking account, Auerbach called Kennedy to protest, to wheedle, to coax. All failing, the coach of the N.B.A. champions then told the N.B.A. president that if the fine were not rescinded he would retire from basketball at the end of the season.

Kennedy wired Auerbach: "I went by the rule book which states that a coach must be automatically fined five hundred dollars if he refuses to leave the basketball arena after being ejected by a referee. . . . The fine stands and must be paid within five days from this date." The

Fan J. Walter cheers enthusiastically during recent game at Convention Hall in Philadelphia. Earlier he had just as enthusiastically fined brash coach, Red Auerbach, $500.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

telegram closed cozily: "Kindest personal regards. Walter Kennedy."

Before long the Auerbach fine will be forgotten amidst the flap created by another of the league's controversies, which seem as regularly scheduled as the games in the N.B.A. But in the future Kennedy is likely to handle the problems much the way he did his first one—with a firm hand and an eye centered directly on the major-league future of the N.B.A.

That future looks closer now than ever before. After 17 years of squabbling and bouncing through dingy gyms in one bush town and another, the league owners have settled nine franchises in metropolitan areas of a million or more, with the smallest hall seating 10,000. They have a television plan that makes sense and a good chance to draw three million customers. In every respect they hope to go big league—and that includes the front office.

James Walter Kennedy, at 50, possesses a pre-czar background of business, public relations, politics and sports. His business career began with the ash cans in the basement, a chore for which he earned 30 cents. His ash-can clientele grew in the neighborhood, soon including two more regulars, whose coal-fed furnaces he banked every night and cleared every morning.

Meanwhile, his father, Michael James Kennedy, lugged Walter to soccer, football and baseball games all over town, and to the prizefights in the local armory. In the best of all possible worlds, young Walter imagined there might be a job in sports that involved travel. Then, at 13, he got his first, as the official scorer of a basketball team called the "Stamford Pros." He was paid a dollar a game, and made his first trip—to romantic, exotic Scranton, Pa.

In the fall of 1930 Kennedy went off to the University of Notre Dame, from which he was graduated in the booming, prosperous spring of 1934. During that absolute bottom of the depression, jobs were scarce, even for newly minted intellectuals with a college education and an interest in sports.

The solution was a job that Kennedy was abundantly prepared for—bouncer in the Black Forest Restaurant at Chicago's Century of Progress Exposition. When a customer became unruly, Kennedy, dressed in Bavarian *lederhosen*, would sidle his 140 pounds up to him and timidly suggest that he shut up. If this technique failed, Kennedy would withdraw for a moment and return with two former tackles from Notre Dame.

Back in Stamford the next spring, he took a job as a social worker, first for the city and then for the Catholic Charities. By now an irrepressible hustler, he had a dozen side operations going, just as he had had in college. He was a waiter, a coach, a referee and an umpire. One free-lance coaching assignment was as mother superior for a women's baseball team with the alarming name of the "Stamford Rambler Girls."

After two years of social work and part-time coaching, Kennedy put in two more as the full-time coach at a Stamford prep school and three years selling textbooks, and in 1943 he went back to Notre Dame as director of the university's sports publicity.

When the forerunner of the N.B.A., the Basketball Association of America, was born in the summer of 1946, it hired Maurice Podoloff as commissioner. Under the rotund Podoloff, who had never seen a basketball game before he took office, the owners hired Kennedy as publicity man. Podoloff and Kennedy squabbled from the beginning and Kennedy probably would have quit long before he did, five years later, except for the battery of side jobs that kept him busy.

He opened a public-relations office of his own, began to publish the West Point football program, announced college and pro football games with Ted Husing, and did the commentary on the first televised basketball games from Madison Square Garden. In his spare time, he was national secretary for baseball's toddling Little League, and served as a member of the Board of Education in Stamford.

Kennedy had a bellyful of squabbling with Podoloff by 1951, and when an offer to do full-time public relations for a restaurant chain appeared, he grabbed at the chance. But he was back in basketball a year later as the advance man for Abe Saperstein's Harlem Globetrotters. Now he really traveled—through Europe to Moscow and North Africa, handling the publicity and dreaming up promotion schemes.

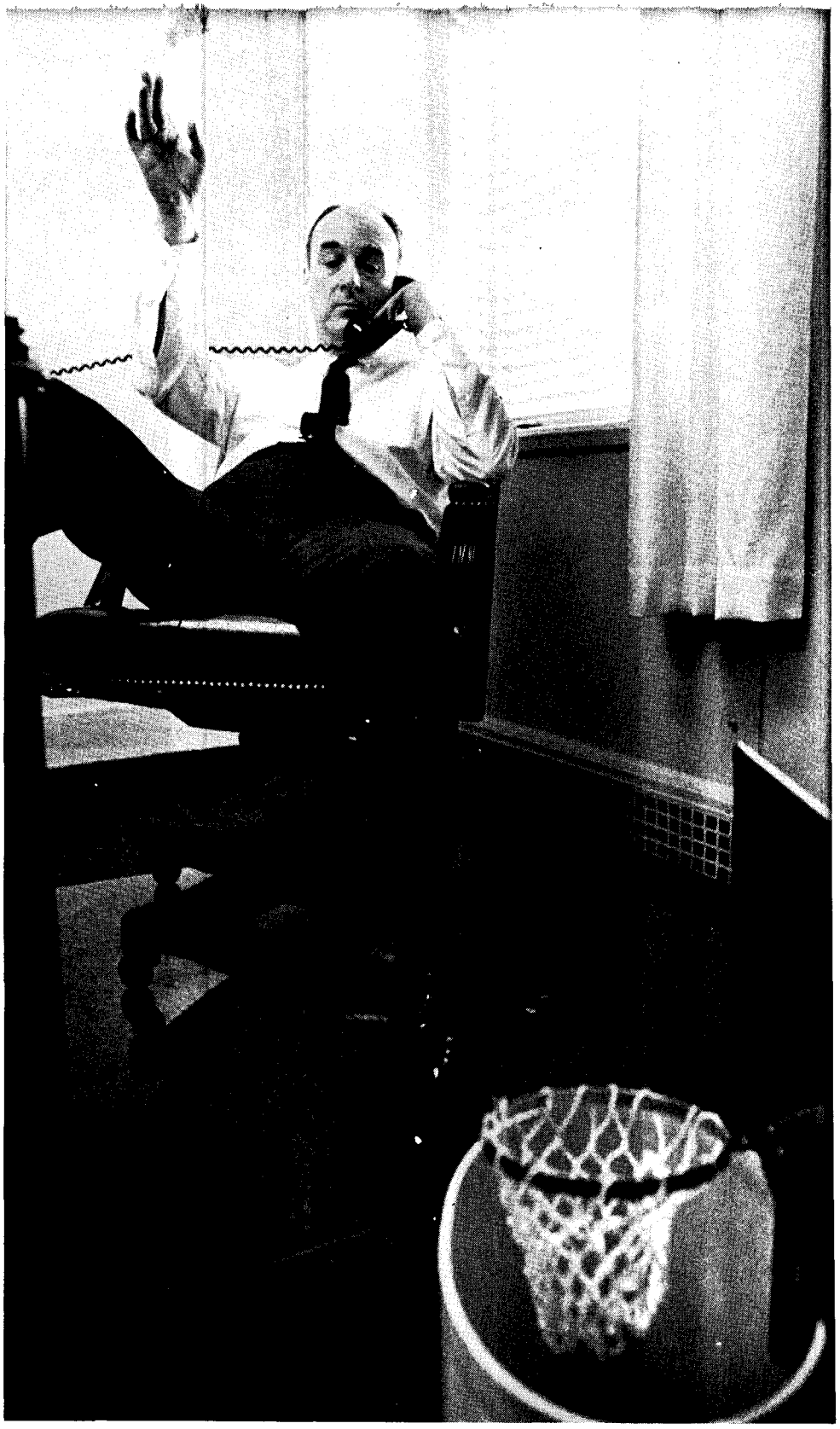
In 1959 Democrats in Stamford were seeking a candidate with a lot of friends and a minimum of political commitments. Stumping the town of 100,000 with inexhaustible energy, Kennedy defeated a former three-term mayor in a primary and squashed an invisible Republican opponent two-to-one in the election. He survived a stiff tax increase and won reelection in a three-horse race two years later. He began to attract statewide attention when he managed the successful senatorial campaign of former Gov. Abraham Ribicoff.

Kennedy thrived on politics and enjoyed every minute of the mayor's job. He is a glib extemporaneous speaker, with a stomach galvanized for Rotary Club luncheons and testimonial dinners. His wife Marion matched his pace, which one night included visits and speeches at nine political dinners.

The N.B.A. first knocked on Kennedy's door last February. He was not the only candidate the owners considered, and they stalled until May before making a definite offer. The salary for coping with the league's innumerable headaches is $30,000 plus expenses.

Considering its past, the league Kennedy has taken over is in robust health. The key to the checkered history of the N.B.A.—both its failures and the successes—is Maurice Podoloff. The principles of his administration seemed to be compromise and expediency and, above all, survival. He can be criticized for devious and delaying tactics, but no one can deny that he held the league together in spite of some shortsighted and antagonistic founding fathers.

In the matter of public relations, or image, Maurice Podoloff was a disaster. This was no accident.



Basketball czar J. Walter, outmaneuvering phone wire, launches right-hand push shot.

He still considers the Madison Avenue approach a lot of nonsense. "All the public relations and publicity in the world can't do for the N.B.A. what Bob Cousy's back-pass did," he said.

As far as the league's public relations are concerned, Kennedy is an old hand whose reactions will be as conditioned as Pavlov's dogs'. His television experience is also an asset. He has begun negotiations for a 1964–65 television contract for substantially more cash than the N.B.A.'s largest previous deal. In the first month of this season the league's attendance was up 27 percent over last year, and Kennedy had collected another $5,000 in fines for the league cash box. The assessment was levied by the board of governors during Podoloff's term against the owners of the Baltimore Bullets for contracting to move their team from Chicago before they sought league permission. But it was Kennedy who collected.

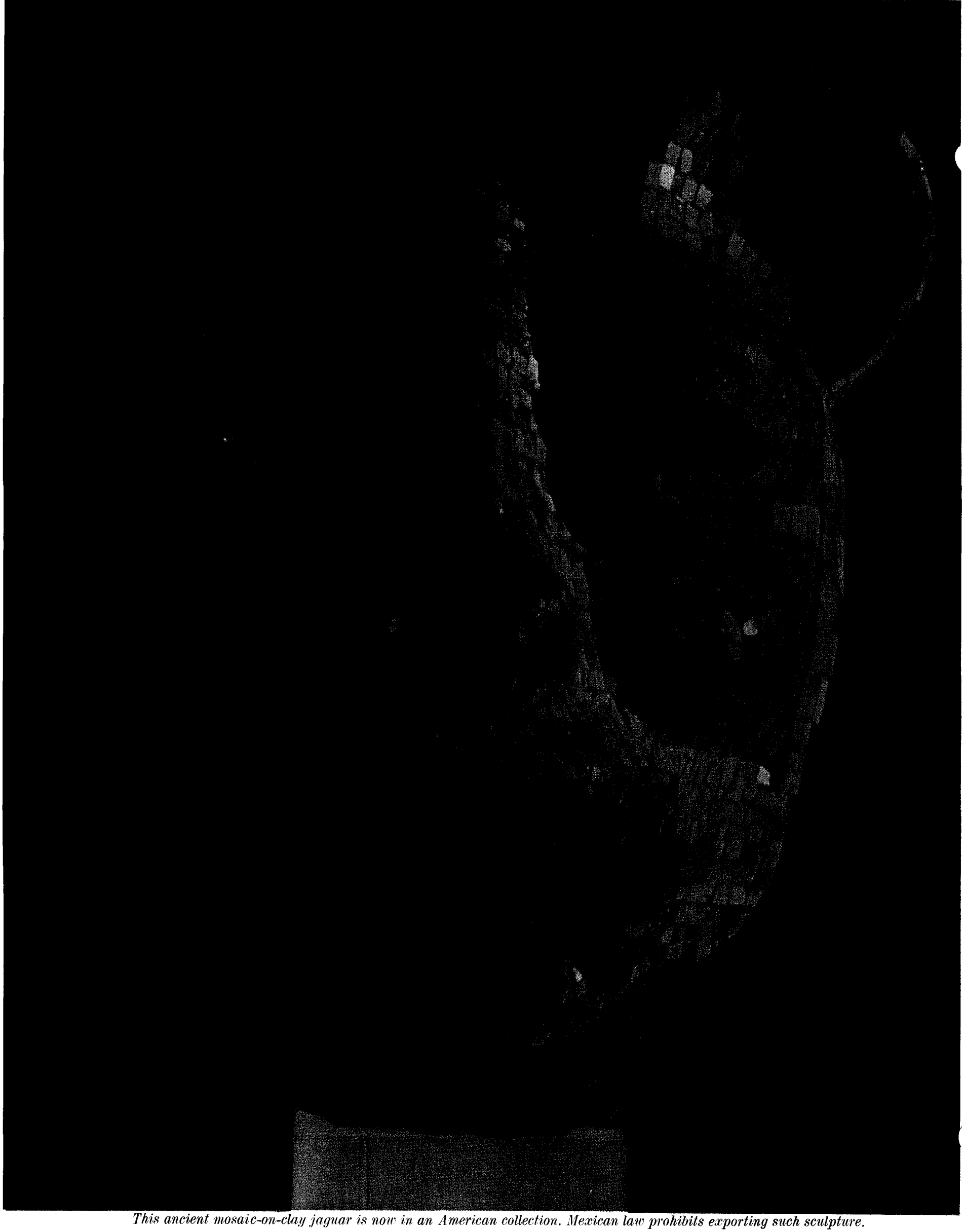
He also has begun to reorganize the corps of officials and has rewritten the league's constitution, which was amended during Podoloff's reign into a fascinating study in contradiction.

Like his predecessor, Kennedy will be hell on players who bet or associate with gamblers. In his tour of the franchise cities in the opening weeks of the season, he bearded each of the teams and delivered a lecture designed to make this grim fact clear.

"Read your contract," he told them. "Don't just stop at the paragraph about your salary—read the part below that. It gives the president extraordinary powers as far as gambling is concerned. I promise you now, that if I hear of one of you even associating with people who have a reputation for gambling, you are out—*forever*."

Kennedy is not a bluenose or a stuffy moralist. He merely was underlining what will become the obsession of his administration. The N.B.A. must go big league—with honest players, officials who command respect from the coaches, and owners who can see beyond the turnstiles of their own arenas. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



This ancient mosaic-on-clay jaguar is now in an American collection. Mexican law prohibits exporting such sculpture.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTRABAND

ART FROM NOBODY KNOWS WHERE

Bootleg digging unearths such antiquities as this.

NOT EXACTLY WHERE, ANYWAY. AND NOT EXACTLY HOW, EITHER. BUT DESPITE THE MYSTERY OF IT ALL, MILLIONS OF DOLLARS' WORTH OF MEXICAN ART TREASURES SOMEHOW FIND THEIR WAY TO THE UNITED STATES EACH YEAR.

Behind the wheel of the speeding blue sedan, in the worn old mountains 30 miles north of Mexico City, Hernando Martin kept his eyes fixed on the narrow highway that snaked ahead of us in the darkness. Hernando held the speedometer at 80, his cheek twitching nervously from time to time. He wanted no accidents, or trouble that might attract the police, for the sedan was loaded with contraband, bound across the Rio Grande into Texas.

It was a strange kind of contraband—not narcotics, not jewelry or weapons or counterfeit money. Packed in three cardboard cartons under our luggage in the back was a load of Tarascan sculpture newly unearthed from an ancient tomb in Mexico's western highlands. There were a dozen terra cotta statues of priests and warriors and maidens, stubby, lifelike little figures not more than 16 inches high. They could net Hernando as much as $3,000 if he got them out of Mexico—or, if he failed, up to five years in jail, maybe even a bullet in the back.

"They got me once," Hernando said, his teeth flashing in his thin, sallow face. "At the border. I was in jail for two weeks, and it cost me $1,000 to buy my way out. *Mordida* we call it. The bite. They also confiscated $12,000 worth of Mayan jade. They say this stuff is the property of the nation. I'd like to know what 'the nation' did with that jade. Nobody in Mexico ever saw it again."

On the circuitous 1,000-mile run to the Texas border, this reporter had plenty of time to reflect on Hernando's bravado and the whole art-smuggling racket. Many nations rich in antiquities, including Greece, Italy and Egypt, forbid unlicensed excavation and exporting of art. But nowhere are such laws flouted as openly as in Mexico. One art dealer in Mexico City estimates that "there are 50,000 peons out digging for art every day of the week." And with uncanny regularity the things they unearth turn up in collections and museums in the United States, Western Europe, Japan and even Russia.

Two of the world's most important collections of ancient Mexican art—the Arensberg and Bliss collections—are at the Philadelphia Museum and at Dumbarton Oaks in Washington. Both were acquired from donors who originally purchased most of the art from smugglers, or dealers supplied by smugglers. In Manhattan's Museum of Primitive Art, built around the private collection of Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, are dozens of pieces bought from dealers who rely heavily on the smugglers. Some get their wares from students, tourists, even migrant workers, but the biggest and richest depend on a corps of about 50 seasoned professionals. Through the efforts of the smugglers, one knowledgeable American collector estimates, more than $100 million worth of art has been taken out of Mexico in the past decade.

The vogue for the Indian art that flourished before Columbus is only now reaching its zenith. Pre-Columbian gold and jade jewelry, exquisitely sculptured Mayan figurines, even mammoth Aztec and Toltec-Maya gravestones are coveted in the art world. Pieces that sold for $1,000 less than 10 years ago are now snapped up for $10,000. To a certain extent, however, collecting pre-Columbian art, like all art collecting, is a fad, a tax gimmick and an investment in status.

Nowhere are fad, status and investment more highly regarded than in Hollywood, and pre-Columbian art has become part of the Southern California scene. Edward G. Robinson, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, Gene Kelly, John Huston and Vincent Price are among the more prominent members of the cult. And the man who founded this cult, introducing the stars to the statues, is a round, white-haired Hollywood art dealer named Earl Stendahl.

When I first went to see Stendahl not long ago, he donned his big black Homburg and drove me to the home of Edward G. Robinson in Beverly Hills. The actor, still sporting the beard he grew for a movie, affectionately wrapped Stendahl in a healthy Hollywood hug. Then, trailing cigar smoke, Robinson took us to view the works of such masters as Picasso, Rouault and Renoir. In his main gallery 30 modern paintings hung above a score of ancient Mexican statues. Robinson picked up a clay sculpture of a Jalisco wedding couple from the long mantel and held it fondly to the light.

"Aren't they a lovely pair?" he asked.

"I'm glad to see you taking good care of my things," said Stendahl, who maintains a proprietary attitude toward every work he has ever sold.

"Earl, you're an old bandit," Robinson said. "But you do get good things."

Stendahl has been getting "good things" out of Mexico and Central American countries for nearly 30 years. Perhaps his biggest coup was the acquisition of a magnificent seven-foot fresco of an ancient priest, resplendent in plumed headdress, entering a temple to pray. It is more than a decade since Stendahl acquired the painting—now in one of the leading American collections—but the Mexican government is still incensed by what it regards as the theft of a great national monument. Stendahl, however, insists that the painting would have been lost forever had he not "rescued" it from a field northeast of Mexico City. "It was lying in hundreds of pieces when I found it," Stendahl recalls. "It was just waiting for the rains to wash it away."

The dealer and his Mexican helpers worked for two days crating the pieces. At last, on a Sunday, while the police and the soldiers from a nearby barracks were at mass, Stendahl and his crew loaded the fresco onto a rented army truck and started it on its way to Hollywood.

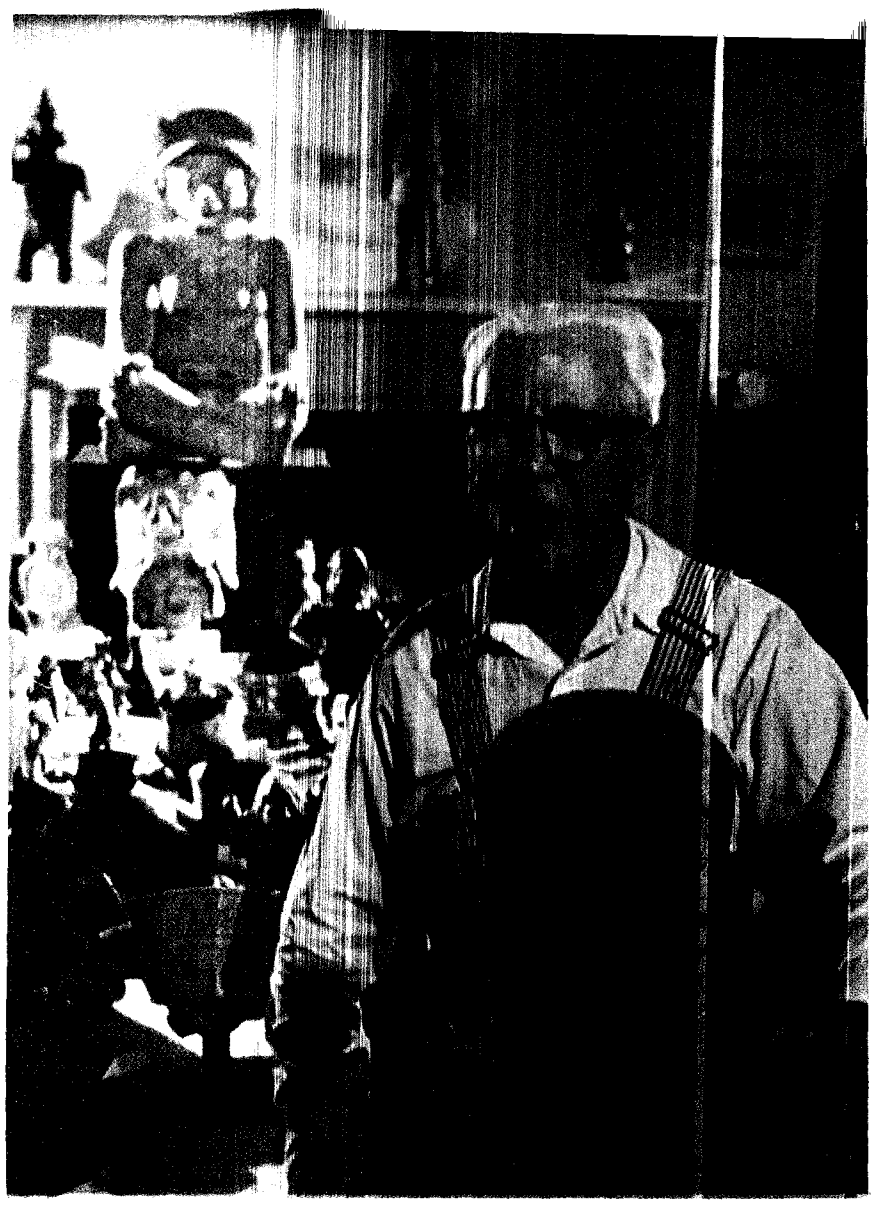
No American law had been violated, because the U.S. admits all antiquities duty free. And Stendahl is not alone in believing that most of the great Mexican art now in the U.S. and other countries might never have been preserved had it not been for the *contrabandistas*. For on an estimated 10,000 to 15,000 known archaeological sites, everyone is hacking away for whatever he can get. "It is like prohibition was in your country," says Señor Joaquin Cortina of Mexico's Anthropological Institute. "Liquor was illegal, but everybody made bathtub gin or bought stuff from a bootlegger."

The analogy is revealing. Many situations created by the 18th Amendment reappear in the Mexican art world: hijackings, shakedowns, home-brew art passed off as the real thing, even wars over the control of sites. And as with the trade in bootleg liquor, Mexican art excavation and smuggling is often done with the full knowledge, consent and connivance of some officials.

One Chicago collector tells of a journey into the Sierra Madre in search of an ancient Tarascan city. "A Mexican friend drove me to a village near the site, and we sat down in a sidewalk café on the town square and he sent for the mayor. There was a lot of drinking and a lot of talk. After my friend had slipped the mayor some money, a gang of prisoners came out of the jail on the other side of the square, carrying picks and shovels. 'There,' said the mayor, 'are your archaeologists. Try not to work them too hard.'" Billy Pearson, the ex-jockey who ran his knowledge of art to a $64,000 stake on a TV quiz show and now operates a pre-Columbian gallery in San Francisco, also testifies that Mexican customs officials have "a nice low bribing point." One time Pearson breezed across the border at Laredo with a trailer "loaded down with 4,000 pounds of Mexican national treasure." Total cost for the run: a case of canned chili.

BY WILLIAM JEROME GILL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



In his gallery, dealer Earl Stendahl pats an ancient god of death.

Jockey-turned-dealer Billy Pearson looks over part of his pre-Columbian trove.

SOLDIERS BATTLE SMUGGLERS, BUT THE JADE GETS THROUGH.

Machete fights and gun battles frequently flare over rich caches of art. The isle of Jaina off the coast of Yucatán, according to Billy Pearson, is the scene of intermittent warfare, for Jaina was a burial place for Mayan kings. Mexico has stationed soldiers on the island, but somehow the finely wrought, delicately painted Jaina figurines keep turning up on the world market. Pearson told me they are smuggled out by the shrimp fishermen of nearby Campeche. "They are the only ones with guts enough to take on the Mexican army," he says. "You wouldn't believe the battles that have been fought there. Dozens of guys have been killed. But the fishermen keep going back."

The fishermen are not alone. In 1957 an American dealer landed on Jaina with more than 40 men. Posing as a movie producer, he informed the commandant that he had come to shoot a documentary about an archaeological excavation, and he presented papers to prove it. For six weeks the cameramen ground away while the ersatz archaeologists dug. Then they left—with a find that one of the diggers said was worth millions. Stendahl, who once had a virtual corner on Jaina figurines and still has several dozen in his Hollywood gallery, denies he is the man who masqueraded as the movie producer.

The spectacular boom in pre-Columbian art has created a booming subsidiary industry in Mexico—the manufacture of pre-Columbian fakes. Many sell for two or three dollars, no more than the price of contemporary curios. But high-priced fakes made by skilled craftsmen fool even experts. Maurice Bonnefoy, a New York dealer, tells of a group of four Los Angeles businessmen who went digging in Veracruz state three years ago. After paying a landowner a handsome fee for permission to excavate on his ranch, they arrived in two lavishly furnished buses and hired peons to do the digging.

"Within a week the diggers came up with about 20 fine clay figures," Bonnefoy reports. "At this point a company of Mexican infantry appeared, and a troop of provincial police closed in from another direction. The soldiers confiscated the art in the name of the national government, and the police seized the buses. The Americans had to buy back the art from the soldiers and pay the police to release the buses. Then they fled to Los Angeles. There they found that every piece they had was fake. Later they learned the landowner had staged the whole affair, and they were out $125,000."

It was an American, John Lloyd Stephens, who opened the whole field of pre-Columbian study in 1839, when he hacked the Mayan city of Copán from the Guatemalan jungle. For a century after Stephens, the art that archaeologists retrieved from pre-Columbian tombs was consigned to natural-history museums. Then along came a Yankee from Massachusetts named Edward Herbert Thompson who got himself appointed U.S. consul to Yucatán and bought a huge ranch which took in the old Mayan capital of Chichén Itzá. In diving operations over a period of 20-odd years, he dredged up a rich treasure in gold idols from the Cenote, an ancient sacrificial well. In the late 1920's the Mexican government suddenly sat up and took notice. It vainly demanded $500,000 for the Cenote treasure—by then at Harvard's Peabody Museum, one of Thompson's backers. A Mexican Supreme Court decision in the mid-1940's established the Peabody's right to the find but, as a gesture of friendship, the museum returned a portion of the treasure about three years ago.

Today the art world's appetite for pre-Columbian discoveries is so voracious that peasants often leave their crops rotting in the fields while they dig for art. "We would need an army to guard all the sites," says Dr. Eusebio Dávalos, director general of the Anthropological Institute. Moreover, sites that already are heavily guarded are far from smuggler-proof. Even the National Museum, located in the heart of Mexico City, is not impervious to raids. Three years ago a woman walked out of the museum with a stone Aztec coyote wrapped in a baby blanket. The case became a *cause célèbre* in Mexico, and a few months later the coyote reappeared, left on the doorstep of the Mexican consulate in San Antonio.

Because the police have been stricter since then, I was still mulling over Hernando Martin's previous capture when we came swooping out of a curve about 45 miles north of Mexico City. There, in the darkness a hundred yards ahead, a flashlight started swinging in wide, warning loops. Hernando screeched to a stop. A young federal police officer stepped into the glare of our headlights. There followed a staccato exchange in Spanish. I sat in silence, remembering the words of Billy Pearson, "If you think Mexican jails are fun, Bub, just try spending a night in one."

Abruptly the motor gunned to life and the cop waved farewell.

"Did he scare you, *amigo?*" Hernando laughed, tugging nervously at his earlobe. "He just wanted me to slow down."

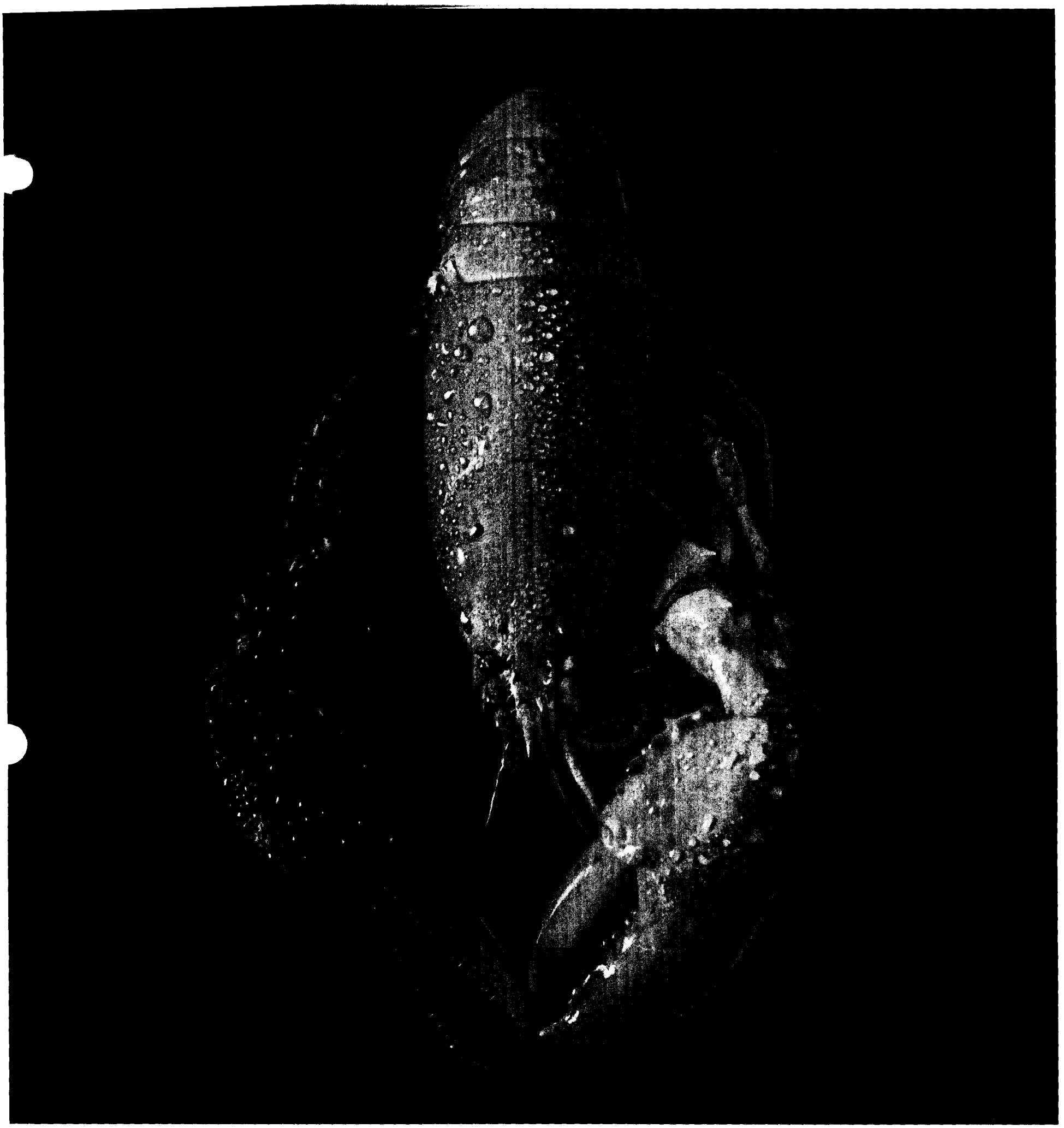
Twice more on the long drive to Texas we were stopped by police, once for running a red light, and again for speeding. Each time we were waved on with a polite warning. But how would we get across the border with contraband?

It was nearly midnight of the following day when we reached the Rio Grande. Floodlights blazed in front of the Mexican customs station. A sleepy official waved us to a stop. Another customs man, looking wide awake in his smart uniform, came out of the building and started firing questions in rapid Spanish. I could catch only a few words. As the officer interrogated Hernando, the sleepy one opened a rear door and poked around in the luggage. Twice, in reply to questions, Hernando gestured at me with his thumb, and I felt the officer studying me with curiosity. Then the door slammed behind us, and the motor started up.

"*Gracias, señor,*" Hernando said. "*Muchas gracias.*" The car began rolling unhurriedly across the bridge over the Rio Grande. We were past the boundary marker before either of us spoke.

"I told him you were very sick," Hernando said triumphantly. "I said that I had to get you to a doctor over here in Texas pronto." THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



One man's delight—another man's allergy

Jones eats and enjoys lobster—like most of us. Smith takes one bite—and breaks out in an allergic rash.

Allergies, whether caused by foods or by an infinite variety of other substances, plague millions of us. In some cases, allergies are only a dreadful, temporary nuisance. In others, they're a recurring, agonizing ailment.

Treatment for allergy has improved so much that victims can generally be relieved of most—if not all—of their misery, by anti-allergic drugs.

One of the most effective of these drugs came from the laboratories of Parke-Davis. When used as prescribed, these drugs can ease or clear up inflamed, itching eyes and skin—open clogged breathing passages—help the allergy victim work and sleep more comfortably.

Today over 400 scientifically trained persons in research at Parke-Davis are working to improve existing medicines, to create new ones, to find better ways of combating diseases. Their aim: healthier, longer lives for all of us.

PARKE-DAVIS

BETTER MEDICINES FOR A BETTER WORLD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A poker addict in the frozen north, reduce

A TALE OF

The author's poker career ended last summer. A farewell appearance in Manhattan, tearful *au revoirs* from appreciative winners, the presentation of a book of check stubs set in bronze, then retirement. Not because of old age—I can still bet two low pairs with almost no tremor—but simply because the household has moved from New York City to northern New England. (The trouble is not that they don't play poker in farming country, but that in the only game I have been able to find, they play it for farms.)

Recently a pitying city friend tried to ease the withdrawal pains by sending me something called "PLAY-POKER, a Fun Game from Jeffco Games Inc., Winnetka, Ill. For Travelers and Shut-ins." This is a cardboard robot that plays poker at you, using hands already dealt out by Jeffco. After four hands of seven-card stud, I was $48 ahead of the robot, Jeffco having dealt me one straight and two ace-high full houses. "You can't go broke taking a profit," I remark wittily to player No. 3, who has just backed two second-best flushes. Since the play involves nothing mor complicated than pushing back little tabs in a piece of heavy cardboard to see what Jeffco has dealt everyone, a little paranoiac fantasy is helpful in maintaining interest. Player No. 3 quickly takes on the loathesome likeness of a city editor named Sneed, braggardly in victory and sniveling in defeat. Sneed goes shy on the next pot, and I, mounting a shrewd psychological attack, offer to sell him chips. . . .

But the game is not the same, and I think I have finally figured out why. It may be true that outwitting the robot is a test of card sense, but it is also true that the card sense required for success at poker would not strain the synapses of a talking horse. (The Russians, in fact, claim to have taught poker to women.) The trouble with Jeffco's robot is that the principal challenge of poker is missing.

Shallow thinkers will tell you that this challenge lies in observing and taking advantage of the subtle erosion of money on character. A certain player always stacks his chips when bluffing, and the contemptible Sneed can be driven to despair merely by interrupting the game for a complicated sandwich order. That sort of thing.

But although this is missing too, it is not the main source of poker's narcotic attraction. The principal challenge of poker is getting seven male human beings together to play it.

There are no winners at this contest; eventual even the shrewdest game organizer loses his reflexes and has to be pastured out to something less demanding, like finding fourths for bridge. Admittedly there is a certain leeway; poker can

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...playing against a robot, recalls a trap set for the perfect loser.

FISH AND CHIPS

By JOHN SKOW

be played with six, or even five. But everyone knows how a five- or six-man evening turns out; there are always one or two idiots who want to quit early, and there you are at three in the morning with no game.

You need seven, and if possible, six of these should be fish—players who are, like sardines, born losers. The paradox faced by the organizer is that if he lines up seven, no more than four can be counted on. Yet, if he invites eight or nine, allowing for dropouts, he will get eight or nine.

There is no way to play poker with nine men. One wife, who had volunteered for dark reasons of her own to stay home, serve beer, make midget sandwiches and flounce about in sweet disapproval, asked why the eight men who had turned up to play poker with her husband did not form two tables. There is only one answer to such a question, and the husband made it: "Serve the sandwiches, honey." At a quarter of one in the morning, three of his guests got tired of waiting for someone else to leave, and left, and the game got started. At 10 the next morning the wife woke up, combed her hair, and asked rather desperately whether anyone wanted eggs. No one did. She went to a movie.

For years the best organizer on the East Coast was a man named William F. Charity. His devotion to the game was saintly. Although not rich, he maintained a membership in his club solely to provide a place for his group to play. He brought change. He emptied ashtrays. And he was a frequent, uncomplaining loser. What finally broke Charity was what should have been his finest hour.

The game had not convened for seven weeks. One of the members was on vacation, one had been maneuvered into an adult-education folk-dancing class, and a third, fighting languidly for custody of his children in a divorce suit, had to his great embarrassment won the fight.

Then one morning Charity came into the office looking as if he had just invented the purse-seine mackerel net, which, in a way, he had. "We're on tonight," he said. "Jones is playing."

This was fantastic news. Jones was as fine a fish as Charity was an organizer. Jones lost and lost with never a cross word or a bad check—they were always postdated, but solid gold on the first of the month. However, Jones had been transferred to Baltimore. Even so, it was not the distance that kept him from the game but the fact that airlines do not accept postdated checks.

No, said Charity, Jones was still in Baltimore. But he wanted to play, and Charity had wired money to an airline ticket office at the Washington National Airport. All Jones had to do was pick up the ticket.

"Oh man, it'll be great," said Charity.

"He'll stay four days at least. We can start Thursday after work, take sick leave Friday. . . . How much do you think he's good for?"

This question may seem indelicate, but it was merely convention. Among themselves, poker players pretend that it is money they are after, just as to their wives the explanation is companionship. Neither pretense is on nodding terms with the truth. Poker players play poker for the same reason that poodles bite doormen and lemmings leap into the sea: It is their nature.

A winner rarely comes anywhere near his own hourly wage over the course of a 12-hour session, and what with the loans he is expected to sit still for, the things he buys when he finishes ahead—monogrammed shirts, camel's-hair overcoats—and the protection money he pays to his wife as "her share" of the winnings, he is usually worse off than a loser. As for the companionship dodge, the ideal poker antagonist is an honest, solvent stranger who is not sure which is higher, a flush or a straight. Try and find him.

So, metaphysics aside, how much would Jones go for? Arthur, who was our solid citizen (he had a three-bedroom house, with a real mortgage, in South Orange, N.J.), said $200 to $250, if the game went into a second day. Charity's eyes shaded like those of a crocodile contemplating a springbok.

Eager for the fish fry

We all showed up that night a half hour early. Stevens, Arthur and I lurked about outside Charity's college club until Charity peeked out and convoyed us past the club doorman, who had seen us every two weeks for two years and had spent the time perfecting a look that suggested we must surely have the wrong address.

Charity had decided that the club game room was not suitable for the occasion, and had reserved a two-room suite. We counted the chips three times and put them in neat piles. Finally we opened one of the new packs of Bicycles and began playing four-handed, slowly.

After an hour Charity got up, emptied the ashtrays, and sat down. He was losing, and he looked pale. Twenty minutes later he called the airport. The plane had arrived, but not Jones. There would be another plane at 10:45.

Jones, of course, was not on that one either. Charity came back from the phone in a frenzy. He was down $65, not counting the plane ticket. What could have happened? There was no question of duplicity; Jones had a sunny, open heart, which was what made him so valuable to our game. We dealt a few more hands. I lost in dribbles. Stevens, a guilt-racked man who always quit at 9:25 A.M. Sundays, losing or not, in order to teach Sunday school, tortured himself for coming. Arthur won steadily but gloomily; he held what amounted to an endowed chair at our table, and winning did not always cheer him up. At 11:25 we quit.

It was almost a week before we learned what had happened. Charity was not visible at the office the next day, and after the weekend he looked so ill that no one bothered him. But this is what we finally reconstructed. The tragedy occurred because of a rare quality in Jones's makeup; not only was he an unbelievable fish, but he knew it. And didn't care. He loved poker, not with a masochist's twisted lust, but with the innocent and hopeless adoration of an eight-year-old for his third-grade teacher.

So Jones had wandered up to the ticket counter in Washington an hour ahead of time, aching to shuffle cards and write checks. In this transport of love, he inquired whether his poker friends from New York had not left a ticket for him.

Indeed they had, said the ticket clerk, who was, as it happened, a man, and not one of those delightfully weathered ex-stewardesses who sometimes sell tickets. And they were poker friends? the clerk went on. That was interesting. There was nothing like poker. Jones agreed, bashfully envisioning the face of his mistress.

Oddly enough, said the clerk, he and some friends usually played every night at the airport, in the office behind the ticket counter. The game was supposed to start in five minutes. Would Jones like to watch until his plane came?

That was that, of course; a ticket clerk, two baggage loaders, and a stewardess had poached our fish. Jones cashed Charity's ticket, and wrote so many checks that he was out of action for six weeks.

Jones recovered; we did not. Our vacationing member came back, but there was no heart for the game. Charity gave up his club membership. Arthur went in with a friend and bought a racing greyhound. Stevens began devoting all his time to the Sunday school.

And I have quit, of course. My competitive days are over. But rusty as I am, I won 10 out of 30 hands Jeffco dealt out the other night and ended $196 ahead.

I have decided not to press the company for the money. The first of the month will do fine. But, in the meantime, would the president and the board of directors like to fly up to Vermont for a little nickel-dime? THE END

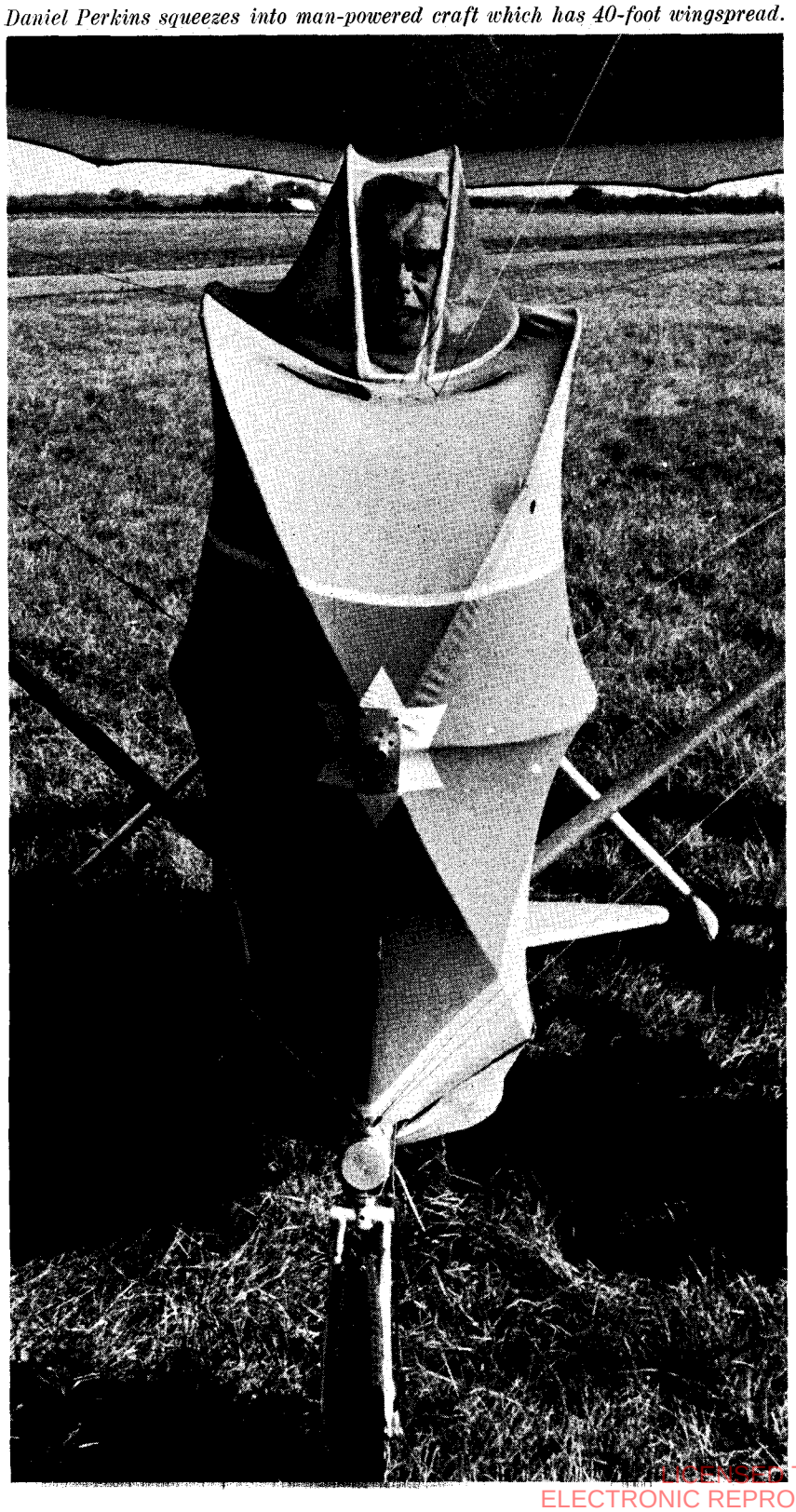
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A CRAZY WAY TO FLY

Braving broken bones and the jeers of skeptics, grown men are leaping from bridges, barns and the roofs of cars throughout the British Commonwealth in an effort to prove that man can soar under his own power. The ointment in this fly: A fat $14,000 prize.

BY PETE HAMILL

Daniel Perkins squeezes into man-powered craft which has 40-foot wingspread.



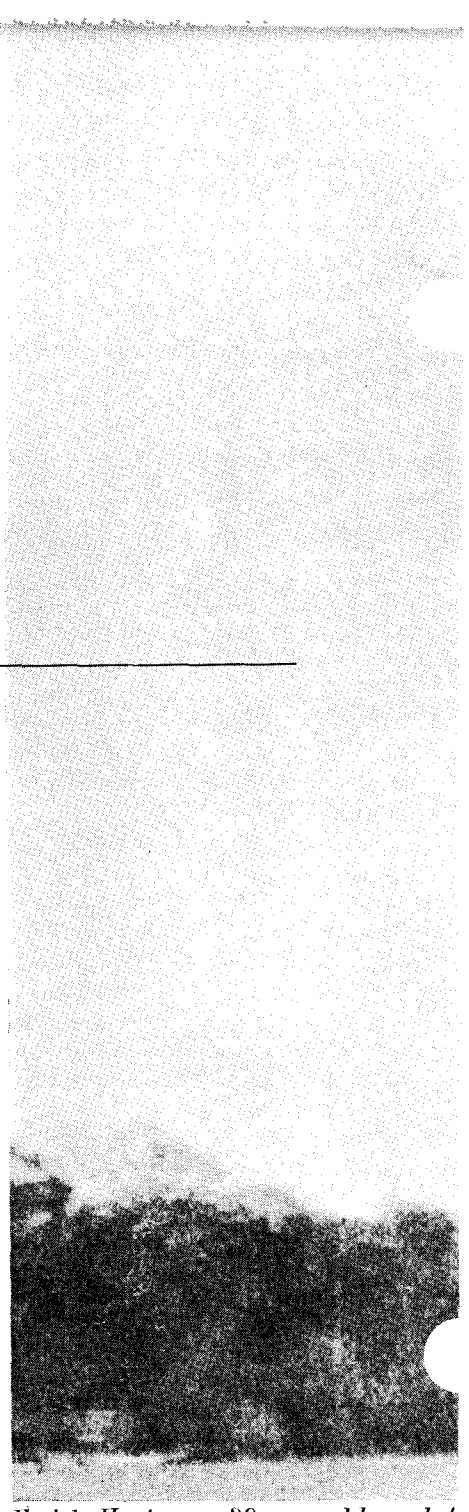
A 21-year-old youth named Donald Partridge walks to the center of the Hammersmith Bridge over the river Thames in London, strips down to a black turtleneck sweater and blue-striped swim trunks and stares for a moment into a woolly English fog. A companion lifts a strange device, made apparently of cloth, wood and feathers. He places it on Partridge's shoulders and straps it firmly across his chest and arms.

Partridge climbs onto the bridge wall, spreads his arms, points his beak at another bridge about 200 yards downstream, teeters and then dives grandly off the bridge. He plummets 50 feet to the water below and lands on his head. Dragged from the river, he ruffles his feathers and explains with exquisite calm: "I feel akin to the birds. As you can see, I am called the partridge, and my first name is Donald, the same as that of the famous duck."

Scenes such as these are being repeated with variations all over England, as far away as Australia, and in most other countries where the flags of the British Commonwealth still flutter in the breeze. Grown men are jumping from barns, bridges and the roofs of speeding automobiles. And while some of them, like Partridge, are merely pasting feathers onto frames, the great majority are building strange, spiky craft that seem to have sprung full-blown from the drawing board of Rube Goldberg. More than half a century after the Wright brothers, they are trying to learn to fly without engines—with no power other than that generated by their own bodies.

"I suppose," said one London aeronautical engineer recently, "that all of this must appear to the stranger as another example of The British Madness, like cricket. And at times, sitting with a whiskey and soda at the end of day, I do believe we have all gone crackers."

Actually, the reason for all this activity is fairly simple: money. In November, 1959, a 55-year-old London industrialist named Henry Kremer offered a £5,000 ($14,000) prize for the first successful flight of a man-powered aircraft designed, built and flown within the British Commonwealth, under conditions to be decided by the Royal Aeronautical Society. Since then, thousands of blueprints have been drawn, aircraft have been built and some have actually flown, but today, more than four years later, no one has yet qualified for the Kremer prize.

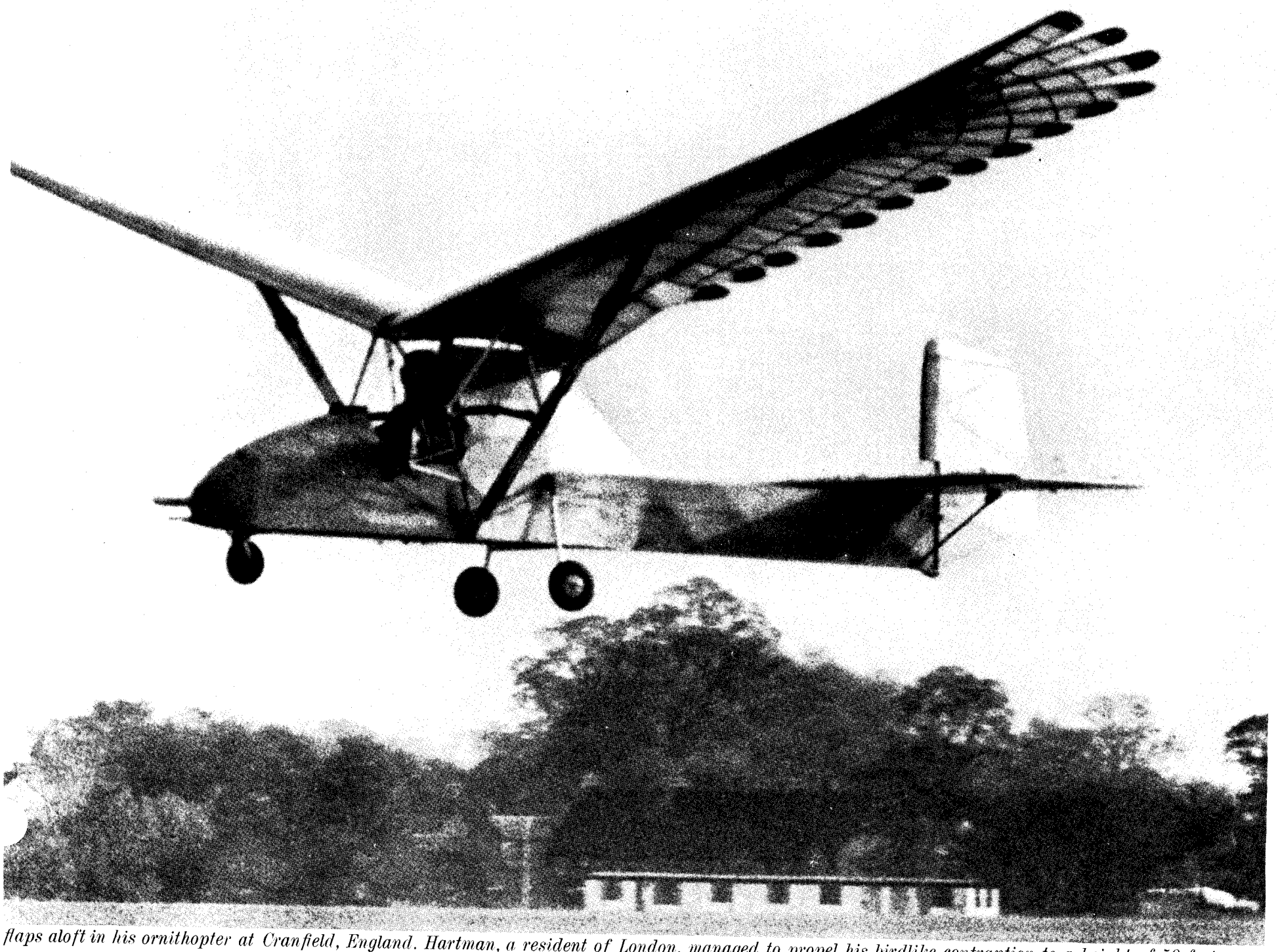


Emiel Hartman, 39-year-old sculpt

Despite the muttered calumnies of some badly battered would-be birdmen, Kremer is not involved in some dark conspiracy to keep bone doctors solvent. "He is just a nut about research," says one Fleet Street reporter. "It's as simple as that." When not sponsoring flying contests, Kremer, the possessor of dark George Raftish good looks, is chairman of the board of White and Riches Ltd., an engineering firm. Away from the paneled fastness of the board room, he fiercely avoids publicity about himself, his wife, their four children, and even about his interest in man-powered flight.

"He is not aloof or cold," said on member of the Royal Aeronautical Society, who has met mystery man Kremer on a few occasions. "He is simply not interested in publicity. Research is his passion, and he just felt that in this

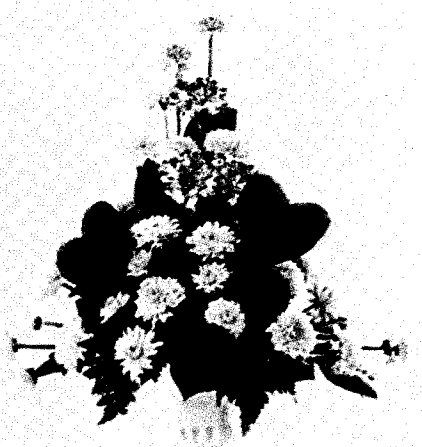
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



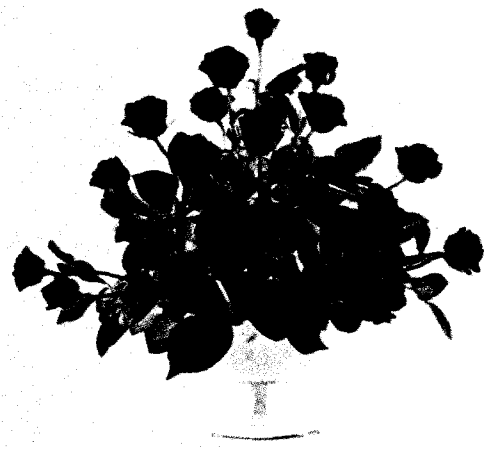
flaps aloft in his ornithopter at Cranfield, England. Hartman, a resident of London, managed to propel his birdlike contraption to a height of 50 feet.

Sheffield Engineer Alan Stewart demonstrates flying machine he built in his back garden. Stewart, a 32-year-old father of three, has been working on his contraption four years.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"...the H-17 bouquet for Valentine's Day. Does the $7.50 include the vase? Swell! I'll take twelve...



"...yeah, C-1...with all them little roses in it. How quick can you get it to Hackensack?..."

"...H-13, please. Sign it 'Love, Norm.' Wait... better make that 'Regards, Norman Q. Frisby.' It's been a while since I've seen her and...

YOU'LL FIND HER NUMBER IN THE FTD SELECTION GUIDE

C-6, H-2, H-14 . . . just pick from 26 such floral numbers. It's that simple. It's inexpensive, too. Only $7.50 for the H-17 bouquet above, for example. (An extra 50¢ sends it anywhere in the U.S.A. or Canada when you order far enough ahead.) Get your copy of the Selection Guide now from your nearby FTD florist. It's free.

FLOWERS BY WIRE: SO EASY, SO THOUGHTFUL, SO BEAUTIFULLY RECEIVED

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY · FTD · INTERFLORA · WORLDWIDE

Only FTD member florists display this emblem. Your guarantee of quality and delivery or your money back.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

special area man had been running without really having learned to walk."

On the surface, the Kremer contest rules appear simple enough. The aircraft must take off from the ground under its own power and make a figure eight around two pylons a half mile apart, at a minimum altitude of 10 feet. The craft must be heavier than air, with no lighter-than-air gases on board, and no devices for storing energy, such as, one presumes, giant prewound rubber bands.

The design of the craft is up to the inventor. It could be a conventional fixed-wing plane, an ornithopter (flapping wings) or something resembling a helicopter. When the Royal Aeronautical Society announced in 1960 that it also was establishing a fund of £5,000 to help designers build and develop their aircraft, the country was swept by power-it-yourself flying fever.

"It seemed like Cape Kennedy here for a while," said Evelyn Pike, secretary to the Man-Powered Aircraft Group of the Royal Aeronautical Society. "We received hundreds of phone calls from all sorts of people with all sorts of designs."

Braving foul weather, all sorts of people did go right to work. There was one Londoner who tried flying his aircraft by means of inflatable rubber wings. When that failed, he decided that the problem was with his propeller. He added another, in front of the first. There was the bright young man in the north of England who constructed a helicopter that seemed a cross between something out of Whiz Comics and the wonderful one-horse shay. He had one major problem: He could not get it out of his garage. Faced with the problem of flying the garage along with the aircraft, he dismantled the latter. But when he laid out the pieces on his well-manicured lawn, he found that for some reason he couldn't get the plane back together again. "It seemed different," he said, in the puzzled manner of a man wearing a ready-made suit for the first time in the daylight. In Scotland a man built an ornithopter from barrel staves and heavy tape, tried to fly it off a barn and crashed. The next day he sat up in his hospital bed and murmured painfully, "I think it would go better with an engine."

In Australia a 29-year-old engineer from Perth named Barry Ranford designed and built a 350-pound aircraft, 21 feet long, with a wingspan of 30 feet. It looked like Moby Dick with wings. Although he has been trying to perfect it ever since, all that has flown is time. "I've pedaled it enough to turn the prop over," notes Ranford's wife Valda, "and I think it would make a wonderful weight-reducing machine."

In South Africa a 74-year-old veteran bush pilot named Jack Vine managed to get his fixed-wing craft 20 feet in the air for a distance of 200 yards before a gust of wind tipped it over and he landed on his sconce. "Bad break," said Vine, in the yard of his Johannesburg home. "Needs more work. Needs dedication. Needs love. Fly it to Cairo in the New Year." In Rome a British newspaperman found 76-year-old, white-maned Vincent Carnevali practicing with an ornithopter at the Eternal City's airport and talking about becoming a British subject to qualify for the prize. The last time Carnevali's craft was seen, it seemed to have grown roots, though he came every day to pedal. "London wasn't built in a day either," Vincent Carnevali said pluckily.

Perhaps the stiffest upper lip of all was displayed by R.A.F. Warrant Officer Spencer Bailey, a 49-year-old father of three who built a flying bicycle for two called a cyclopter. It had a 20-foot rotor blade mounted over a steel-tube frame and weighed 104 pounds. It was shown last year at the R.A.F. Art and Handicraft Exhibition at the Air Ministry in London. While photographers' flashbulbs popped, a grinning Air Marshal Sir Walter Cheshire climbed into the cockpit with Sir Maurice Dean, the permanent undersecretary of state for air. They pedaled and pedaled, and pedaled some more, while the photographers nudged each other shouting "good show," "topping" and "wizard!" The cyclopter climbed to an altitude of two inches. "I have a long way to go," said Warrant Officer Bailey afterward. He certainly did. He was reassigned to Aden.

"Next house, NO STAIRS!"

In spite of these many failures, there are still Britons convinced that man-powered flight is possible. Noteworthy among them are the members of the first three groups to receive grants from the Royal Aeronautical Society. "We knew there were problems," said John Wimpenny, leader of one of the groups. "But we just refused to believe that they were insurmountable."

Each of the three groups faced the same problem. Essentially it was a matter of harnessing man's limited power. Tests showed that a man's legs pedaling a bicycle could produce about two horsepower for a matter of seconds, and continue at up to one-half horsepower for more than 30 minutes. But the heavier the animal—or engine—the less energy he produces per pound of body weight. For example, a featherweight prizefighter could keep up a pattern of jabbing, skipping, punching and moving for 15 rounds, but a heavyweight would have to harbor his energy and use it in bursts. This follows even with winged creatures. The smallest, such as the hummingbird, can produce an incredible amount of energy in relation to its weight.

All designers reached common conclusions: The aircraft must be very light, with a small, preferably athletic pilot powering a bicycle-chain drive. Some 4,000 man-hours went into the first craft to achieve flight, the heronlike "Sumpa"—for Southampton University Man-Powered Aircraft. Constructed of spruce and balsa with a nylon covering, Sumpa weighed 130 pounds, had a wingspan of 80 feet and was built by undergraduates at Southampton under the leadership of a doe-eyed aeronautical-engineering student named Anne Marsden. It was flown for the first time on November 9, 1961. With glider instructor Derek Piggott at the controls, it went more than 50 yards at an altitude of five feet. "Those five feet were like Mount Everest to us," said Miss Marsden jubilantly.

Eight days later another man followed. The 35 members of the Hatfield Man-Powered Aircraft Club had been working on their plane for 13 months and enjoyed some very real advantages over the Sumpa designers. All were employed at the de Havilland aircraft plant in Hatfield, near London. Many allied companies contributed technical advice and materials while de Havilland itself made hangar space available and provided a wind tunnel for testing purposes. But if money was no real concern, the Hatfield group had other problems. The worst of these was espionage.

"There were spies afoot," said John Wimpenny, a small, lean, bushy-browed deputy chief aerodynamicist at de Havilland. "We had to work under top-secret conditions. We had passwords to get into the hangar. You never knew who was friend or foe."

The only information passed through the security net was the name of the craft. "We called it Puffin," Wimpenny said, "because of the puffin' it took to get it airborne." But when it was finally flown, the Puffin looked very much like Sumpa. It was constructed of spruce and balsa, with a wingspan of 84 feet, and weighed a feathery 110. The first flight lasted about 30 seconds, and the pilot was de Havilland test pilot Jim Phillips.

Wimpenny meanwhile was preparing for a more spectacular feat. In order to prove that a nonathletic, inexperienced pilot could fly Puffin, he had decided to try it himself. He trained with the diligence of an Olympic champion. He had a 24-year-old amateur cycling champion as an adviser and pedaled the five miles from his home to the plant and back every day for months. His wife Angela even joined the project.

"When he started training, I realized that a high-protein diet was very necessary," she says. "I suppose you might call me his trainer in one sense." Recalled Wimpenny, "I had to eat liver every Tuesday night. I hate liver."

On May 4, 1962, Wimpenny pedaled his way into history, taking Puffin up to eight feet, and flying 993 yards for a flight that lasted two minutes and one second. The Royal Aeronautical Society was so gratified that it awarded Wimpenny a special £50 prize for being the first Briton ever to man-power a plane more than half a mile.

But as yet, neither Puffin, Sumpa nor any of the many other flying bicycles has been able to accomplish the most difficult part of the Kremer contest: making the figure eight. "It's like trying to turn a bicycle with an 80-foot pole lashed to the handlebars," one member of the Hatfield group explained.

Despite disappointments, work is still going on. Many of those who worked on Sumpa have moved on, but the project is continuing under the direction of Alan LaSierre, a member of the original group. The Puffin plopped unceremoniously into a bog last summer and the project was almost abandoned. But Wimpenny rallied his men, and a Puffin Mark II is now under construction.

Some feel that success will come to another group, the third to receive a grant from the R.A.S. This group is laboring in Southend under the direction of an aerodynamicist named Andrew Drescher. In most respects, their craft resembles the others but has one major difference: a two-man crew. Presumably this should produce twice as much power.

Some have wondered why so many Britons are involved in such a quixotic pursuit. It couldn't be *just* the money. The aerodynamicists say that research of any kind is valuable, and that even at this late date they might find out something about flying. Physiologists think they might learn something about the capabilities of the human body. The birdmen say they have a variety of motives, aside from the prize money. One member of the Hatfield group puts it this way: "The challenge is everything. While it's there to be conquered, there will be men who will try to conquer it. The idea seems even more attractive in the age of the hydrogen bomb and space exploration."

But one London aeronautical journalist thinks this is all romantic balderdash. "It's this bloody beastly weather," he explains. "If you had to live in this influenza-ridden swamp, you'd want to fly out of it too." THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Born with a perfect face for the camera, driven by a boundless appetite and a fierce temper, an ex-collegian has emerged as Hollywood's brightest young comedienne:

PAULA PRENTISS

By GENE GROVE

In "Man's Favorite Sport?" Paula works as a public-relations girl for a fishing tourney.

The first dramatic lines Paula Ragusa was asked to read came perilously close to being her last. She was standing on the stage of Northwestern University's speech building during a drama class when she was struck mute by fright. "I just couldn't say a word," Paula recalls, "I just couldn't do it." Furious at her failure, she strode straight from the building into the icy autumnal waters of nearby Lake Michigan. There she stood, waist deep and fully clothed, raging at herself for 15 freezing minutes until her fellow students finally managed to coax her back to shore.

Paula Ragusa survived her immersion to become Paula Prentiss, thanks to producer Joe Pasternak, who plucked the new surname from an old movie script. And she has spoken with wit and ease many lines since that first failure. But although she has earned the title of star, the internal disquiet still rages.

"Certainly my temper is bad," Paula says, "but I love it, my temper. I love extremes. I'll be damned if I know why—certainly at times it's partially just for the effect. But I feel about everything, not just temper but all experiences, emotional or physical, that you'll never get another chance to live through them."

If it would take a seismograph to record the agitations of the Prentiss personality, it would take no less than an altimeter to chart the course of her career. Thrown into a series of M-G-M comedies whose quality ranged from tolerable to mediocre, she nonetheless emerged with dazzling notices. Critics compared her to Carole Lombard and Kay Kendall, and at least one reviewer went so far as to suggest the formation of a Society for the Artistic Advancement of Paula Prentiss. Producer-director Howard Hawks, a man with a Midas touch, evidently spotted the precious metal in Paula when he picked her to costar with Rock Hudson in *Man's Favorite Sport?* Hawks is so certain of the movie's success that he already is talking about another Hudson-Prentiss production. And finally, Paula has just finished shooting *The World of Henry Orient* opposite Peter Sellers.

As success slips up on her, Paula Prentiss is, at 26, six years and seven pictures older than when she took that walk into Lake Michigan, but age has not gentled the spontaneous rage which took her there. Her temper is directed primarily at herself, but it has on occasion encompassed her husband, her directors, her friends and the heavens themselves. One friend remembers a winter day on which Paula, swathed in scarves and coats and sweaters, was strolling in Chicago's Loop. Deciding she no longer could stand the fierce cold, she stopped, raised her face and fists toward the skies and shrieked furiously, "Stop it! Stop it!"

Her temper is not Paula's only excess. Among the others the most noticeable is her appetite. An incipient statistician once recorded a Prentiss breakfast of two orders of eggs Benedict, a double orange juice, a half dozen rolls and a glass of milk, topped off with two strawberry tarts. She was observed in one restaurant polishing off three desserts after downing a lunch of ample proportions. While discussing her career in a friend's Fifth Avenue apartment recently, she greedily consumed two heaping bowls of peanuts and mused over the various merits of Mexican, Chinese or German food for dinner. She eats with the untrammeled joy of a child, although the comparison may be too kind. Her husband, actor Richard Benjamin, has been known to refer to her as Godzilla the Beast.

If Paula's hungers seem sometimes larger than life, so does she. She is five feet, nine-and-one-quarter-inches tall, but despite her caloric intake, weighs only 120 pounds. As a result, she owns a long, coltish model's figure capped by a wonder of a face, all planes and cheekbones, with huge, deep brown eyes and a mouth that stretches to an incredible length when she laughs.

Her beauty always has puzzled her, and her attitude toward it is as erratic as her temper. When she arrived at Northwestern in 1957, after two years at Randolph-Macon Woman's College in Virginia, where she had been voted "Most Beautiful Girl on the Campus," she immediately turned frumpish. Friends recall that she stalked about the Evanston campus without makeup or curls, in sweaters down to her knees and knee stockings down to her ankles. She now admits that the pose was an unbecoming show of vanity. "In a way it's even more vain to ask people to take you in sloppy clothes and no makeup than if you flaunt whatever beauty you have," Paula says. "Because you're asking them, really, to see through the façade of the dowdiness and discern the prettiness beneath it."

Despite her appearance at college, it was her beauty and not her acting ability that interested M-G-M's chief talent scout, Dudley Wilkinson. There are only a few schools—among them The Catholic University, Carnegie Tech, Syracuse, Smith, Bennington and Emerson—which M-G-M watches constantly. Wilkinson was making his 1960 check of Northwestern when he spotted Paula doing a scene from *A Hatful of Rain*. "I wouldn't have cared if she had not been able to ac at all," he says. "She was a personality—vital, real, with a sense of humor." M-G-M needed a tall girl for a since forgotten quickie called *Where the Boys Are*. "We had tall girls," Wilkinson says, "but they were all theatrical, and what we needed was a collegiate type."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Certainly my temper is bad," confesses Paula Prentiss, "but I love it, my temper. I love extremes. I'll be damned if I know why—certainly at times it's partially just for the effect."

Summoned for an M-G-M screen test, Paula borrowed a dress "from another large-economy-size girl" and caught the first flight for Hollywood. Her introduction the following day to producer Pasternak is etched in Paula's mind. "I went into this huge office and Mr. Pasternak is a little man, do you know? And he was away down at the other end of the room, and the first thing he said to me was, 'OK, take off your . . .'

"And I thought, 'Well, girl, here it is—the big time, the casting-couch bit.'

"And then he said '. . . shoes.'

"All he wanted was to see how tall I was without heels. It was kind of a let-down, really."

Four days later Paula was signed to a seven-year contract. After *Where the Boys Are* she appeared in *The Honeymoon Machine*, *Bachelor in Paradise*, *The Horizontal Lieutenant* and *Follow the Boys*. About the last film, Paula is acidic. "It was a terrible picture," she says. "Nobody would take the responsibility for it. We made it in Europe, and we could just as well have made it on the back lot."

Paula has had her squabbles with M-G-M. Last summer she was anxious to play the part of Rosalind in New York's Shakespeare in Central Park roduction of *As You Like It*, and the studio was extremely reluctant. "They just don't want me to do anything," she said. "The studio doesn't want me to do television or anything else where I'm beyond their control, where a bad performance can hurt and a good one won't help, where I expose myself for free to the people who will buy movie tickets."

In the case of her Shakespeare venture, the studio may have been right. The reviews were unsympathetic. "I've done a couple of forgettable pictures, but this is unforgettable," snapped Paula. "Still, it's the only chance I had this year to be on the stage, and I don't regret the experience for a moment."

It is evident that when one of Paula's friends refers to her as "just a nice, normal neurotic," this somehow falls short of a complete explanation of her character. Miss Alvina Krause, the moving force behind Northwestern's drama department until her retirement last year, perhaps pinpoints Paula a bit more clearly. "I've met tears and tantrums and temperament in many forms in my acting students," says Miss Krause. "But never have I known anything like Paula's eruptions of emotions. She lives every moment with greater intensity than does the average human being, so it is inevitable that her responses must be much greater than life. There is within Paula a rich vein of emotional power."

Whatever the sources of her emotions, they are not readily apparent in her middle-class background. She and her sister, Ann, who is two years younger and now a TV actress, lived in San Antonio, Houston and Tulsa as children. Paula's father, T.J., is a labor-relations man for a Tulsa oil firm. He came to the U.S. from Sicily as a child, and part of Paula's $40,000 earnings last year went to send her parents on a European vacation during which they visited the Sicilian village of Ragusa.

Paula met Dick Benjamin, the son of a New York garment-center glove importer, at Northwestern and married him in October, 1961, a little more than a year after her arrival in Hollywood. He was a graduate of New York's School of Performing Arts. "When she came to Northwestern, Paula didn't have poise, she didn't have control," a friend says. "She has always needed discipline. Dick held her down and controlled her."

Their problem of adjusting to different levels of achievement is a common one for theater couples. "Paula's fame doesn't affect our real, real personal feelings," says Benjamin. "Still, although it's possible to rationalize the difference in our careers intellectually, it's not always possible emotionally."

Dick has been known to answer the telephone by saying, "Mr. Prentiss speaking," and Paula was immensely pleased with Rock Hudson during a recent party, when the actor introduced them to everyone as "Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin," without explanation. The party itself was an exception in the Benjamin social life. The people who are close to them are actresses and actors from Northwestern who, like Dick, are struggling to achieve the fame Paula already has. The Benjamins make a conscious effort to live simply, as they would if Paula were not a star. Their California home is an open-raftered, $125-a-month apartment in unfashionable Culver City, just across from the M-G-M lot.

Paula herself is so unused to being a star that before she met Rock Hudson she went to one of his pictures and sat through it twice, staring at his face. "I wanted to get his head fixed in my mind so I wouldn't be afraid of him," she says. "I'm so frightened up there in front of the camera or on the stage. Really. It's terrible if anyone sees you fail, yet you deliberately put yourself up there where all those people will see you fall down. It's a question of how much you can get away with, like saying to yourself, 'Can I steal something from the supermarket without getting caught?'

"There's the constant fear that you *will* get caught, that you *won't* get away with it, that you *won't* get the approval of others. Sometimes I'm so afraid that I think I'm going to be sick. I'm constantly hovering between delusions of grandeur and a feeling of extreme incompetence. I'm sure my anger is most often directed at myself, at a simple failure of my own to do well something I want to do well."

It may be that Paula's anger is directed inward. At any rate, her anger certainly was internal when she took that walk in Lake Michigan. And if her circumstances have changed, Paula has not. Not long ago, while some friends were visiting her Culver City home, she did a repeat of that stroll. It happened after a domestic argument with Dick. There was no lake handy, but her rage, undaunted by such trivialities, took her tripping onto Wilshire Boulevard, and from there, into a clump of wet bushes behind a neighborhood savings bank. For a full five minutes Paula stood there shivering, as she had those years before in Evanston, until her friends managed once more to coax her back to shore. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE QUANDARY OF HENRY CABOT LODGE

General Eisenhower has urged him to campaign for the G.O.P. presidential nomination, but that would mean leaving his post in South Vietnam—and Lodge hates to run out on a fight.

By Stanley Karnow

When Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower recently urged Henry Cabot Lodge to become an active candidate for the Republican presidential nomination, he was, in a sense, returning a compliment. Twelve years ago Lodge, then the junior senator from Massachusetts, was the man mainly responsible for convincing Eisenhower that he had a duty to make himself available to the G.O.P. convention.

The two cases have other similarities. Twelve years ago Eisenhower was serving his country abroad as commander of SHAPE in Paris; today Lodge is our ambassador to South Vietnam. Political support for both candidates, furthermore, began to grow without any cooperation from either. Eisenhower, elected President in 1952, did not even agree to run until that spring. Lodge, who could be elected next fall, has yet to reach a decision.

Lodge supporters in the District of Columbia and New Hampshire have asked his permission to enter his name in their primaries. A fan in Lodge's native Massachusetts is collecting a million signatures urging his hero to run. And not long ago commuters on the New Haven Railroad were handed tracts describing the tall (six feet, three inches), handsome, 61-year-old Lodge as a man who is not only qualified for the Presidency but actually "*looks* like a President." More significantly, the professional politicians have started to eye Lodge judiciously. In a recent canvass of 1,361 Republican leaders in 50 states, the Associated Press reported that, though he still trailed Barry Goldwater and Richard Nixon, Lodge's stature as a potential candidate was growing fast. And last month, in a Gallup poll which asked voters to rate each of the leading G.O.P. contenders against Johnson, Lodge came out ahead of both Rockefeller and Goldwater—and trailing Nixon by only one percentage point.

All these signs would normally hearten a veteran politician. They have, however, confronted Lodge with a curious dilemma. As an American ambassador he cannot pursue even the most subtle efforts to promote himself politically without violating State Department regulations as well as the Hatch Act, which forbids officers and employees of the Executive Branch of the Federal Government to take any active part in political campaigns. Moreover, to campaign for the Republican nomination, Lodge should probably return home and throw himself into the political arena. Yet to abandon his job in Vietnam now, he realizes, would be to walk off the battlefield of the only hot war the U.S. is fighting against Communism, a thing he instinctively recoils from doing.

As long as he stays in Saigon, Lodge is obviously determined to observe the ground rules of his job. Interviewed at the U.S. chancellery there recently, he cautiously and skillfully parried every attempt to draw him into any political talk whatever. Of his own immediate ambitions he would say only, "I will not get the Republican nomination, and I will not be elected President."

Lodge has ordered that his name not be entered in the New Hampshire primary next month—it has been anyway—and he wrote to the District of Columbia Republican chairman last December: "While I am naturally complimented that some people think I would make a good President, I have no intention of running and think that the most helpful thing I can do for the country at the present time is my work here in Vietnam."

Pundits experienced in the mysterious ways of political behavior are inclined to discount such statements. New York *Herald Tribune* columnist Roscoe Drummond, for example, is totally convinced that Lodge will sooner or later plunge into the political fray. "The unresolved question," he wrote recently, "is not whether Mr. Lodge is going to resign his ambassadorship and become an open, active and campaigning candidate for the nomination—but when."

Until he does, however, Lodge is in a quandary, one that must be particularly painful for him, because he is said to think that his chances for nomination actually are fairly good. According to friends who have heard him fiddle with Republican arithmetic, Lodge is pretty sure that none of the current front runners will emerge as the party's candidate. Nixon, for example, is shrugged off as a two-time loser whose final failure in the California gubernatorial contest finished his political career. Goldwater is too extremist and, the conjecture goes, Rockefeller cannot recover from the taint of his divorce and remarriage. Discounting such dark horses as Romney and Scranton, that somehow leaves Lodge as the man most likely to succeed.

Those who concur in these calculations emphasize that Lodge has a good share of prerequisites for a presidential possibility. He was senator from Massachusetts for 13 years, and his seven years as U.S. ambassador to the United Nations not only immersed him in foreign affairs but, through his almost daily appearance on TV, projected his image across the country. And as Nixon's running mate in the 1960 election, Lodge feels that he knows a good deal about campaigning.

Reporters who followed the 1960 campaign were impressed by the way Lodge handled himself. Lodge is not a naturally warm, gregarious individual. He can be curt and haughty with subordinates, and he feels uncomfortable in a crowd. Unlike Johnson, an instinctive politician whose model might be Andrew Jackson, Lodge is a reserved, New England patrician whose ideal is closer to John Adams. Nevertheless, Lodge managed to turn his loftiness to advantage in the election by projecting himself as a statesman too concerned with the broader issues to descend into petty political squabbles. Indeed, as many observers pointed out at the time, Lodge didn't campaign against the Democrats—he campaigned against Khrushchev.

A promise in Harlem

For reasons of tact, Lodge will not even now allow himself to indulge in a public postmortem on the 1960 exercise. It is no secret, however, that he considered the Republican effort a comedy of errors. One of the party's major difficulties was the inability of Nixon and Lodge to operate on the same wavelength, a shortcoming that produced one of the serious mistakes of the campaign. Speaking to a Harlem audience in October, 1960, Lodge promised that a Negro would be named to the cabinet. Nixon declined to support this line and said only that he would make appointments "without regard to race, creed or color." After a hurried conference, Lodge had to recant, but not long ago he told friends, "I still believe we need a Negro in the cabinet, and I'd say it again."

But at the moment Lodge has too much to do in Saigon to spend much time thinking about the political atmosphere back home. He is fascinated by his first assignment as an ambassador abroad, and he is handling it with the kind of tough energy that the job has long needed. Indeed, Lodge's involvement in faraway, war-torn Vietnam tells a lot that is little known about the man.

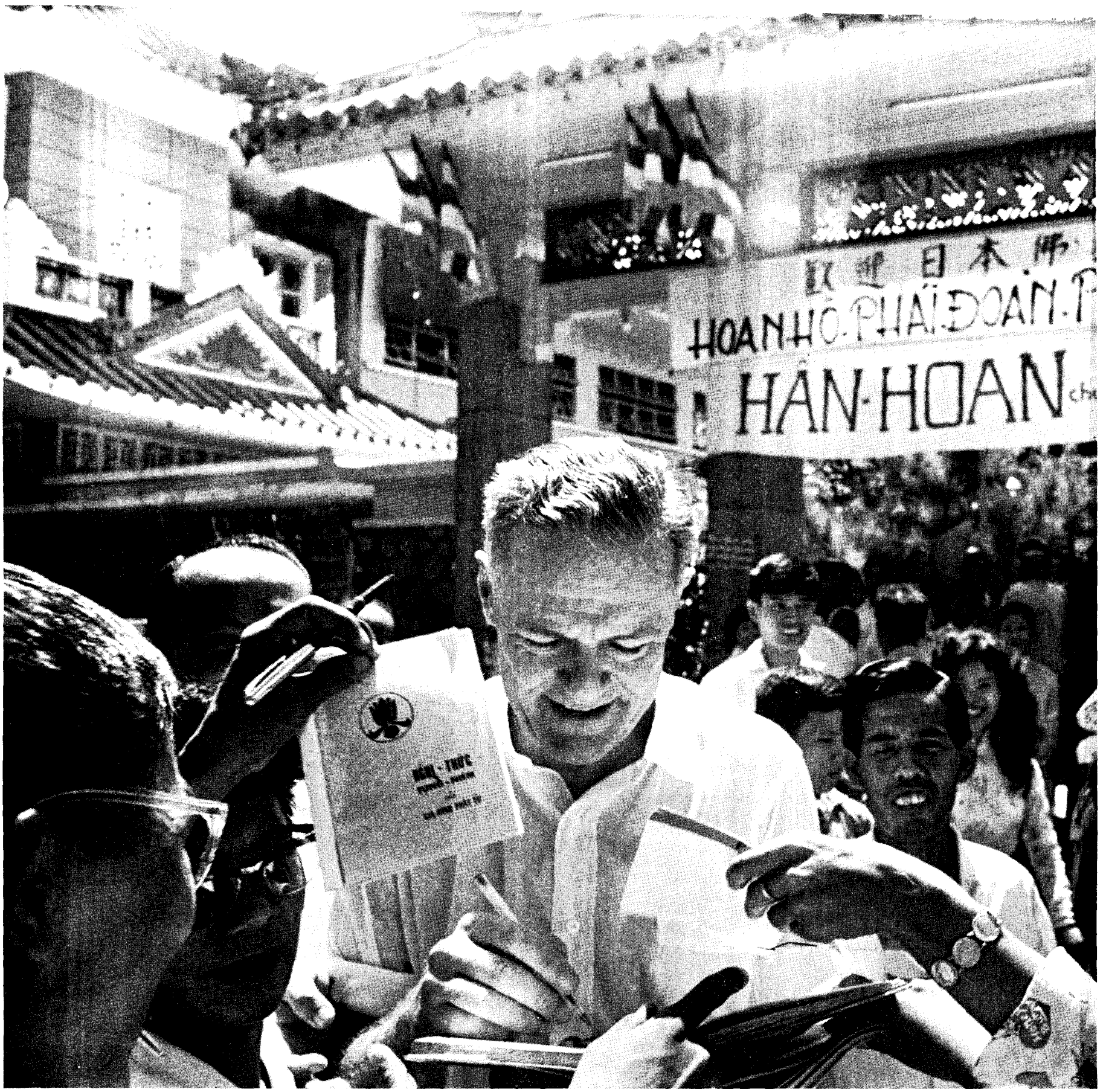
An essential clue to Lodge's character is his long-standing association with the military, an attachment that reaches back to his childhood. Lodge was only seven when his father, a morose poet, died of a heart attack, and the boy fell largely under the tutelage of his famous grandfather, Sen. Henry Cabot Lodge. As leader of the successful campaign to keep the United States out of the League of Nations, the elder Lodge has gone down in history as one of the original isolationists. In fact, however, he strongly advocated a powerful military establishment to guard American interests overseas, and he impressed upon his grandson the importance of military strength.

In the years following the First World War it was hardly fashionable to show a penchant for soldiering. But in 1925, a year after he was graduated from Harvard and when he was working as a Washington reporter for the New York *Herald Tribune*, Lodge joined the rugged U.S. cavalry reserve as a second lieutenant. From that time on, his deep concern for the military has been a consistent thread running through his public life. For example, his only book, a treatise entitled *The Cult of Weakness*, published in 1932, was a plea for military preparedness. And after his election to the U.S. Senate in 1936, Lodge constantly fought for expansion of the armed forces.

Two months after Pearl Harbor he took a leave of absence from the Senate and, at 39, went into uniform as a major in the armored corps—the first senator to go on active duty since the Civil War. A few weeks later he headed an American team sent to study the technical problems of the British fighting Rommel's troops in North Africa. In a night attack near Tobruk, Lodge narrowly escaped capture, and shortly thereafter President Roosevelt issued a directive that nc congressman could double as a soldier.

Lodge then went back to the Senate, to which he was reelected that fall. But two years later, against the strong opposition of his colleagues, he resigned completely from the Senate and returned to the Army. As a staff officer, he went through the campaigns in Italy, Southern

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A crowd of Vietnamese autograph-seekers surrounds Lodge near Saigon's Xa Loi pagoda, which was formerly the headquarters of anti-Diem Buddhists.

France and Germany, emerging with the rank of lieutenant colonel and several medals, including the Legion of Merit and the Bronze Star for valor. Although Lodge was frequently exposed to enemy fire, what felled him was the recurrence of an ulcer which, back in his days as a newsman, had first prompted him to limit his drinking to an occasional Scotch-and-soda and to quit smoking entirely. His stomach no longer bothers him, but Lodge remains a fanatic about health. Long walks and daily games of Ping-Pong have kept him in splendid physical condition, and he suffers silently if the air around him is polluted by cigarette or cigar smoke.

Formerly an isolationist, Lodge came out of the war an ardent internationalist. He was even tempted to make the Army his career, but friends talked him into running for the Senate again, and he was easily elected in 1946. In the Senate, Lodge's political coloration was never easy to categorize. He followed the late Sen. Arthur H. Vandenberg's lead in pursuing a bipartisan foreign policy against Communism, and he backed such measures as the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan and NATO. On domestic issues, Lodge often voted for Democratic-sponsored welfare and labor measures. He simply refused to be labeled. As he said a few years ago, "I'm a conservative, like all of us, in the sense that I want to conserve the good things we have. I'm a liberal, like all of us, in the sense that I want to go on to even better things."

Because of this middle-of-the-road attitude, Lodge alienated himself from the Republican Party's right wing, led by Sen. Robert A. Taft, and his search for a moderate G.O.P. chief caused Lodge to join those who wanted General Eisenhower to run for President. The trouble was that Eisenhower hated even the idea of politics. But he left a loophole. "It would be the bitterest day of my life if it ever became my duty to run," he told Lodge in 1951. "But if it becomes my duty, I would not flinch from doing it."

Appealing to Ike's sense of duty, Lodge hammered away until Eisenhower finally acquiesced in the spring of 1952. Then Lodge, acting as Ike's political chief of staff, lined up the forces that won Eisenhower the nomination over Senator Taft. The campaign so preoccupied Lodge that he neglected his own Massachusetts bailiwick and lost his senatorial seat to a young congressman named John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

"Some political defeats are good for you," Lodge has since philosophized, and in many ways he was glad to leave the Senate. In fact, he went on to a job of equal importance and far greater prominence, when President Eisenhower sent him to the U.N. as the chief American delegate, made him a "personal member" of the Cabinet, and gave him considerable responsibility for shaping U.S. foreign policy.

The United Nations is very much a propaganda platform, and Lodge consciously used it as such. He made a point of never allowing a Soviet charge to go unanswered the same day, so that newspaper stories containing Russian attacks would also carry the U.S. rebuttal. In verbal dueling, Lodge was a master of what *The New York Times* called the "Back Bay, or codfish, deep freeze." At a Security Council meeting in 1956, for example, the Soviet delegate S.K. Tsarapkin was seeking to be recognized. "For what purpose does the gentleman from the Soviet Union seek the floor?" asked

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HE HAS BEEN CALLED A MASTER OF THE "BACK BAY, OR CODFISH, DEEP FREEZE."

Lodge. Angrily, Tsarapkin shouted, "I'm a delegate, not a gentleman!" Replied Lodge, "I had hoped that the two were not mutually exclusive."

But while it is all very well to be cold and arrogant with Soviet delegates, one of Lodge's most serious shortcomings is his tendency to treat other people the same way. On occasion he has had to restrain himself from addressing a reporter as "my good man." And in his vice-presidential campaign, though he commanded respectful attention from crowds, he never succeeded in generating real warmth. As somebody significantly remarked, "He needs something in the voice that says 'I love you.'"

In the wheeling and dealing of the convention, however, Lodge had been put on the Republican ticket less as a vote-getter than as a man with long and prestigious experience in foreign affairs.

He prepared for the campaign in a characteristically calculated manner. Dipping into his "nugget book," a loose-leaf collection of quotations that he has kept for years, he chose about 200 phrases used by Churchill, de Gaulle, Will Rogers and John Milton, among others. He concentrated on his U.N. experience, and he tried to maintain his equanimity. "There are really two essential things in campaigning," he told a reporter. "First, you must be in a good humor—if you're going to be irascible, you ought to stay home. Second, you ought to make sense in your speeches."

If Lodge was not entirely wild about electioneering, his wife never had a better time in her life. Charming, intelligent and articulate in a wonderfully breezy way, Emily Sears Lodge recalled recently that her husband had talked a good deal about local Massachusetts politics when he was courting her back in the early 1920's and, she confessed, "I didn't understand half of what he was saying." She still tends to see a campaign as something of a circus, and she loves the excitement. "You travel by plane, stay in the best hotels, see the country and shake hands with all those people," she says. "For me it was all play and no work. I never had to say anything. All I had to do was smile and shriek, shriek, shriek."

When the campaign ended in failure, Lodge was sorely let down—both by the loss itself and by the prospect of inactivity that lay ahead. "I may be too old to play touch football," he is alleged to have quipped at the time, "but I'm too young to retire."

Lodge's opportunity to move into a livelier spot resulted, indirectly, from his preoccupation with military affairs. When he was on his annual tour of duty in the Pentagon early last year, as a major general in the Army Reserve, he became fascinated with the military and political tangles of South Vietnam. A few weeks later, while lunching with Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Lodge expressed his conviction that he might somehow be helpful in the troublesome Vietnam situation. "I had diplomatic and military experience, and I could speak fluent French," he has since earnestly explained. "I thought I could be useful. There were no hidden meanings in my concern."

To Rusk, Lodge's interest in Vietnam was fortuitous. For one thing, Ambassador Frederick E. Nolting Jr., who had served in Saigon for two years, was asking to be transferred for family reasons, and Rusk needed a replacement. Secondly, Rusk was reportedly anxious to pick the man himself, since he was at the time fighting the tendency of White House foreign-policy experts to recommend ambassadors to the President. Thirdly, Rusk was making an effort to appoint Republicans in order to shore up the support of the G.O.P. in foreign-aid votes.

Lodge seemed an ideal choice for the appointment. Indeed, some Democrats considered his assignment to the tricky Vietnam situation a clever political gambit. As one of them cynically put it, "If we're going to lose a country, we may as well have a Republican there."

On the morning of June 12 President Kennedy offered Lodge the ambassadorship to South Vietnam. Lodge accepted on condition that his wife had no objections. On the contrary, Emily Lodge was thrilled by the prospect of going to the Orient. "I had the feeling I'd be stepping into a fairytale," she said later.

Saigon was scarcely an enchanting city when the Lodges arrived late in August. The despotic regime of President Ngo Dinh Diem, confronted simultaneously by Communist insurgents and growing internal opposition, was dealing ineffectively with both. Only a day before the Lodges landed, special troops and secret police had raided Buddhist temples and placed hundreds of monks, nuns and students under arrest. The United States, with a huge investment of manpower, money and material in the country, had been unable to exert the slightest influence over a government that was clearly defeating itself. Previous American ambassadors in Saigon had tried to persuade Diem to reform, but without effect, largely because they had been unwilling to press their demands forcefully.

Lodge was no ordinary diplomat. But for a handful of votes and a heartbeat, he himself might have been in the White House. This fact, and his own tough temperament, combined to convince him that he had a mandate to act less like a regular ambassador than a special kind of proconsul.

The most urgent task Lodge faced in his first days in Saigon was to establish his authority over the American team there. A major problem in many United States missions abroad is that the various components often act independently of each other and sometimes at cross-purposes. For example, military men responsible directly to the Pentagon may disagree with diplomats responsible to the State Department, and the local CIA people may be at odds with both the other groups.

Lodge's major initial problem was with the CIA. As in other places, the CIA in South Vietnam has functioned as both an intelligence and an operational unit. A weakness of this duality—clearly displayed in the Bay of Pigs fiasco—lies in the agency's tendency to tailor its information to fit its tactical plans. In Vietnam the CIA committed the error of supporting the Special Forces which Diem's brother Ngo Dinh Nhu used more for repressing Buddhists than for fighting Communists. Moreover, the CIA operated independently of other American officials, even bypassing the ambassador in its communications with Washington.

Precisely how Lodge succeeded in asserting his authority over the CIA is still a highly secret story. But when CIA chief John Richardson was recalled to Washington, it was evident that Lodge had done precisely that. And it is widely expected that the American military commander, Gen. Paul D. Harkins—whose appraisals of the Vietnam situation Lodge has considered unduly optimistic—will also leave later this year.

Most American officials in Saigon have greatly admired Lodge's tough policies and practices, but in running his mission, the ambassador has displayed some of his most controversial personal characteristics. He is cool and aloof to subordinates, rarely holds staff meetings and never allows secret documents to be seen by anyone except three or four of his closest aides. Those who defend his lone-wolf manner explain that diplomacy in Vietnam is such a delicate business that the slightest leak in security could cause a catastrophe. But American officials who are excluded from Lodge's tiny inner circle are dismayed by what they consider the ambassador's distrust for them. "He's unlike anyone I've ever experienced," says one embassy staffer. "He gives you the impression that you're working *for* him, not *with* him."

A rebuke for Mme. Nhu

Diametrically different from his stint at the U.N., where he was virtually a public performer, Lodge's job in Vietnam has required him to be quiet and almost Orientally devious. Only once has he spoken out—when Madame Nhu called the younger American officers "little soldiers of fortune." Snapped Lodge in response: "It is incomprehensible to me how anyone can speak so cruelly. These men should be thanked and not insulted."

Except for that outburst, however, Lodge has worked behind the scenes. Time and again during his early months in Saigon he made strenuous efforts to persuade President Diem to mend his tyrannical ways. He suggested that Diem's brother, Nhu, who was responsible for many of the most outrageous government measures, be sent away. As late as six days before the *coup d'état* that brought Diem's downfall and death, Lodge argued that there was still time to initiate a reform program. And in a telephone conversation during the military revolt itself, Lodge offered to help Diem to safety. "If he had taken my advice," Lodge has since said, "I could have saved his life."

But during the months that he was urging Diem to reform, Lodge was also indirectly creating the climate that led to the *coup d'état*. Such moves as the suspension of American aid, coupled with the ambassador's open criticism of Madame Nhu and his advice that Ngo Dinh Nhu be ousted, made it clear to potential rebel officers that the U.S. no longer identified itself totally with the Diem regime. "As Lodge saw it, there had to be a change," explained one Western diplomat in Saigon. "Either the people in power changed or it would be necessary to change the people in power."

Armed with intelligence reports, Lodge was undoubtedly aware that a revolt was in the making. The fact that he made no move to sabotage the plot could be interpreted as making him, in a sense, an accomplice. But to charge, as some right-wing American critics have done, that Lodge and a band of U.S. agents actually staged the *coup* is sheer nonsense. "Let's put it this way," a U.S. diplomat said recently. "We weren't unhappy to see it happen. That's far different from saying we organized the revolt. Besides, we might have failed if we had tried to stop it, and then where would we be?"

Throughout the tense months before the revolt and the confused weeks that followed, Lodge led an apparently calm, unruffled life in Saigon. For the most part he has kept out of combat areas—"people are busy enough out there without my complicating their lives"—and he does little socializing. Most evenings he goes home—to a house once used by the Japanese secret police and supposedly haunted by their victims—and on Sundays he is likely to seek solitude in a walk through the Saigon zoo. As he paused to admire a tiger a few Sundays ago, the beast inexplicably and unerringly drenched him. Vietnamese hastened to assure him that this was good luck, and Lodge laughingly agreed that it was "quite an experience."

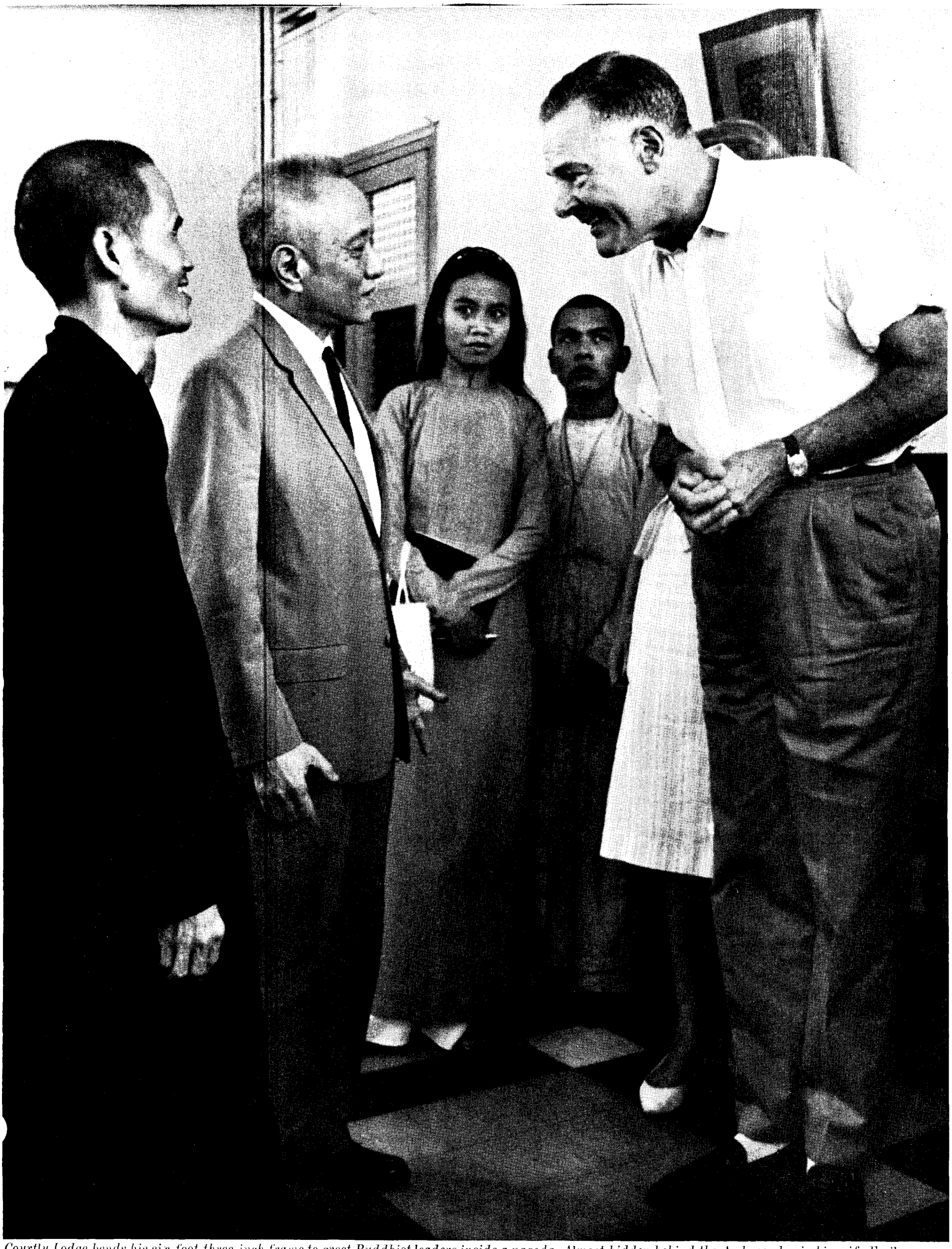
Most observers are not optimistic about the future of South Vietnam. Some suggest that, to improve the fight against the Communist guerrillas threatening the country, the United States may eventually have to change its present advisory role to a more effective command capacity. This would mean closer working relations between Americans and Vietnamese, from the lowest field positions to the top level.

Inevitably, in talk of this sort, the need for a change in the American mission's structure is discussed. Several experts suggest that there should be a supreme command—military, economic and political—in the hands of one man, such as Gen. James Van Fleet had during the guerrilla war in Greece. Many people feel that Lodge, with experience as both a diplomat and a soldier, is an obvious candidate for such a job. And some members of the Administration consider Lodge's Republican background an assurance that Vietnam would not become a bitter partisan issue. If this kind of speculation should materialize into reality, Lodge may very shortly be forced to choose between being a proconsul and, possibly, being a presidential candidate.

Not even the most skillful Vietnamese astrologer would dare foretell what Lodge may be doing two or three months from now. In fact, about the only person who seems willing to make a flat prediction at the moment is Mrs. Lodge. "I'll bet you five dollars his name doesn't even come up at the Republican convention," she said emphatically not long ago.

A lot of people might consider that bet worth taking. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Courtly Lodge bends his six-foot-three-inch frame to greet Buddhist leaders inside a pagoda. Almost hidden behind the Ambassador is his wife Emily.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIAL

THE FOLLY OF BUILDING AN OBSOLESCENT SUPERCARRIER

The Department of Defense, with its $50 billion budget, is such a vast, complex organization that an ordinary man can scarcely begin to comprehend it. But even in such a labyrinth as the Pentagon, there are times when a little elementary logic is worth a mountain of technical considerations.

The case of CVA 67, the projected new supercarrier, is a fine example. Back in 1962 Congress authorized the Navy to build a new supercarrier and appropriated funds for conventional power. Subsequently the Department of Defense, at the Navy's urging, decided to delay construction "to permit consideration of the desirability of constructing this vessel with nuclear power."

The Navy made some studies and concluded that the power plant should be nuclear. Later, press stories leaked out of the Pentagon to the effect that the Secretary of Defense had decided to overrule the Navy. The Joint Atomic Energy Committee announced it would hold hearings on the nuclear-versus-conventional-power question, but before the hearings began, the Secretary of Defense announced his decision for conventional power.

We said at the time [COMMON SENSE ABOUT UNCOMMON CARRIERS, editorial, *The Post*, Nov. 23, 1963] that the decision was strangely illogical for a "cost-conscious, efficiency-minded establishment," such as Robert McNamara's department, because we believed then and we believe now that the economies involved are false. The Joint Atomic Energy Committee issued a report of its hearings recently that confirmed this view, and concluded that the Secretary's decision was "incorrect." Said the committee: "It is fundamentally illogical and wasteful to fit our new first-line warships with power plants that are, perhaps, already obsolete." It warned that the Secretary's decision "means that the Navy may be committed to a future of planned obsolescence with grave implications for the national security."

Supercarriers are expensive. There are no two ways about that. The *Forrestal*, first of our great conventionally powered supercarriers, cost $277 million. The *Enterprise*, first nuclear-powered supercarrier, cost $459 million, and the new supercarrier will come to $403 million, if it is nuclear powered—$126 million more than a conventionally powered ship. But the question reverberating through Washington now is not, "Do we need another supercarrier?" Congress has already decided that. The question is whether the new supercarrier already ordered shall be conventional or nuclear powered.

No one, including Mr. McNamara, questions the superiority of nuclear-powered carriers. As the Joint Atomic Energy Committee said, "The best source of professional guidance on naval matters is the responsible judgment of our top naval officers." Our top naval officers testified to their preference for nuclear power. The Secretary of the Navy, reflecting their views, told the committee, "The Navy continues to recommend a policy of installing nuclear propulsion in surface warships, because it will significantly increase their versatility and effectiveness in war or deterrence of war. Increased range, responsiveness, staying power, and reduced vulnerability provided by nuclear propulsion will make naval forces much stronger and more useful as instruments of national policy and power."

The superiority of nuclear power was also attested before the committee by men who have more experience and more knowledge in the field of naval nuclear power than anyone else: Adm. David McDonald, Chief of Naval Operations; Vice Adm. H. G. Rickover; Vice Adm. John Hayward, commander of the Antisubmarine Warfare Force, Pacific Fleet; Capt. Eugene Wilkinson, the first skipper of the *Nautilus*, first nuclear submarine, and of the nation's first nuclear-propelled surface vessel, the cruiser *Long Beach;* and Capt. Vincent de Poix, former commanding officer of the first nuclear-powered carrier, *Enterprise*.

Mr. McNamara admits the superiority of nuclear power, but has contended—in his testimony before the Joint Atomic Energy Committee—that the differences are not crucial to our defense, and we do not need the additional performance. He was not in a position to ask Congress for the additional funds for nuclear power.

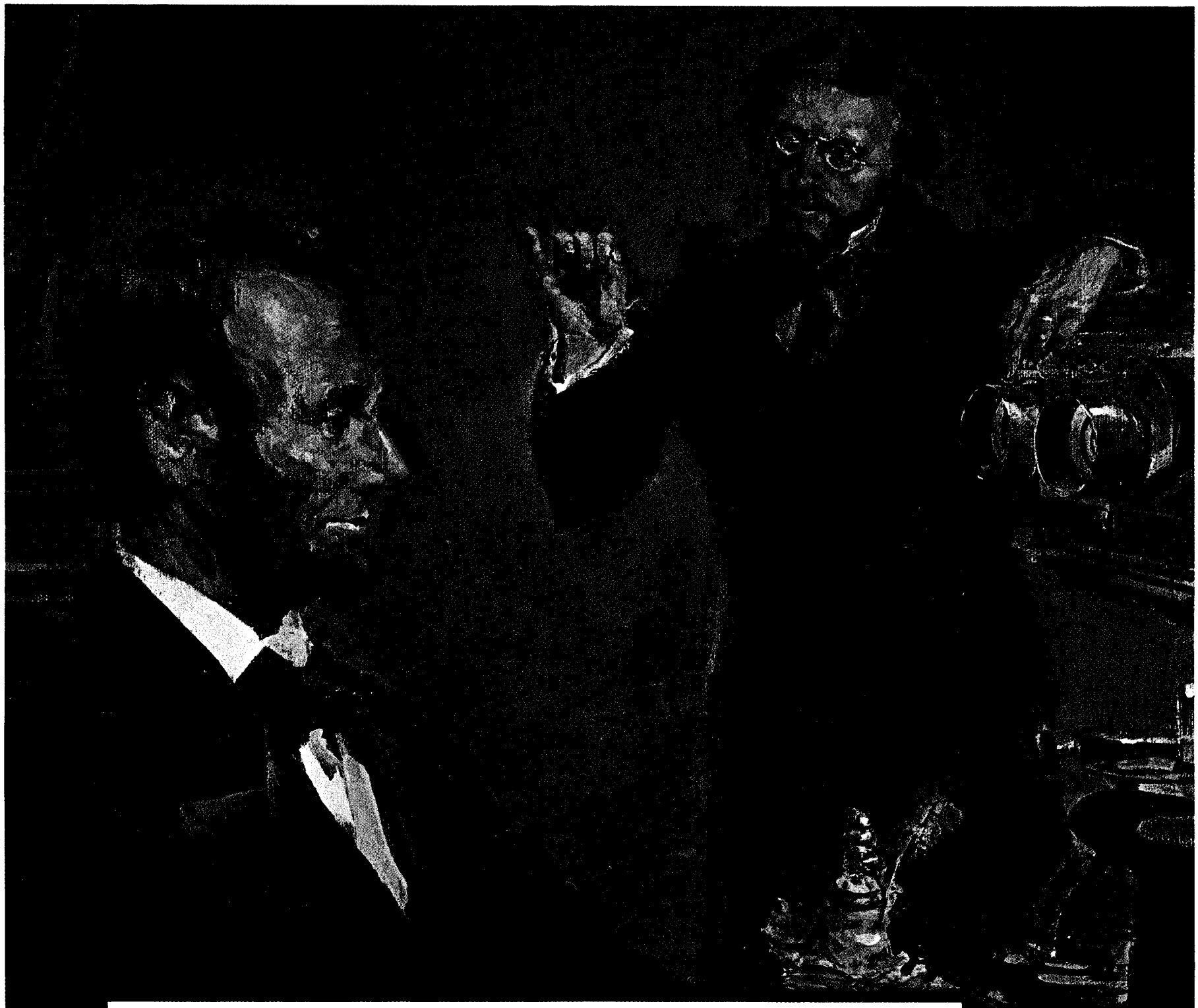
It is true that the initial cost of the nuclear supercarrier is considerably greater than the cost of a conventionally powered vessel. But we are talking about a ship with a life expectancy of 30 years; a ship that with all its planes, supporting elements, ammunition, etc., amounts to a lifetime investment of six billion dollars. A conventional supercarrier in its lifetime, with all its supporting elements, comes to $5.7 billion.

Currently we are spending $50 million a year—$400 million in the past eight years—for research and development in the field of nuclear power for surface ships. According to the Joint Atomic Energy Committee, this work under Vice Admiral Rickover, has "been an outstanding success." Our nuclear-powered surface vessels—the *Enterprise*, the guided-missile cruiser *Long Beach*, and the destroyer *Bainbridge*—have proved themselves.

Economically and militarily it makes no sense to carry on this research unless we are going to abide by its results. It also makes no sense to build a supercarrier that is supposed to last until the 21st century and is obsolescent before it is built. The Joint Atomic Energy Committee recommended that the decision "to install conventional propulsion in the new aircraft carrier, CVA 67, should be set aside and plans made to install nuclear propulsion in this ship. . . ." We believe the Secretary of Defense should do just that.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FREE: *Beautiful, full-color reproduction of this new original painting by the famous artist, C. C. Beall. This painting depicts Mr. Lincoln being photographed by the great Mathew Brady. Included at the bottom of the free color print—ideal for framing—are reproductions of three actual Brady photographs of Lincoln. Just send postcard request to Lincoln Museum, c/o Lincoln Life, Fort Wayne, Ind.*

The image of his greatness still lives with us

So DEEP-FELT was Abraham Lincoln's concern for his fellow man that this quality of spiritual greatness is reflected in the many photographs of him taken by Mathew Brady. This constant, sympathetic consideration of others is also eloquently expressed in many of Lincoln's writings, as in these few simple words: "I am for . . . the greatest good to the greatest number."

In keeping with the Lincoln tradition of integrity and thoughtful human service, we of Lincoln Life strive to provide insurance protection to fit the needs and pocketbooks of people in all walks of life, and to train our agents as friendly family advisors in whose counsel you can put complete trust.

Your nearby Lincoln Life agent is always ready to serve you. We suggest that you phone or write him now.

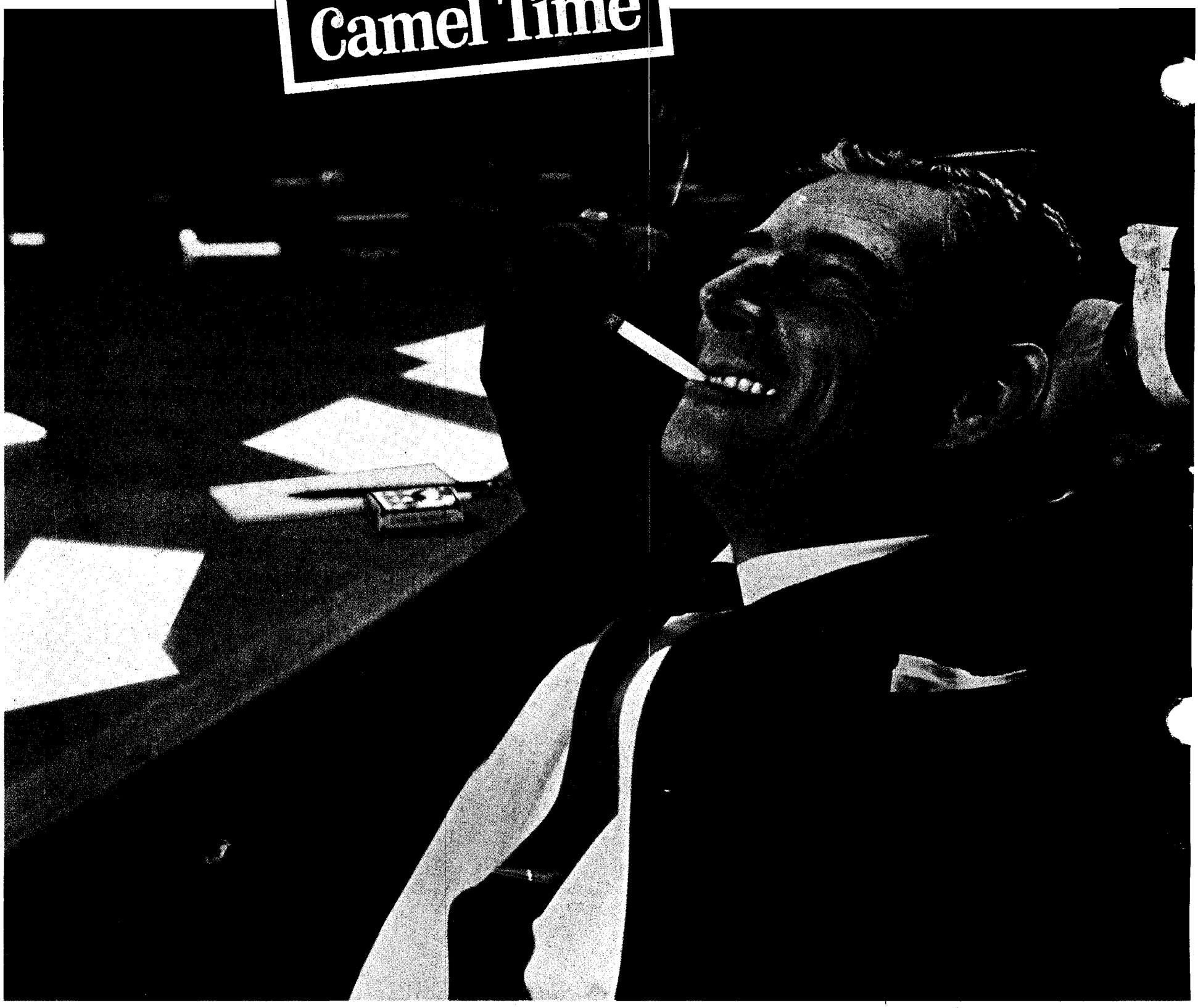
THE Lincoln NATIONAL Life INSURANCE COMPANY

Its Name Indicates Its Character — Fort Wayne, Indiana

©1964 L.N.L.

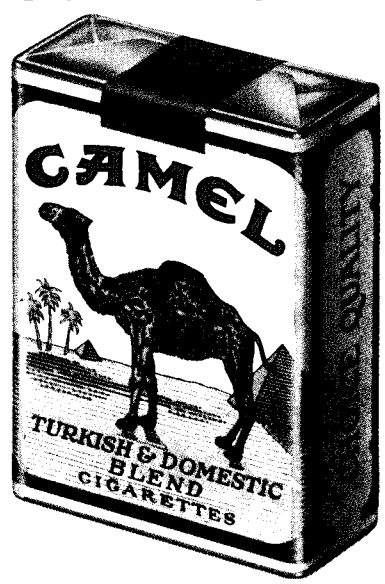
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Camel Time



The best tobacco makes the best smoke

Camel Time is pleasure time... honest enjoyment...clean-cut taste...easygoing mildness. You make any moment a little bit brighter ...the minute you light a Camel cigarette. It's Camel Time right now.



© 1964 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED